

IMPRESSIONS

OF

AMERICA AND THE AMERICAN CHURCHES:

FROM JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. G. LEWIS,

ONE OF THE DEPUTATION OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND TO THE
UNITED STATES



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P R E F A C E .

I have called the following pages "Impressions," because, observations gathered in so short a sojourn, I feel to deserve no graver title. Leaving home on the 30th January 1844, I landed again in England in July, after an absence of scarce six months. During that time, in fulfilment of my mission, I made almost the circuit of the Union, and visited both the Canadas. A few years ago such a thing had been impossible. Now it is easy, and accomplished with no unbearable fatigue or hazard to life or limb, other than is encountered by all travellers, by sea and land. The reader cannot estimate more lowly than I do, the opportunities afforded by so rapid a journey; and I should probably, under such a conviction, have kept my "Impressions" to myself, had I not succeeded in persuading myself that I had somewhat to say that might, at this time, have its use to that Church on whose errand I journeyed. I would fain contribute my mite towards confirming the attachment of the members of the Free Church to that "more excellent way" of a self-sustained Church in opposition to a self-sustained Congregational system, which has hitherto prevailed among the Dissenting Churches, both of the Old and New World. The

“more excellent way” has been devised with Christian and comprehensive wisdom, and begun in a brave and generous spirit, but it has still to be wrought out in faith and patience, and that steadiness of purpose which is ascribed to our nation over the world. In our united adherence, as a church, to these plans, and their continued prosperity, next to our fidelity to the Truth as it is in Jesus, and to the spiritual objects of a Christian society, depends, under God, whether we sink down in a few years into another witnessing Church against certain errors and defections, or become, at home and abroad, a great missionary people, having life in ourselves, and the cause of life wherever we are called to prosecute the Christian enterprise.

I cannot hope that my “Impressions” have been always such as will gratify my American brethren. But I trust I will appear to have spoken “in love.” The reproof of a friend is “an excellent oil that does not break the head.” The exchange of this excellent oil between the churches, on both sides of the Atlantic, is surely one of the benefits we ought to seek from the re-opening of an intercourse between churches that have a common parentage, a common creed, and in these latter days are, we trust, to war a common warfare for the faith once delivered to the saints, and to provoke each other to love and good works, in their respective spheres.

February 10. 1845.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

| | Page |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Leave taking—Feelings in the prospect of Visiting the States —Free Church College—Liverpool and her Trade—Voyage —Storm at Sea—Sabbath at Sea—Halifax—Voyage to Bos- ton—Arrival | 1 |

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| American Hotel—Boston—Steamer to New York—Approach to the City—Landing—Introduction to American Society— Ramble through the City—Broadway—its Loungers—Gaiety —Celebration of Washington's Birth-day—Temperance De- monstration—Mr Lennox and his Benefactions—Reservoirs of New York—a Croaking Scotchman—Visit to Scotch Emi- grants—Scotch Workmen—Ministerial visits—First Sabbath in New York—Gaiety and luxury of the Churches—State- ment of the case of the Free Church—Number of Churches in New York—Parties in the Episcopalian Church—Observ- ance of the Sabbath—Absence of Drunkenness—Poverty— Absence of Rags and Filth..... | 21 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Journey to Princeton—Anecdotes of Preaching amongst the Bap- tists—College of Princeton—Theological Education—Re- turn to New York—Journey to Philadelphia—Baltimore and Washington—City of Washington—Alexandria..... | 43 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER IV.

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| The Capitol—The Judges of Supreme Court—The Rotunda— Congress—The President—Dinner Party—Statistics of Washington—Coloured Population—Churches of Washing- ton—Visit to Mount Vernon—General Washington—Suc- cession of Forest Trees—Methodist Conference—Steps to- wards Abolition of Slavery—Preaching before Congress— Impressions of Washington—Psalmody—State of the Work- ing Classes | 71 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER V.

Page

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Sail on the Potomac—Railway through the Forest—Forest Scenery—Virginia Planters—The Carolinas—Slavery—Charleston—The Woods of Charleston—Domestic Slavery—Visit to Columbia, in South Carolina—Return to Charleston—Christian Liberality—Sail to Savannah—Presbyterianism in Savannah—Slavery—Coloured Pastors—Woods of Bonaventure | 104 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER VI.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Journey to Augusta—Forest Scenery—Night Travelling through the Woods—City of Augusta—Slave Entertainments—Route to Madison—Forest on Fire—Staging—Slave Trade—Leanness of Men and Cattle—Columbus—American Coachmen—Fire-flies—The Baptist Association—Missionary Contributions—Montgomery—Alabama—its Statistics—The Sick Child—Slave Market | 134 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Steamer from Montgomery to Mobile—Whig Songs—River Alabama—City of Mobile—Negro Communion—Methodism—Yellow Fever—Happy Change in Mobile—Murder of a Planter by his Slaves—Negro Intelligence—Liberality to the Free Church—Medical Essay on the Negro Race, &c. ... | 162 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER VIII.

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Sail from Mobile—Railway from Lake Ponchartrain to New Orleans—Society of New Orleans—The Scotch in New Orleans—Change for the Better—Dying Scotch Soldier—Increasing Zeal and Energy of Protestantism in the City—Coloured Congregation—Education in New Orleans—Expense of Living—Prospects of its Trade—Banks—the Mississippi—The Markets—Louisiana State—Coloured Population—Mr Macdonogh and his Negroes—The Cemetery of New Orleans—The Temperance Cause—its Good and Evil... | 187 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER IX.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Leaving New Orleans—Appearance of the Mississippi—Sugar Plantations—Various Climates on this River—Natchez—Liberality of the Presbyterian Church—Gamblers—Lynch Law—Vicksburgh—Monotony of the Banks—Memphis—Squatters—Passengers of Steamer—Beauty of the Banks near St Louis—Cape Gerardo—Chester—No Money—St Louis | 224 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER X.

Page

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| St Louis—Surprise of the Traveller—The Church of Rome—Hospital—Sisters of Charity—Sisters of the Sacred Heart—Jesuit College—Library—Luther—Popular Schools of the Jesuits—Protestant Churches—Roman Catholic—School Statistics—Fur Company—Temperance Cause—Meeting of the Missouri and Mississippi—Farm of a Scotchman—An Irish Family—Mormonites—Mineral Treasures of Missouri—French Population—Anecdotes—State of Religion in St Louis—Revivals | 248 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XI.

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Leaving St Louis—The Prairies of Illinois—Passengers—Indiana—Louisville—General Assembly—Revival Preacher—Missionary Sermon—Sabbath School Meeting | 272 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XII.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Deputation heard by the Assembly—Fate of the Slavery Question in the Assembly—Reflections on the General Assembly—Missionary Contributions of its Churches—Preachers—Church Statistics of Louisville—State of Religion—Factories—Jeffersonville—Sail on the Ohio to Cincinnati—Cumberland Presbyterians—City of Cincinnati—its Churches—Schools—Rapid Rise—Ohio a Free State..... | 295 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XIII.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Stage to Pittsburgh—Interior of Ohio—Columbus—Zanesville—Wheeling—Coal Region—Decay of Trade in Wheeling—The Ohio—Beautiful Farms—Floods on the Mississippi—Approach to Pittsburgh—Opinions of the South—The Two Rivers—Pittsburgh—Seceders—Missions—A Roasted Lady—Leaving Pittsburgh—Fellow Passengers—Methodist Preaching—Bankruptcies of America—Pennsylvania—Lake Erie—Town of Erie—Buffalo—Niagara River—The Falls of Niagara—Last Look—Lord Morpeth..... | 313 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Route from Niagara Falls to Lewiston—Rival Nations—Lake Ontario—Toronto—Churches—Coloured Population—King's College—Union of Roman Catholic and Episcopal Parties—Presbyterianism—The <i>Banner</i> Newspaper—News from Scotland—Kingston—Sail amongst the Thousand Islands—Queen's College—Students—Brockville—Methodist Conference—The Rapids of the St Lawrence—Montreal—Cathedral—Power and Prevalence of Romanism—Quebec—Country Church—Falls of Montmorency—Return to Montreal—Departure—Reflections | 342 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XV.

| | Page |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Leaving Montreal—Lake Champlain—Saratoga Springs—The Hudson—New York—Synod of Seceders—Schools of New York—The Abbots—New York Friends—Boston—Schools—Lowell—Factories—Harvard College—Congregationalism—Passage by the Acadia—Halifax—Newfoundland—Voyage—Coloured Passenger—Home | 368 |

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| First Impressions—Advantages and Disadvantages—Political Condition of United States—Doctrines of Equality—Popular Caprice—Treatment of Public Men—The Union—Its Extension—Its Danger of Dissolution—Religious Condition of the States—Multitude of Sects—The Clergy—Their Incomes—Dependence—Sufficiency and Insufficiency of Private Enterprise in Religion—Experiment Unfinished—Missions—Revivals—Education—Diffusiveness in New England—Defects—Unchristian Character—Slavery—Progress of Abolition—Views in its States—In its Churches—Sentiments of the Presbyterian Church on Slavery—Temperance Reform—America the Land for the Labouring Man | 393 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

APPENDIX.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| POLITICAL FRANCHISE, | 423 |
| EDUCATION,..... | 424 |
| PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS, | 428 |

AMERICA AND AMERICAN CHURCHES.

CHAPTER I.

Leave taking—Feelings in the prospect of Visiting the States—Free Church College—Liverpool and her Trade—Voyage—Storm at Sea—Sabbath at Sea—Halifax—Voyage to Boston—Arrival.

THIS day took leave, in the words of Nehemiah iii. 28-30, presenting the example of the Jews on returning from the captivity—"Each man building not only his own house, but the part of the *wall* opposite his own house;" and so Jerusalem was rebuilt and fortified in troublous times. I encouraged my people to pray with Nehemiah, that God would think of them for good in the absence of their pastor, remember their sacrifices, and grant them their heart's wish to see the Free Church standing erect out of the ruins, a witness to posterity—the sanctuary of the truth—the nurse of a godly generation at home, and a missionary people abroad.

In spite of a half sense of shame, at making much ado about nothing, I felt the adieus more than I should have cared to acknowledge. Our untravelled hearts imagine all sorts of evils, and all sorts of changes; yet, last century, Whitefield crossed the Atlantic *thirteen*, and I know mercantile men who have crossed it *thirty* times. An Atlantic

voyage is become less perilous than a journey to London in the days of our grandfathers.

I have attempted to analyze the state of mind in which I am about to visit America—very different from that in which I should have visited the States a few years ago, when a minister of the Establishment, and taking part in its defence and extension. Then, I fear, I should have attracted to myself only the evil things of America; now, I may hope to see the good as well as the evil. Surely the Establishment controversy, on the one side, whose waves have hardly subsided, and this new enterprise of our Free Church, have induced a state of mind favourable to a larger observation of the civil and ecclesiastical condition of the United States.

No subject has been of late years more pressed on the observation of all public men, resident in the cities of Scotland and England, than the state and prospects of the working classes of Great Britain. The increasing multitudes of fallen and falling Scotchmen in our great towns—the decreasing returns to labour, amidst increasing capital—the frequent reverses of trade, so fatal to steady habits—the intemperance and filth that are settling down as characteristics of our mercantile cities—have opened an ever-widening gulph between the different classes of Society, rendering British civilization more insecure, the higher it towers, and converting differences of rank and fortune, designed by Providence to be the parent of improvement, into the parent of social antipathies and mutual distrust. Such a state of society suggests as the foremost inquiry in visiting the United States and Canadas, What is “the state of common life, which is the true state of every nation?” How fare American workmen—what are their manners, habits, education, and principles, compared to our own; and what changes does America work in the fortunes, character, and habits of the emigrant Scotchman?

Left Dundee on the morning of 30th January 1844. In crossing the Ferry at Pettycur, we encountered more real danger than I shall probably meet in crossing the Atlantic. The small boat that conveyed us to the steamer was deeply laden both with passengers and luggage—the sea rough, the wind high and gusty—each succeeding wave seemed ready to break over and swamp us—nothing would have been more easy, and nothing seemed nearer for twenty minutes of rowing against wind and tide. Every man would have grasped his neighbour, and all would have sunk encumbered and entangled by their struggles. I thought—can it be the will of God that I should end at the beginning? But time and toil brought us to the steamer, and before we were half-way across the sun broke out, the wind fell, and the sea looked as if it could never be angry.

In Edinburgh, I visited the College of the Free Church for the first time. No more yet than a school of Theology; it contains above 200 students, more, I suppose, than ever were gathered into one hall of Divinity in Scotland. The halls of Theology within my time were the dormitories of professors and students. Intellectual life might be found in the lecture-rooms of Logic and Metaphysics, in discussing the standard of taste or the speculations of Hume and Berkley—but the student who entered the department of Theology entered on a dead sea. There he lay, breezeless and motionless, until the time appointed by the Church for certifying his *regular attendance*. These days of lounging and listlessness in the study of God's word are for the present over and gone. The students look at least alive—in earnest; they have shared in the general quickening of recent events—many of them I trust, in a quickening from above. The sound of the workman's hammer on all sides mingles with the hum of the students, not unlike the new settlers in the new country

whither I am going. If there are no signs of antiquity, there are not wanting signs of vigorous life—of *young Scotland* preparing for new enterprises in behalf of *old principles*. No man has more of what the French call “the power of intellectual irritation” than the head of our new school of Divinity—he has a furnace power, and can raise the glow which softens and subdues that it may afterwards forge the metal into a useful instrument. The recent disruption has exerted a furnace power over us all—the oldest metal amongst us is yielding to its influence, and losing some of its obduracy. May we not anticipate a more decided change still in the character of the newer materials, and that a higher order of things will last “all the days of *Joshua* and all the days of the Elders that overlived *Joshua*, and which have known all the works of the LORD that he had done for Israel!”

Not the least interesting sight in this nursery of the Free Church, is the Parsi student from Bombay, and the young Jewish students from Hungary. Their presence declares that not Scotland, but the world is the field, and that we have taken up the Saviour’s commission, “*to preach the gospel to every creature.*”

Reached Liverpool on Thursday morning, travelling all night with stage coach and railway speed—the snow falling through the night, but the engine clears its own way before it—all comfortless without, but wrapped up in a great coat and windows closed, all is snug—but for these changes from one car to another about the nervous hour of midnight, it were as pleasant as a long nap in one’s arm chair at home.

Struck at Liverpool with an illustration of the overbearing character of the mercantile spirit, and that, too, in a country that consecrates the sanctuaries of the dead, and is taught to regard them with religious reverence even before they become places of sepulture. A large church-yard, paved with tomb-

stones, has been converted into a thoroughfare, in order to shorten the walk to the harbour by *one minute*. The stones of the church-yard are used as a pavement, and the intervals are converted into puddle. This is surely worse than anything I shall see in the United States. It needs no Puseyism or superstition to teach a nation to respect the mansions of the dead, and to lay an arrest on this hurry-scurry pell-mell spirit, that despatches its business and constructs its short cuts for the living, over the grave stones of their ancestors.

I am told that the oldest and most prosperous merchant now in Liverpool can only enumerate one individual in the city who has retired from the American trade worth £50,000, and very few worth £20,000. The American is the greatest trade, next to the East Indian. Larger fortunes are made and lost in Liverpool than in any other English town. There are few old merchants—very few of twenty years' standing. Those who made fortunes and preserved them retired soon, and invested them in land, and have disappeared from the Exchange, afraid lest their mountain of gold might suddenly be transmuted into a mountain of paper. As I strolled along the vast docks, crowded with shipping, which lie so securely within their breastwork of stone, I thought of the warning allusion made by Lord F. Egerton, at laying of the foundation of the new college, to the shores of ancient Phœnicia, along which he had lately sailed, and sought in vain the ruins of Tyre and Sidon, whose merchants were the princes of the earth, and whose merchant vessels first frequented our shores. Is time thus to pass her destroying hand over this busy Liverpool, and leave her, like ancient Tyre, a name to "point a moral or adorn a tale?"

We sailed by the *Hibernia* steamer on the 4th February, being a Sabbath morning. The 4th is the regular day of sailing, and the Post-office suffers no delay though it fall on

the Lord's Day. Strange ! when our voyage is shortened, not by days but by weeks, we should be as impatient as ever of His least restraints ; at one moment trampling on the sanctuaries of our dead ancestors, and now on the sanctuary of the Sabbath ! To begin a voyage on this day is inexcusable, besides the bustle and confusion caused on shore. The day shines no Sabbath on ship-board, either to passengers or crew.

The snow has fallen through the night and wrapped everything in its mantle except the River. Every thing looks cold and wet, which, along with the noise and confusion of leave-taking, and berth-finding, and baggage-arranging, obliterates all Sabbath recollections, and Sabbath feelings. The crowd on board the small steamer that conveyed us to the Hibernia looked alarmingly great, but when we weighed anchor, the Atlantic passengers appeared to be about eighty ; their friends returning by the River steamer, and bidding us adieu with three hearty cheers, the English way of keeping up our own and other's courage, and putting the best face on what cannot be helped.

But a little way into the Channel, and the wind knocked up a nasty jumble of a sea, short and quick, which, along with the cold and sleet of a February morning, soon prevailed over the griefs of parting, and substituted physical for sentimental ills. One passenger began to change countenance after another, until the decks were left to a few veterans, or to those who preferred sickness above to sickness below. I braved it out so long as I could, but was at length compelled to retire to my berth—a *state room* it is called—by which is meant, I suppose, that it is not one of the smallest. It looks, however, a very small estate, yet larger than the six feet by three to which even kings are consigned at last. As the night closes in, the commotion increases—sounds of sea sorrow wax louder

and louder from the neighbouring cribs—the children squalling—the vessel creaking—the bell ringing—the sailors shouting—form a novel kind of concert. I lie stretched on my back, under a deep consciousness that, in lowliness is the only safety, and that a high head precedes a fall. But this enforced humility, like hypocrisy, has no graciousness about it; a depressing and loathsome necessity keeps you down. Is this humiliating condition to last twelve or fifteen days? I feel sicker at the thought; yet how small will all sea sorrows appear when the foot is once more upon the land! I committed my way to God, my Saviour, on whose errand I am here, and, after hours of tossing, I got some sleep; awoke at seven o'clock next morning, and found the ship moving easily and gently through the waters, and the wind lulled. We have made good speed through the night, and are off Waterford in Ireland, above 180 miles from Liverpool. It is said to be a good start.

The passengers are too numerous for the best kind of social intercourse. A dozen would much sooner take to each other, but, like all other large parties, the evil will ultimately remedy itself. The eighty passengers will, in a few days, separate themselves into groups, according to the rule of the ancients, which is the rule of nature, not more numerous than the Muses, nor fewer than the Graces, *nine* or *three*. Already I see the separation beginning, as business, or disposition, or country draws them. The great majority appear to be mercantile men, going out for the spring trade, and have the look of those accustomed to rough it and jostle it through life.

On Tuesday, passed Cape Clear, the most westerly land we shall see until we cross the Atlantic. But the wind is changed to the west, and begins to blow a gale. Our sails are down, top-masts lowered, and, with bare poles, we are prepared to buffet the rising tempest, though rushing into our

very bosom. We have bound one of the elements to our chariot wheels, that by the elements we may overcome the elements—daring exploit ! yet we prevail and advance on our way in the face of the rising winds and waves. One glance at the ocean and sky is enough to humble the swellings of pride at the thought of our prowess. As yet we see but “the hidings of his power.” If He bare his arm, we shall perish from before him. “Thus far” he permits human science to go—“thus far” to wield his elements, and bind them to our service ; yet, at any moment, by opening the treasures of his power, He can turn us back the way we came, and overwhelm man and his inventions. Yet to us it must ever appear a noble triumph of human genius to be thus advancing against the elements, and these let loose on the vast ocean. The short wave, and quick disagreeable jumble of the Channel is gone, and we are now borne on the long roll of the Atlantic wave. The ship bears herself gallantly, pushing her head into the waves, or mounting over them. The sea takes her first on one side, like a wrestler, then on the other, but fails to give her a fall, or turn her back from her purpose. As the wind freshens, and the waves mount higher, I think less of human genius, and more of the insignificance of man, who lives, and moves, and invents, by the sufferance of Him who gives us the use of a little of his power, which, at any moment, he lets loose to our own destruction.

The first day of bad weather, we bore with resignation, but the second and third day, though still advancing at the rate of four or five miles an hour, our spirits began to fail. The dinner table was deserted, and every man turned in as early as possible. The ladies seem the best sailors, keeping up the chat until midnight in their little parlour adjoining to my berth. Some of them must be old sailors. The third day of our sea miseries was the worst, but the wind turned to

the north-east, and our rate of going improved to seven and eight miles. Still the wind blew a gale. The ship rolled from side to side, staggering from sea strokes night and day. It was like the tread-mill, from whose ups and downs there was no escape, except in the thought that every billow's heave brought us nearer to Halifax.

The third day I recovered so far as to be able to enjoy at intervals the magnificence of the ocean—got on deck, and holding by the railing, had a full view of the sea and the waves roaring. As one roarer rose up and spent its rage against us after another, I said to an American passenger who was clinging, like myself, and gazing on the troubled deep—"What care these roarers for the name of King!" He replied with the deepest gravity, "It is a fact, sir!"

I read to-day Jonah's prayer at the bottom of the ocean. How simple and sublime! The images few, yet each contains a picture. "I saw the bottom of the mountains; the earth with its bars were round about me; the sea-weed wrapped my head." Then the desolation of his soul! "I am cast out of thy presence, yet will I look again to thy holy temple." I read also Isaiah xl., where the Prophet describes the majesty of Jehovah, and felt more than ever that God alone could thus describe himself. When realising on ship-board, as we seldom do on land, our own littleness and dependence on an invisible arm, how full of all consolation the thought that *He* who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and before whom all its inhabitants are as grasshoppers, became one of us, and shared our earthly cup, that he might deliver us from a worse than ten thousand deaths, by flood or field. What a doom to be condemned, time without end, to toss in this ship, no sight of land or hope of harbour, from billow to billow tossed, the sport of winds and waves, rolling and staggering, ever in motion, yet no progress, ever near to

destruction, yet never overwhelmed ; the sun shining only to reveal our miseries, and the night by its darkness only adding to its mysterious and never ending horrors. Yet is not this like that second death, from which we shrink less than from the momentary agony of one fatal plunge into this devouring sea. Happy they who can say in the view of both the first and second death—"when deep calleth unto deep"—"The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." Christ walking on the sea and meeting his disciples when overtaken by a storm, is to the mariner a lively sign of his office as the Peace-maker, who "stilleth the noise of the waves and the tumults of the people," and can say with sovereign authority, "Be of good ch  er, thy sins are forgiven thee !"

The ocean presented all yesterday, and for two days before, a universal blank of animal life ; none of its innumerable creeping things, small or great, appeared—no ship came in sight—nor aught but a few sea birds that seemed to have their home in the deep, and to find their sport in our dangers. On Thursday morning the wind became still more favourable, though the sea was high. Roused myself earlier, and felt an appetite for breakfast, and got thus far with my journal. Reported to be sailing nine miles an hour, and still have the prospect of a twelve-days' passage to Halifax.

In the afternoon we had a delightful lull ; the sun set sweetly in the western sky, the spirits of all rose, the berths were abandoned, and the deck frequented until late. Several of the ladies and gentlemen gathered into knots on deck in the moonlight, and sang, "Scots' wha hae," "Auld lang syne," and "Ye banks and braes." Our national airs and songs never rose so sweetly on the ear. I thought of my school children and their joyous meeting on the evening of the New

Year, when they surprised me with "Scots' wha hae," to words adapted to recent struggles in behalf of the ancient liberties of our Church—substituting modern for ancient worthies and patriots. I was more than ever convinced of the importance of reviving our national music in the hearts of our people. While restoring the "grave sweet melody" of our ancient psalmody, we must revive some of our fine old patriotic and national songs, with their simple and touching airs, to be sung, at times, by those that love still better to sing the "Songs of Zion." We do not cast away the Greek and Roman classics, though grosser than any of our national poetry, but make selections for our youth. Even Robert Burns felt, on retouching our ancient ballads, that some sacrifice was due to morals, and dropped expressions too gross, while he retained their poetical soul. Why should not those lyrics of Burns, which no Scotchman would willingly "let die," be purged still more of their grossness, and, wedded to our simple and touching national music, be committed to the memory of our youth in their school days? The love of country and home, embalmed by such poetry on our hearts, next to the hopes of Heaven, is a preservative of a nation's virtues, and softener of a nation's character.

This morning (Saturday) is more genial still. The steward awoke me, saying, "Get up, sir, and see the buds appear." I saw no buds, but those sunbeams which make buds to blow. Sky soft and ruddy as May—we forgot there had been any storm, or headaches, or loathing sickness. These things are over and gone; the vessel rushes on at the rate of ten miles an hour. The breakfast table is crowded, every one hungry, pleased and willing to please. I went to the fore-castle, and got into conversation with the sailors; found them sixteen in number, four of them boys—one Scotchman from Glasgow, the rest Englishmen, chiefly from Wales.

They had all Bibles save one, to whom I promised a Bible on arriving at Halifax.

One half of our passengers are Americans, the rest English and Scotch, and a few Frenchmen and Germans. The Americans are smart men; most of them have been many times across the Atlantic, and in the way of trade are acquainted with France and Germany. Their intelligence is superior to that of most mercantile travellers whom I have met. They have more range of thought, and can go beyond their line, which is not always the case with the mercantile travellers you meet in England.

How like this alternation of foul and fair, to life on shore ! Just when our hearts are about to sink, a change comes, in the pleasure of which we forget that ever we suffered. An entire lifetime of suffering, if such there be, will all be forgotten on the dawn of the eternal day, even as a drop is swallowed up by the ocean.

" When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past !"

Sabbath, 11th February.—This morning every one appeared on deck in his best clothes, and with his best face, crew as well as passengers, clean and tidy ; a pleasing sight though but the outward homage. The poor idiot in Cromarty—who, on hearing a sermon on a Saturday on the resurrection of Christ, went home thinking how he should prepare himself for the resurrection morning, washed himself from head to foot, rose early, put on his best clothes, and when asked the reason of his changed appearance, answered that Christ "was braw himself that morning"—gave the same evidence of a work of grace, as higher natures give when they seek the mind as well as the body's purity—"every man in his own order."

To-day had an opportunity of preaching the gospel. The

ship's saloon was crowded by the passengers and crew. Before I began I thought the sailing of the ship and the closeness of the room would cut short my duties, but the moment I got up to speak I lost all sense of sickness, and scarcely felt the rolling. Any absorbing feeling is, I find, the best of remedies for sea-sickness, as well as for many other disorders, mental and bodily. The disruption of last May has, I believe, cured disorders in the Scottish manses, which have baffled all the Faculty for the last twenty years. I remember Dr Duff telling me that he thought he should have died of sea-sickness, in his passage out to India, until the ship struck on a sand island near the Cape, an event which proved the most powerful alterative for the rest of the voyage. We used the Scotch Psalms and Scotch tunes in Divine service; the music being led by a Scotch gentleman. I felt the service refreshing to my own spirit. I hope it was so to others. I was glad to observe more than usual quiet and order prevail throughout the day, and no attempt on the part of any to introduce cards. The Bible was in the hands of a few. Some I heard excusing themselves, saying that they could not read on ship-board, they could only *hear*.

Monday, 12th February.—The weather mild, and air soft as May. The sea and wind favourable, and the passengers in good spirits—visited the fore-castle, and got into conversation with the crew in their berths—encouraged them to have, in good weather, their daily Bible readings. My visit and conversation were well received.

The evening is dark and moonless, yet the air is uncommonly mild and balmy. The track of the vessel leaves a long trail of light behind us. The ship, with its dim flitting lights, its rapid motion, its luminous path behind, and the dark unknown into which it is pushing its way, with unceasing energy, is a most picturesque object. A caravan by night in the

sandy desert may have some resemblance to it, but the advance of a caravan must give the impression of more of effort and labour and struggle—nothing of that gigantic yet unconscious power, which demands nothing but the engineer's hand and the pilot's eye fixed on the illuminated compass on the deck. All sails are down, yet the giant moves forward by his own internal power, not having once suspended his efforts since we left Liverpool. I have not yet dined in the saloon; I find two meals, breakfast and tea, enough. Light feeding produces light feeling, yet still afraid every hour of being knocked down.

Rose to-day, Tuesday, in good spirits long before breakfast, and was rewarded with a good appetite. No sooner breakfast over than the sea began to rise—the tossing and tumbling returned—the horrid feeling back again. What more depressing! Headache, feet icy, cold shudder, unable to stand stedfast one moment! To read, or think, so as to forget your misery, impossible! To conversation supremely indifferent—aye and no, enough at such a time. Human life is often compared to a voyage, but no human life is so changeable as this. The only consolation is that we are still nearing our port. The time of this durance is shortening, and to-morrow we are promised a sight of Halifax, and our foot on shore. No living thing has yet appeared since we left Cape Clear. The banks of Newfoundland have yielded us no topic of interest, the fishing vessels being all gone. The only interesting sign is the change from the deep dark blue of the ocean to the light blue of the banks, indicating the approach of land.

The sea down to-day, Friday, and the morning pleasant. Yesterday forgotten. The captain declares that he sees land. The passengers express doubts, but he assures them that they may see it with their eyes shut. The more modest or more careless take it for granted, on his word; but others continue

sceptical until they can verify it with their own eyes. The number of wild ducks swimming and diving around us, the floating wood, and something peculiar about the appearance of the sky landward, indicate our approach to the transatlantic continent. What I see not I believe, yet not without signs, and tokens, and circumstances that render faith the most rational, and scepticism the most irrational of all things. Besides, I have sufficient confidence in the sea eyes of our captain, and his sea observations—though here I am as one of the blind. The prospect of making land has brought out all our invalids, and some faces now on deck I hardly noticed before. They declare, with a grave smile, that the shortest voyage at sea is always the best. We expect to make Halifax by midnight. Hope seems to lighten every countenance, and quicken every step. The most perfect good humour has hitherto prevailed. There has been no time nor opportunity to disclose the selfishness and irritability of human nature. To one young lady on board, this is her *third* attempt this year to cross the Atlantic, twice in sailing vessels, which were driven back, and now in the steamer, yet she remembers not her sea sorrows for joy of reaching harbour at last.

At six o'clock this evening, we are said to be on the coast of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland, so called by some Caledonian, in search of a new home and new country. The land is within six miles; on the rocks we can see the sea breaking, but a fog is rising and hiding every object. The light-house, on which we depend for guidance into Halifax, cannot be descried. Every one is peering into the horizon, and as day departs anxiety increases. No light-house appears, and soundings are 32 fathoms. The engine is reduced to half speed, and finally stopped. It is supposed we are at the entrance of the harbour of Halifax, but dare not advance farther.

All last night (Saturday) we kept out to sea, afraid of the

rocks, firing guns and ringing bells, in the hope of being heard from shore, and a pilot coming out, but none appeared. We have great reason to bless God that the wind did not rise through the night, and that we were on board a ship that could command its course, spite of winds and currents—approaching near to danger without danger.

This morning got up early to see the American Continent. Nova Scotia does not very vividly recall old Scotland. Its hills are gentle slopes of 500 or 600 feet, covered with low woods to the summit, interspersed with green fields and farm-houses. The fields are partially covered with snow, but the winter appears breaking up. The wind is bitterly cold, and with great difficulty we keep ourselves warm by the most rapid motion. The entrance to the harbour now appears, and with it the pilot, but, in our pride and pique that he did not appear last night, we don't take time to pick him up. How beautiful the triumph of science, thus to come within seven miles of our destination in a voyage of 2500 miles through the pathless ocean! The entrance to the harbour appears narrow, though the harbour itself is said to be capacious enough to float the whole British navy. The scenery on each side grows pleasing and picturesque, and expands into the appearance of a bay and valley, on one slope of which lies Halifax. The harbour goes up into the land, and looks a most secure and sheltered spot for shipping. A multitude of wooden wharfs project into the arm of the sea as we sail up, around which the vessels lie to receive their lading. Beyond them all we sail to the steam-boat wharf, whither we observe the crowd hastening to meet us. The principal trade of Halifax is said to be with the West Indies, whither is sent fish, cordage, and all manner of stores; importing sugar, coffee, &c., in return. The wharfs appear covered with staves piled up for exportation to Great Britain.

We landed about nine o'clock in the morning, and, when about to sit down to breakfast, found a young gentleman inquiring for me. I got into a one-horse sleigh, and, along the remains of the snow and ice which still partially cover the streets, sleighed up the hill to visit some of my brethren from Scotland. I find our question agitating and dividing our countrymen, but, except by a few, very little understood as yet. I was pleased to hear one young gentleman quoting one of my tracts, which I did not expect to have found its way to Nova Scotia. The pleasure of seeing a countryman secured me a friendly reception from the most wavering; yet it was easy to distinguish the certain from the uncertain. The expressions of the one, and their attentions, were personal, whilst the others delighted in recurring to the object of my visit, and the recent struggles in Scotland. One or two decided men, however, is worth a thousand, and such a one they have in Halifax in Mr Robb, so recently from the scene of conflict, and so thoroughly versed in its spirit and principles. His coming here at this time, at the very moment of the disruption, is a happy Providence. Thoroughly imbued himself with the better spirit that prevails at home, he will speedily decide and determine others, and, I trust, be a gracious instrument of reviving the religious spirit of our countrymen in Nova Scotia. There are no clergy reserves here as in Canada, to turn aside from principle and duty; nothing but the prestige of an Established Church, and the hope to which our expatriated preachers and ministers cling like our merchants, too tenaciously, of one day returning to Scotland, and enjoying a Scottish manse and glebe, and leaving their bones amongst their fathers' sepulchres. I was much gratified to learn that there is hope of a union with the Seceders, who, with Scottish tenacity, maintain their distinctive character, even across the Atlantic. They form a rather

numerous body, and do not appear to stand upon any ground of theoretical hostility to the principle of an Established Church, however opposed to their practical evils. A union with them, and a free communication between Nova Scotia and the Free Church of Scotland, the Scottish Seceders and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, would open up new sources of strength to the Church here, and prepare Presbyterianism for taking native root in this land, and bearing a native ministry. Left Halifax, after a few hours' pleasant intercourse on shore, to pursue our voyage to Boston, regretting I had so little time to spend, but parting in the hope that one or more of my brethren would be able to spend more time on their return from the United States.

Sabbath, 18th February.—We are again on our way. Boston is 500 miles from Halifax, which, with 2500 miles from Liverpool to Halifax, makes the voyage 3000 miles. I awoke early this morning to muse on the subject of lecture for morning service on board. The morning is bitterly cold on deck. The nearer to the Atlantic continent, we experience an intenser cold. The temperature mid ocean was almost summer heat, though variable. A snow storm has arisen. The wind will not permit fires to be lighted, and in no part of the vessel is it possible to keep yourself warm, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the funnel, which has become the centre of attraction.

The saloon to-day was crowded with worshippers, the numbers overcame the cold, and substituted a new inconvenience. The audience was attentive, and some looked interested and impressed. I felt how much easier it is to expound the Truth than to press it home on the heart and conscience—as different as to discharge an arrow into the viewless air, and to send it to a mark for a prize. My audience was chiefly young men, junior partners of mercantile firms, keen and

ardent in business, every one of them set on a fortune, having in his eye a Gladstone in Liverpool, or a Jacob Astor in New York, and dreaming of a long life of fortunate speculations and successful trade, and a comfortable retirement at the end of it. Not more than half-a-dozen out of the whole will gain the prizes for which they all run, or attain the old age which they all anticipate. The great majority will disappear long before old age, overwhelmed by disappointment, or oppressed by the ills and diseases to which human life is heir. Happy they who find, amidst the disappointments of life, *the Truth*, and sell it not again. "If any man," says Cowley, "were to spend many days and much thought and anxiety in laying up provisions, and making preparations for crossing some small frith or arm of the sea, and should make no preparation, and lay up no provision for crossing, in a few weeks, the Atlantic Ocean, would not every man think him mad?" Yet what madness so common as this! The voyage of life is every thing, though but the crossing of a frith. The voyage into eternity, though we must all encounter it, hardly occupies the thoughts of most men until about to embark.

This day the thermometer on deck was 26°. At Halifax some short time ago it had fallen below zero. The Britannia steamer was cut out of the Boston harbour. The winter appears to have been unusually severe. On the morning of the 21st we were aroused by the intelligence that we were within fifteen miles of Boston, and could not get farther for the ice. Got up at six o'clock, and saw the sun rise out of the ocean, fiery red, in a sky without a cloud. The thermometer 18° Fahrenheit. The bow and rigging of the vessel encrusted with snow which had fallen through the night. An arctic scene all around; pleasing from its novelty, and bracing from the cold, keen, and clear atmosphere of the morning. As the light increases, the land

appears at a distance, and entering the river of Boston, we draw near its harbour. The landscape on every side lies buried in snow, and as we make our way through the opening the Britannia has made, as yet only slightly crusted over, we pass several vessels which lie imbedded amidst ice and snow, not without a fantastic and wintery beauty in their prison dress and death-like stillness. Our first visitors from Boston are the newsboat agents of some of the numerous journals of Boston or New York, anxious to publish in their second editions the latest commercial and political intelligence. They have made their way through the new ice crust before we enter the harbour, and obtain their parcels long before any of the passengers, or even the mail-bags, can be landed.

Our luggage was taken to the shore at the landing place, and there the custom-house officers acted with the most perfect civility. Amidst all the confusion of examining the luggage of eight-four passengers, the officer kept his temper, neither swearing nor uttering an angry word, nor casting an angry look at a single passenger. Every thing was done decently and in order, and the whole despatched in an incredibly short time. I drove with my luggage to Tremont Hotel, the principal hotel of Boston, a building capable of containing some hundred travellers. On landing on the steps I am presented with a newspaper containing the news of my own arrival and that of my fellow-passengers.

CHAPTER II.

American Hotel—Boston—Steamer to New York—Approach to the City—Landing—Introduction to American Society—Ramble through the City—Broadway—its Loungers—Gaiety—Celebration of Washington's Birthday—Temperance Demonstration—Mr Lennox and his Benefactions—Reservoirs of New York—a Croaking Scotchman—Visit to Scotch Emigrants—Scottish Workmen—Ministerial visits—First Sabbath in New York—Gaiety and luxury of the Churches—Statement of the case of the Free Church—Numbers of Churches in New York—Parties in the Episcopal Church—Observance of the Sabbath—Absence of Drunkenness—Poverty—Rags and Filth.

Boston, 21st February 1844.—At the Tremont Hotel I had my first introduction to American inns and American travelling. Everything appears large—large anti-rooms for smoking and lounging, and reading the newspapers—spacious parlours, and a still more spacious hall, where the common meals of breakfast, dinner, and supper (our tea), are served. Travellers come in twenties and fifties for our dozens. You live in a crowd—eat in a crowd, sitting down with fifty, a hundred, and sometimes two hundred at table, to which you are summoned by the sonorous Chinese gong. The only place of retirement is your bed-room, of which you have the key. It is somewhat larger than the state-room of an Atlantic steamer, and as free from noises as you can suppose a hotel to be, which answers more to the idea of an eastern caravanserai, than a British hotel. For some months in the year the great hotels of Boston and New York are, I am informed, as crowded as our best Edinburgh and Glasgow hotels, on the visit of the Sovereign, or the meeting of the Agricultural

or British societies. The idea of a family living by itself, and eating by itself, is almost unknown, and seldom desired, still less that of an individual taking a fancy to solitude, and self-society. The card on your bed-room door instructs you that "no meals are served in private, except in cases of sickness." Everything, however, is in the highest order—neatness and cleanliness prevail; and though the bed-rooms are indifferently furnished, compared to those of British hotels, yet the complaint of British travellers of being compelled to resort to a common room for morning ablutions, is at an end—this comfort being provided in your own apartment, at least, in Boston.

Boston is a very pleasing city, justly the pride of New England. The approach from the sea must be very noble and imposing in summer. Its winter dress, when I landed, deprived it of much of its picturesque beauty. Boston combines commercial enterprise with the love of letters above most of the cities of the Union. The streets and shops are elegant and spacious, betokening ancient and accumulated wealth.

Finding no letters for me at the post-office, and having the prospect of seeing more of Boston on my return, I left at four o'clock, by railway, for Stonington, passing through Providence, in Rhode Island, taking the steamer at Stonington for New York. Railway travelling is not quite so easy nor so rapid here as on the great English lines, but it is by no means unpleasant. There are no coaches where a family or party of friends can be alone, as with us—no separation of classes—all are of one class—fifty or one hundred in one carriage, seated back to back, or front to front, as they like best. You travel in a crowd, as well as eat in a crowd; the speed varying from ten to twenty miles.

I was surprised, as I rushed along, at the barren appear-

ance of the soil in the neighbourhood of Boston. Man, not nature, here has done great things. The sturdy Puritans of New England have triumphed over soil and climate. The natural wood appears stunted and scrubby, very few large trees are to be seen, and the land looks thin and meagre. Yet the country is covered with lively villages, as light and airy as wood and paint can make them; the neat church, with its white spire, never being wanting.

At Stonington I first saw an American steam-boat. The first sight, with its deck on deck, its storied and windowed appearance, reminded me of the pictures I had seen of Noah's Ark—a resemblance confirmed when I saw the interior, with its admirable capacity for stowage, not much inferior to the wondrous accommodation for its clean and unclean which the ark supplied. Supper, the same as our tea, but accompanied with something more substantial, was ready when we entered. Along each side of a vast saloon, twice the length of the saloon of our Atlantic steamer, were four tiers of berths sufficient for two hundred sleepers. But, as this might not be enough for all comers, in the centre of the saloon, as the evening advanced, was erected another range of double berths, dividing the saloon into two long and narrow apartments, placing the sleepers on each side, not only within seeing, but hearing and feeling distance. Not thinking I should feel at home amidst such a mass of sleepers, I meditated a night on deck in my great coat. My old companions in the Atlantic voyage were gathered into knots, expressing their dissatisfaction at being herded together, declaring that in the British steamer they were treated like gentlemen—here like so many sheep. Both berth-finding and supper-taking seemed a scramble, in which the last was the least served, and those not acquainted with jostling their way were apt to be jostled out of both. I never travelled in such a bee-hive in my own more

crowded country, and did not expect to find humanity so cheap in the States that they could despatch it in this wholesale style, bringing the art of packing to so great a perfection in a country where, on land at least, there is room enough and to spare. This is the great thoroughfare between two of the greatest cities of the Union, the great artery of the circulation. It were well if, instead of one or two Mammoth steamers, on such a route, the carrying trade were subdivided among smaller vessels. While preparing to pass the night on deck, by the kindness of two of my fellow passengers in the *Hibernia*, I got the share of a state-room, and slept comfortably until sunrise, when I found we were on East River, a branch of the Hudson, drawing near to New York. I got early on deck, and enjoyed the sight of the numerous steamers passing from the city. The hills on each side of the river are still covered with snow; but the banks are studded with villas, and on almost every bold and picturesque point of land, some elegant and porticoed country seat stands out—the summer retreat of some wealthy New Yorker. The navigation, as we pass through the rapids of Hurl-gate, or Hell-gate, is sufficiently formidable to awaken interest. In a vessel of less self-command than a steamer, it would awaken something more than interest. It only makes our motion slower and more laborious, while we contend against it. For a few moments the two antagonist powers seem balanced, and we hardly gain on our adversary; but quickly we perceive the triumphs of steam over river, as we lately did over ocean obstacles.

On landing, the confusion is as great as in any of our own seaports, and the importunity of the cabmen and porters produces an offensive Babel of tongues. Fifty voices at once solicit employment, as importunately as any British porters or cabmen, consorting ill with my previous ideas of the equa-

lity and self-importance of the sovereign people. No man waited to be hired.

I drove to the Mansion-house, which was recommended as a quiet, retired hotel, and which I found to be so, during the time of my brief stay.

Having breakfasted, I issued out in quest of a barber, to get an American crop, and my introduction to American society. The first shop I came to, I entered, opening the door, which was shut, and walking into a back parlour. The master, a smart young fellow, instead of receiving me with bow or cringe, observing that I had left the front door open, or rather one leaf of it, walked towards the door, shut it carefully, and, returning, threw himself on the sofa, took a cigar and began to smoke, and, only after two or three puffs, motioned to his apprentice lad to take me in charge. The fellow's nonchalance, his attention to his own, and inattention to my comfort, amused me. The barbers of New York are probably not yet so numerous as her cabmen.

I have been found out by one of my countrymen, who has proved an old friend. He constrained me to remove from the hotel to his house, where I enjoyed many days, both at this time and on my return, his kind hospitalities, and those of his lady, and excellent mother-in-law, feeling quite at home. I learned that my brethren of the deputation had gone to Philadelphia; I resolved, however, to pass my first week in New York.

I rambled alone through the streets of the city, to get my first view and impression of this great mart of American commerce and enterprise. It is a city of 300,000 souls, larger than Glasgow, and its rise has been even more rapid than the Scottish mercantile capital. Its buildings are principally of brick and wood. The front and sides are in several streets brick, and the back wood. The public build-

ings are granite, and a few of sandstone. Its external aspect reminds me of Belfast. Broadway is certainly a very noble and spacious street, stretching through the whole length of the city, and forming, like the Trongate of Glasgow and Prince's Street of Edinburgh, its back-bone. The row of trees planted on each side, when in full foliage, must give the lengthened vista of Broadway that character of *rus in urbe*, which forms one of the attractions of Edinburgh. As for comparing Broadway to Prince's Street, no Scotchman would suggest the comparison. With the Trongate of Glasgow it will, however, bear comparison. It is more spacious, stretches to a greater distance to the eye, and its avenue of trees on each side gives it a livelier beauty. But it wants the air of grave and solid antiquity which the Trongate presents, and which brick buildings cannot have. The streets of New York are ill kept, and every now and then the eye is offended by some slight and tawdry erection of wood, out of all character and consistency with its neighbours. This motley appearance of the streets might have been anticipated in a new city, but is fast disappearing. I remember a poetical friend, now dead, returning from his first visit to the cities of England, on being asked how he liked them, replied, "That they would make poor ruins." A few years of neglect would leave New York a total wreck. A century would leave only a few solitary granite and stone buildings at spacious distances. This city of the New World, in its ruins, would be a strange contrast to those of ancient Egypt, or of Balbec and Palmyra, built in the world's infancy, and still the world's wonder. Yet Rome itself was at first only a few mud huts on the banks of the Tiber. The mud gave place to brick, and Augustus boasted, that what he found brick, he left marble.

The ladies throng the streets from one to four o'clock. The thermometer is above freezing, and there is a slight thaw.

The sun shines brightly, and the air is pleasant. The gaiety and fashion of New York seem to be all abroad—every one as if fresh from the hands of the tailor or milliner. My Scottish wardrobe looks homely. There is more than simple neatness, *simplex munditiis*, in the dress of the figures on the Broadway promenade. It strikes you as gayer and livelier than aught you see in a British city; yet, though gay, it is not gawdy, tasteless gaiety. The gaiety is not flash and vulgarity, but light, elegant, and airy—too light for the winter air which still lingers, and the delicate and fragile forms which trip so lightly along the Broadway. The New York ladies are said early to lose their comeliness, seventeen to twenty-three being the day of bloom and beauty. Though spared by the insidious consumptions of this climate, they are said rarely to retain much autumnal beauty. No class of medical men are so numerous as dentists. Every fashionable street contains many of these artists. The early decay of the teeth is ascribed to an early and copious use of calomel. This is the great remedy for the bilious fevers of a new country, and it were a small evil attending the use of it, did it entail no other than the loss of the teeth; but it is to be feared that its early and too copious use induces a premature decay of strength and beauty.

I observe in the newspapers a paragraph illustrative of the millinery luxuries of this city. "Several new and fashionable dresses having arrived from Paris, they were all eagerly bought up in one day at a *thousand dollars* a piece."* This is equal to anything I have heard of the ladies of Glasgow (our Scottish New York), who, on a spring forenoon, are said to appear in Buchanan Street laden with more than the income of a parish church. A New York lady, by way

* £250 of our money.

of equalising matters, tells me of the lady of a minister of the gospel, whose friends obtained for him, on some urgent plea, an addition of 500 dollars a-year to his salary, when, lo ! his good dame appeared next day on Broadway, invested with the entire augmentation. Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, proved no match for the milliners of Paris, patronised by Josephine, though he proceeded to put the chief milliner in prison. Even John Wesley, who wielded a more powerful weapon, complained, towards the close of his life, that his converts gave no heed to his wardrobe lectures, and regretted that he had not distinguished Methodism, like Quakerism, by a garb. But it was well he did not prescribe what his master, Christ, has nowhere prescribed. The Roman Catholic Church, in the middle ages, tried its power against "high heels" and failed. As powerless was the intermeddling of the Kirk, in the seventeenth century, with the plaids in which the Scottish ladies came to Church, by which the whole person and countenance were concealed, all except the eyes. Fashion kept its way until fashion changed its caprices. The passion for variety of dress, like all our other passions, is not to be destroyed, but regulated ; and gaiety, like carelessness, is more suitably corrected by the weapons of ridicule and raillery, than by the grave rebuke of the preacher or interposition of the Church. Addison's papers in the Spectator, by their admirable humour, did more to overthrow hoops and patches than the gravest rebukes.

I went one evening to the celebration of Washington's birth-day. It was held in a great church, called the Tabernacle, containing a large organ and a military band of music. The officers of the volunteer militia sat in a conspicuous part of the church in front of the desk, in full military dress, while a committee of the Temperance Society sat in a square seat. This is still the popular theme throughout

the States, mixing itself with all public festivities, as much as *intemperance* mixes still with ours. The first salutation we received was from the drums, trumpets, and clarions, that shook the building with their clamour, and seemed better suited, like our bagpipes, to a hill side, than a church. Then came forward a gentleman in black and sung a song in praise of liberty and temperance. A Methodist minister followed, who produced a thin quarto of manuscript, and read what the advertising bills termed, "an oration" on liberty, reciting the deeds of their fathers in the War of Independence, declaring that had he lived at that period, he would have shouldered the musket, as some of the clergy then did, and led his people to the fight. This declaration elicited great applause. His manner was very rhetorical, and style inflated; but there was nothing low or coarse about the sentiments or modes of expression. The chief fault was an affectation of finery, and a total want of manly plainness and strength. The military garb struck me, from its glare and pomp, in a country that values itself so much on republican simplicity. Military dress and military titles are apparently all the greater favourites, from the absence of other social distinctions. The praises of volunteer soldiers, and the contrast with hireling troops, proved his most popular strokes. Several hits against John Bull, "the old gentleman" as he was called, in connection with the late war, also told. I was struck with the silent and respectful attention with which his oration was received, in its dullest as well as in its liveliest parts. No one ventured to relieve himself by speaking to his neighbour; and the most profound silence reigned in an audience of 2000 persons. Most of the audience would have been talking, or sleeping, or discovering in some way impatience and ennui, after half an hour of an exhibition so little exciting in the old world.

Another evening I attended a temperance demonstration in the same building. The place was above two-thirds full—presided over by a member of Congress. The oration of the evening was delivered by a Socinian minister from New England. The oration was little fitted to produce conviction in those not already convinced. He ascribed the conquest of England, by William the Conqueror, to the Norman troops drinking nothing but cold water. The noble families of England held their family estates through the cold water habits of their Norman ancestors. Among other statements, he informed his audience, that in Manchester there were 3000 persons living on *sevenpence* a-week. Hood's song of the shirt came in, with the story of one farthing per shirt as the sole subsistence of the inmates of English work-houses—a mistake very generally conveyed by this song, which has seldom been accompanied by the explanation, that the farthing a shirt is only given to those already provided with bread and beef, and holds out to the industrious the prospect of a little tea-money. He abounded, like the orator of the preceding evening, in hits against John Bull, all of which seemed popular. It is obvious, however, notwithstanding this love of hitting John Bull, Jonathan has a very great respect “for the old gentleman.” I felt no disposition to be angry at the solace he seemed to take in the weaknesses and errors of his great progenitor. The name of O'Connell produced once or twice mingled hisses and applause. The applause was very feeble. O'Connell's expression of his sentiments on the continuance of slavery in America, has lowered his popularity with one class. The dangers now experienced from the admission of so many uneducated Irish emigrants to the political franchise, and the anti-popish feeling in the States, has lessened American admiration of O'Connell in another and more numerous class, notwithstanding the sort of na-

tional interest felt in the success of his struggle against English ascendancy.

I called on Mr Lennox of New York, with letter of introduction. Mr Lennox is a fine specimen of the American Christian gentleman—quiet and unostentatious. He has found the way, yet found by few, either in Britain or America, of spending a handsome fortune in doing good. The most recent of many acts of munificence which were enumerated, is the erection of a handsome library, for the use of the Theological College of Princeton, at an expense of 15,000 dollars; and of two churches in destitute localities of New York, at an expense of 10,000 dollars each. This gentleman spends as much a year in these acts of patriotism and Christian charity as would sustain any British nobleman's pack of fox hounds or Newmarket racers. He seems the more likely to persevere in the path he has chosen, as he does not appear to act from impulses; but is a calm, self-possessed man, who knows the world, and makes judicious selection and inquiry respecting the objects of his bounty. With so much of discrimination, there is less danger of a manhood of liberality terminating in an old age of withholding more than is meet. I was pleased also to observe those refined tastes and habits in literature and the fine arts, so graceful in a man of fortune. Natural history seems a favourite pursuit, and we spent part of an evening in looking over Audubon's magnificent work on the Birds of America, where that Naturalist presents you not only with figures, but *bird-life*—each plate being a new scene from the woods or wilds, full of incident and character. Mr Lennox has a country seat on the Hudson, where he spends great part of the year in rural pursuits, practising those improvements in agriculture to which the necessities of an old country are compelling the British agriculturists to have recourse, and which have already so amaz-

ingly multiplied our home resources. To the same improvements the older states of the Union will be driven, by the increasing value of the soil; and it were well for the States that they possessed more pioneers of agricultural improvement, to lead the way in improved systems of manuring and cropping.

Mr Lennox entertained us at dinner, which seemed to imply, as at home, the spending of the evening. The business of eating did not destroy, but promoted, the social and conversational. The entertainment was quiet, easy, and natural, without bustle, and without display, as in the best families of the old country.

A few such men in our great cities, the heirs of mercantile fortunes, might accomplish much in raising the tone of city society, and giving a nobler direction to the expenditure of that vast mercantile wealth which still grudges a few pounds annually to the best and noblest objects of national and Christian interest, and squanders its hundreds and thousands on the entertainments of a night, for the indulgence of personal or family vanity. Surely the time will come when British wealth will be spent very differently by its possessors! As yet, the middle classes, not only in proportion, but *absolutely*, are the largest givers to every good and great enterprise. It would seem as if the large fortunes of Great Britain had drunk in the Jesuit doctrine of *superfluity*, so happily ridiculed by Pascal—"What the wealthy reserve in order to assist their relations, or aggrandise themselves, is not superfluous; and scarcely any such thing can be found amongst men, not even amongst kings. There is scarcely such a thing as superfluity in the world, and if there be nothing superfluous, then there is no obligation to charity." How truly the rich of Great Britain have acted on this doctrine, and practised the art of doing nothing, or next to nothing,

for the great interests of society, by a personal and family expenditure rising with their fortunes and absorbing all !*

This day, the 23d February, I visited the great reservoirs of New York, five miles from the city, which receive water by aqueducts of forty miles in length, from a distant river. The cost of these ducts and reservoirs has been three millions sterling, and was raised by a loan, the interest of which is paid by a city tax, called the water tax. It is a noble undertaking, worthy of a great city; in itself the greatest boon, and the cause of innumerable social and domestic improvements. The streets are provided in summer with abundance of water for laying the dust, and keeping all parts of the city fresh and clean. The squares are adorned and refreshed by water-works, in various forms, and every family with the means of home cleanliness. The tax is laid on the *landlord*, and paid indirectly by the tenants, in an increased rental. My host informs me that he pays twenty-five dollars a year, or £5 of water tax, of which ten dollars go to its annual maintenance. It is most honourable to the public spirit and good sense of the citizens of New York, to have submitted themselves to so heavy a tax. Impatience of taxation, however just and necessary, and resistance to every new tax, for whatever object, has too often been the characteristic of popular constituencies. Here has been a triumph over this impatience, and that not by the authority of any one man, or class of men, but by the general consent of the citizens to a self-imposed tax for the common weal. It is not unlikely

* Of the entire contributions from the United States to the cause of the Free Church, this benevolent gentleman and his sisters, the Misses Lennox, and Mr Johnston of New York, have contributed not less than a *fourth* part. The Free Church has brought out, for the first time, Scottish liberality on the part of the rich. The Free Church College, to which eighteen contributions of £1000 each have already been obtained, will be one of the finest efforts of Christian liberality in Scottish History; following, as it does, the contributions toward church building, and of £50,000, for the erection of schools from the gifts of the less opulent classes.

that the majority of the New York constituency were brought more easily into this arrangement, by its character as a *landlord* tax, under the popular delusion that a landlord tax is no tax to the tenant, as the transference of tithe payments to the landlords of Ireland has abated the tithe agitation of the tenantry, who now pay tithe in the less odious form of rent. It were well that this innocent delusion were oftener practised in taxation, both in town and country. Many works of great public utility would be thereby promoted that are now prevented by popular clamour, and, in the end, the burdens of the community not less equally diffused.

This evening a Scotch gentleman called to pay his respects. He introduced himself, and immediately opened against the institutions and public men of America. He had been twenty-seven years in this country, was not yet naturalized, and never would. The people were an excitable people. The slightest prosperity intoxicated them. The improvement that had taken place in trade had made them already insane. No investment is secure here but land, in which he was resolved to vest his all. He could not trust a single state with his money. They will all repudiate their debts to foreigners, even New York. In Ohio they borrow first the capital, and then the interest to pay the capital. Democracy has ruined all. No man turns politician in this country until every thing else has failed. By and bye they will not get a single man in the rank of a gentleman to go to Congress. One gentleman in New York being lately waited on by a deputation to stand for the city, replied, "Pray, gentlemen, what have I done that you wish to ruin me !" The pressure from without in this country ruins all. At first I thought this talkative gentleman meant to try me. I soon perceived, however, that it was his infirmity, and suffered him to run on, thinking that he would soon

run out ; but before he was exhausted, I was relieved from the necessity of stopping him, or answering, by the entry of the lady of the house. I afterwards learned that this anti-american served up the same treat to all comers ; and that, amidst his croaking, he had contrived to realize in this miserable country the respectable competence of £30,000.

While in New York, I visited some of my countrymen among the working classes, to whom I had letters from relatives in Scotland. I found one of them, a young tradesman, lodging with an Irish family. The house had more in it than most Irish labourers' or weavers' houses in Scotland would have contained, but Irish slovenliness was still visible—the furniture, like their own clothes, smothering rather than clothing the nakedness of the house. Every thing in the house and on the persons of the inmates was only *half clean*. The Scotchman told me that he could make from eight to ten shillings a day of our money, or between £2 and £3 a week. I asked him why, with such earnings, he lived in uncomfortable lodgings ? He replied that he was saving money to get out of them, and get married to the daughter of another Scotchman, a Cameronian, only a few years over the water, who were, he said, "*decent folks*." He likes the country as a workman. It is the country to sell labour dear and get provisions cheap. His board costs him only ten shillings, his extras ten shillings more. He can save nearly £2 a week when his health is good. He complains he can get no society, unless he join some political party ; but his visit to America has cured him of political intermeddling. The working classes have got all they ever wanted at home, and are as little satisfied with their rulers as ever. The Irish govern the politics of New York ; but an American party is springing up to balance the Irish Roman Catholics. He is resolved to have nothing to do with their parties, but to mind his own busi-

ness—a wise resolution. There is a great stir about religion amongst the working classes, and much talk ; but less intelligent apprehension of its doctrines, and less solid piety and principle, than in Scotland. Many whom he hears conversing about religion, have no family worship, and do not even ask a blessing at their meals. All can read ; but it is rare to meet with a New York workman that reads any thing more solid than cheap newspapers, and recently published novels. Among the middle classes of New York, I am informed that family worship is much more common than amongst tradesmen. Within the last half dozen years there has been a great improvement in this respect, as well as in habits of temperance.

I called the same day on a Scotch tradesman from Dundee, and found only his wife at home. The house clean, tidy, and comfortable, with a well burnished stove in the middle of the large apartment, for which, with garrets above for sleeping apartments, they pay £16 a year, or eighty dollars. Congratulating her on her clean house, which I thought rather an improvement 'on Dundee than otherwise, I asked how the Scotch were liked in New York ? She replied, “ They are well respected, Sir, when they respect themselves.” An excellent reply, which I afterwards discovered was drawn forth by the misconduct of some drunken Scotch workmen. No reformation ever was more thorough than the temperance reformation. The new emigrants from Scotland, with the dissipated habits of so many of the present race of Scottish workmen, finding themselves in possession of large wages, and the means of intoxication cheap, run to excesses that dishonour the name of Scotchmen, and cut short their career.

Inquired at several of the Presbyterian Clergy who called, about the practice of ministerial visiting from house to house, the old practice in Scotland. The reply of one was, that no

party in New York were much in the habit of congregational or district visiting. Forenoon calls they made, and left their cards ; but no ministerial duty was done, unless in the case of sickness. A ministerial visit would be thought too stiff and formal, and inconvenient to all parties. Every minister gave his chief strength to the pulpit. Inquired at an aged Scotch lady, who had been forty-five years in New York, whether ministerial visiting had been the practice among the Presbyterian ministers in her early day. Her reply was, that her minister, the late Dr Mason, began *three* times to visit ministerially his people, and each time got through three blocks of houses, containing not more than a dozen families belonging to him, and there he *stuck*. As she happened to be in one of the blocks or streets, she had the privilege of *three ministerial visits*, but all save the dozen families got none. The Reformed Presbyterian and Cameronian ministers still, however, preserve the practice of ministerial visits more or less.

I could not, on inquiry, learn that there had been any attempt made by any denomination to localize the city, dividing it into ecclesiastical districts, for bringing out the population to church or school. Attraction, and not aggression, is the ecclesiastical system here. The consequence, especially among the Presbyterians, is, that the bulk of their hearers are from the middle and wealthier classes, and you are surprised by the aristocratic appearance of city congregations.

I felt anxious to spend my first Sabbath in New York as a hearer ; but soon found it impossible, and so was drawn into three services—one in Brooklyn, a suburb of New York, to which you cross by a ferry, and the others in the city. The churches are by no means remarkable for architectural beauty of design, but the interior is frequently splendid and spacious, beyond what I was prepared for. Our churches in

comparison are severe and uninviting in their internal accommodations, offering no facilities for self-indulgence. The pews are much wider than is usual in our churches,—cushioned both on the seat and back, and curved like easy chairs. The floor is carpeted in the most elegant style of carpeting; and instead of a pulpit, the minister occupies a spacious desk, in which is a sofa or settee, capable of accommodating several persons at a time. There is little of the severe or simple about the city churches I have seen. They look more like drawing-rooms than churches, and in winter are so heated that they feel, as well as look, like drawing-rooms. In the month of February they felt so warm that the ladies' fans seemed as much in requisition, when the streets without were covered with ice and snow, as if it had been the month of July. Yet who shall decide whether their system or ours is the best? An American would hesitate to sit down in many of our Scottish churches, as much as we would hesitate to sit down in an ill-kept house. Nothing can be worse kept than walls, windows, floors, and pews, in Scottish churches. If our American brethren have departed from that severe simplicity which becomes the house of God, we have departed as far from that attention to decency and cleanliness which equally becomes His house. Many are the churches in Scotland on whose external architecture a large sum has been expended; yet whose spiders' webs, dust, and damp on roof, walls, and windows, the worst housewife in the land would be ashamed to see in her garrets or cellar.* The music of the

* It is a curious enough illustration of our national progress in the virtue of cleanliness, that in the well-known and popular hymn "O Mother dear Jerusalem," one of the stanzas, enumerating the felicities of the New Jerusalem, runs thus—

" Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clear;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there appear."

Such characteristics of the New Jerusalem sound odd to us now, when the hea-

churches where I officiated was sweet and tasteful ; but I was sorry to observe that, except in Dr M'Elroy's, it was handed over almost entirely to the choir, which sat in the gallery, aided by an organ or other musical instruments. The congregation in the area of the church appeared to listen as to a performance. The choir, however, is not formed of hired singers, but of members of the congregation, whose musical taste and talent are bestowed for the common benefit,—a praiseworthy practice, which would have contributed still more effectively to the common good, if contributed in such a way as to provoke the congregation to join the song of praise.

On my first Sabbath in New York, I felt called, at the close of each service, when presenting the claims of the Free Church to the sympathy and support of American churches, to say, “ That we had not left the Church of Scotland because it was an Established Church—that, on the contrary, we had been the zealous defenders of Church Establishments, and had laboured successfully, not only to maintain, but to extend them, up to the moment of the disruption. We had no quarrel with Established Churches as such, could we have secured Christian liberty within their pale. By new interpretations of old statutes, we saw, with the deepest pain, the constitution and liberties of the Established Church of Scotland overthrown ; and, to maintain our integrity, and the liberties of Christ's Church, we have been compelled to abandon that ancient Establishment, with all its associations and advantages. I have been asked since I came to this

ven of a clean house can be so easily attained on earth ; and yet, strange to tell, the taste of our nation for neatness and even cleanliness, has scarcely reached the house of God ! As for comfort, our worthy forefathers seemed to have a positive belief in the efficacy of cold feet and damp walls in the church ; but we are improving, and I trust our Free Churches, without going to the expense of our American brethren, will be comely, comfortable, and at least kept *clean*.

country, whether we shall ever go back again to that Establishment? My answer to those that asked me has been—Help us to go forward, and you need not fear our going back. The first Seceders came out only *four*, and they have become *four hundred* in the lapse of a century. We already number above *four hundred*; and, strong in numbers and resolution to go forward, we come to the churches of America, to ask their aid in the infancy of our enterprise. Had we come saying that we were converts to anti-establishment principles, and the enemies of all State churches, you would have justly suspected the sincerity of a change so sudden. But in the sacrifices we have made, by separating from an Establishment we loved and prized, you have a pledge that we love the Gospel more than any Established Church; and should we find, in the progress of our national enterprise, that religion can be adequately maintained and diffused through Scotland, by an unestablished and self-sustained church, you may well believe we shall cast no lingering look behind to the good things of the State Church, though we must ever desire that governments and nations, like individuals, should acknowledge God and his Christ."*

The number of churches in New York, of all denominations, is estimated, great and small, at 190, giving one church and pastor to every 1578 souls. The Episcopalians are numerous, and are building a splendid cathedral—but the Presbyterians, including the churches of the old and new

* I have given above the substance of what I repeated in New York, and in many other places and occasions. I found mutilated sentences and paragraphs quoted at home, from the addresses of the deputation, which seemed to convey different sentiments. The truth was, we neither concealed, nor found any occasion to conceal, that our sentiments on the subject of Establishments of religion were unchanged. We found the Presbyterian clergy of America had small sympathy with the extreme views of Scottish dissenters; and, like ourselves, hated the faults, not the existence, of an Established Church.

school, with the Dutch Presbyterians, are a more numerous and powerful body in numbers ; and, if equally united, would exercise a more extensive influence over the community. The Episcopal Church, like the Church of Rome, possesses the charm of a visible unity ; but, like Rome, is internally divided. The American *Episcopal Recorder* gives the following account of the *four* distinct parties at present in their church, which, as in England, are rapidly becoming *two* :—

“ 1st, Those who maintain that all forms of ecclesiastical government are equally good ; and that the communion to which they happen to be attached has, in no degree, an advantage over others. These are the **ULTRA LOW CHURCHMEN** ; few in number, and feeble in influence. If there are any *clergymen* of this class, they are not of our acquaintance.

“ *Secondly*, Those who hold the great *facts* of Episcopacy, its apostolic origin and primitive establishment, but, content with their own institutions, draw no *inferences* that would invalidate those of others. With the Bishop of London they consider Episcopacy essential not to the *being*, but only to the *well-being* of a Church. These are the ‘**MODERATE CHURCHMEN**.’

“ *Thirdly*, Those who hold the *facts* of Episcopacy, and who also draw **INFERENCES** that *do* utterly invalidate all ministerial orders that are not Episcopal, but who are content to hold those inferences as matters of ‘private opinion, without charging them upon the Church ; and without at all reproaching those who do not go as far in this respect as they do, with breach of ordination-vows, or rejection of our doctrinal standards. These are the true **HIGH CHURCHMEN** ; weighty in influence, high in respectability as well as churchmanship, but dwelling together in unity with their brethren who cannot go along with them to what Bishop White calls ‘the extreme,’ by which they are distinguished.

“*Fourthly*, There is another class of Episcopalians in this country. They are those who hold with the ‘Moderate Churchman’ the leading *facts* of Episcopacy, and also with the ‘*High Churchman*’ the *inferences* that he draws from those facts; but they are not content, like the latter, to hold those inferences as ‘matter of private opinion.’ They insist that both facts and inferences are authoritatively required in the standards of the Church, and that every conscientious Episcopalian is bound in truth and honour to maintain them both. They may, for want of a better term, be denominated HYPER-churchmen.”

The streets of New York on Sabbath, in going to and returning from church, exhibit the same sights of well-dressed crowds, as the streets of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Stores all shut, and business, to appearance, universally suspended. The impression of observing persons is, that Sabbath observance, in the great cities of the States, is on the increase—the reverse of our experience in the mercantile cities of Scotland.

In my rambles through New York, I have seen but *one drunk man*. In the same extent of rambles in any of our Scottish cities, I would have seen scores. Though the streets are ill kept, and pavements broken and torn, and too often crossed in the suburbs by the freest and most indulged of all American quadrupeds, yet nowhere do you see lounging on its streets the ragged and rent of your own species, young or old. I have seen no rags—none of those sights of abject poverty which the mercantile cities of Britain present. Not a single beggar have I met. Every one looks fed and clothed; and you taste the pleasure of being surrounded by a population physically well-conditioned, and sustained by their own independent industry.

CHAPTER III.

Journey to Princeton—Anecdotes of Preaching amongst the Baptists—College of Princeton—Theological Education—Return to New York—Journey to Philadelphia—Baltimore and Washington—City of Washington—Alexandria.

I SET out on Monday morning to visit Princeton College, one of the oldest Presbyterian Colleges in the States. On the way to Princeton, which is in the State of New Jersey, I fell in with some gentlemen to whom I had been introduced in New York. We got into conversation upon the style of preaching amongst the Methodists and Baptists, and the extent of education which they required of their preachers. It was agreed that a great improvement was visible in the younger men, and that efforts were making for raising the style of education, and thence of preaching. The conviction of my fellow travellers, intelligent and observant men, was, that both these denominations were more distinguished by the ability of a few leaders, than by the general talent or intelligence of the body of their preachers, and that the average ability and intelligence was not high. Very odd specimens of preaching were occasionally to be met with. Having occasion, said one of the gentlemen, to be in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, in a small rural village, on a Sabbath-day, I went in the morning to the Baptist Church. In reading the Scriptures, the minister came to the passage in Psalms xlii. 7, "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." The old minister stopt short, raised his spec-

tacles to his brow, and with a look full of some important discovery, exclaimed, "What, brethren, would your sprinklers say to that?"

Another Baptist minister he once heard ascend the pulpit and commence in the following strain:—"I am a minister of the gospel, one of God's ministers, not one of man's ministers. Thank God I was never within the walls of a College. I not only thank God that I was never within the walls of a College, but I never study my sermons, but trust to God that he will supply all my wants. I do not even chuse my text. I come to the pulpit, trusting to God both for my text and what I am to say upon it. I do not even know this morning on what I am to speak, but I open the Bible thus, and I have fallen on this text, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully *made*.' Yes, brethren, I have often been accused of being fearfully and wonderfully *mad* when I preached the gospel in these parts."

There is probably no church on earth where there is life and progress in which there are not here and there such exhibitions. The work called "Presbyterianism displayed," by which the Prelatical party in Scotland, in a former age, endeavoured to hold up Presbytery to ridicule and contempt, had probably just a sufficient sprinkling of truthfulness in its reports of the Presbyterian prayers and sermons of weaker brethren, as to give colour to the general satire; and no doubt the exposure of these had its effect in checking their future exhibition. Even in our own times we have seen the extravagances, both in word and deed, of the Rowites and Irvingites, who had method and talent in their madness; but the Church of Scotland, by the exercise of discipline, delivered herself from all charge of countenancing them. In a country like America, where the harvest is so great and the labourers so few, where the period

of education is so brief, and the young get so much less time for ripening in knowledge and discretion, it is natural to expect from time to time such instances of religious folly and extravagance in the best ordered religious communities ; and, above all, in those denominations that are the pioneers of the wilderness, who, not content with labouring in the cities and villages, pierce the forests and pitch their tents in the remotest settlements, where no other Christian missionary or minister has before penetrated. I had infinitely rather that the adversaries of the Christian Church could cull a few such anecdotes from the future annals of the Free Church and her preachers, in her efforts to extend the blessings of the gospel to the whole of the population, than that she should become a model of faultless propriety and religious decorum, in whom no future Sir Walter Scott could find any materials for caricature and sarcasm, because no future historian of the Church could find any evidences of a living and life-giving church. I trust we shall never carry our fears of religious extravagance so far as to refuse receiving into the ministry men of warm piety, and devoted zeal, and energetic minds, though they may not have been within the walls of a College. The Church of England, with all its love of propriety and shrinking from the most distant approach to fanaticism, laid hands on a Newton and Scott, who had never seen Oxford or Cambridge ; and the Methodists of England and America, by availing themselves of the services of the self-educated, have brought into the services of the kingdom of Christ men whose ministry has been eminently blessed amongst the masses of society. In what state would England and America have now been, in their remoter districts, but for Methodism ; and what work of national regeneration has intellectual propriety and frigid orthodoxy ever effected ? The late Dr M'Gill of Glasgow, a man remarkable for his

love of clerical propriety, was so affected by the sight of the accumulating masses of sin and misery that had grown up in his day, in the streets and lanes of Glasgow, that he declared, shortly before his death, "that he would rather see the streets and lanes of Glasgow filled with the most ranting Methodism, than that such a state of things should continue." Any exhibition of human nature is less hideous than that bestiality into which so many of the population of our great cities are falling, and that mental torpor, from which great multitudes of the rural inhabitants both of England and Scotland have never yet been roused. Men do not cut blocks with a razor, and it is not by the nice and delicate, that mince their words or accommodate their sentiments to ears polite, that dead consciences are to be awakened, and the faculty of thought and fountains of feeling opened in minds long torpid.

Princeton is sixty miles from New York—a town of 3000 souls—sweetly sequestered for an academical seat. It has two Colleges, one for the Arts, and the other for Theology, attended by above 300 students.

I found a son of the Professor of Divinity at the Princeton railway station, who conducted me to Dr Hodge's house, whose simple and unaffected hospitalities I enjoyed for some days. The Doctor is a quiet, thoughtful, benevolent looking man, about the middle of life, and, like most of the distinguished men of the States, has travelled in Scotland and in Germany. He seemed quite at home upon all Scottish subjects, and to have observed, with intelligent interest, the progress both of the Establishment controversy and of our recent struggle for a free Establishment. Upon neither question is there the shadow of a shade of difference between us and our fathers and brethren at Princeton. In the national recognition of the Christian Sabbath, and appointment of chaplains to the army

and navy, they conceive the American nation has, in common with our own, expressed her adherence to the principle of a national religion and national duties to Christ ; and the remaining question is no longer one of principle, but simply *how far* it is expedient—that is, how far it is for the advancement of pure religion that the State should go in a country placed in the circumstances of America. With us they believe that our Dissenting brethren in Scotland took an unfortunate course in attacking the principle of a national Christianity, instead of joining with us in attacking the actual evils of national churches. The Princeton professors seemed also satisfied that, in claiming from the State a free, though an established Church, we claimed nothing more than was due to Christ's Church, and what, on fair construction of the history, principles, and statutes of our ancestors, we were entitled constitutionally to claim, as the Established Church of Scotland.

The Professors of Theology at Princeton are, Dr Hodge, Professor of Exegetic and Didactic Theology ; Dr Archibald Alexander, Professor of Pastoral and Polemic Theology ; Rev. Dr Samuel Miller, Professor of Church History and Church Government ; Rev. Joseph Addison Alexander, Professor of Oriental Literature. The Theological Professors have no permanent endowments, and no fees, and are dependant, I am sorry to say, upon collections annually made by the congregations of the Old School Presbyterians. A considerable part of the funds for the endowment of this institution perished in the late bankruptcy of the United States Bank, not less, I believe, than 100,000 dollars. The difficulty as yet of getting perfectly secure investments for the funds of public institutions is a considerable hindrance at present to endowments in America. The students pay only ten dollars a-year for expense of servants, and nothing else for education. They

are generally too poor to pay, and, where it is not so, it is not the practice to exact fees of theological students in the States. Here Mr Lennox of New York has built a library, and gifted a house to the College at the cost of 20,000 dollars or £5000. The library is a very neat and pleasing erection, in the form of a chapel. We hope some benefactor of the Presbyterian Church will enrich it with a large addition of valuable works, and render it still more worthy of the distinguished name which this seminary of Theology has obtained. The incomes of the professors are less than £400 a-year of British money, and that rather precariously paid. Neither the English nor even the Scottish Universities would find much to envy in the worldly advantages and emoluments of the Princeton Professors of Theology. They would find much, however, worthy of imitation in the academic simplicity and Christian love in which they live and devote themselves to their interesting duties.

The Princeton Review is the organ of this seminary; Dr Hodge is its editor, but all the professors contribute. Dr Hodge is also the author of several works well known in this country. His volume on the Romans is the model of a brief, luminous, and condensed analysis of the most difficult book of Scripture—one of the best works on the Romans to be put into the hands of an intelligent layman. He kindly presented me with a copy of his History of the Presbyterian Church of America, in two volumes, a work which I had not before seen or heard of, and which is not, so far as I am aware, yet known in this country. His happiest production is a volume entitled "The Way of Life," which has been very lately republished by the London Tract Society. It was drawn up at the suggestion of the members of the American Tract Society, which embraces all evangelical denominations. A volume was desired which should briefly present the gospel

in a plain practical form, so that all readers could take it up, and which all the evangelical denominations might agree to circulate and recommend as expressing their common belief as to “The Way of Life.” The manuscript was sent by an American gentleman, a director of the Society, to one of the Methodist ministers, then to an Episcopalian, then to a Baptist, then to a Presbyterian. Each in turn, ignorant of the author, approved as he read—the Methodist thinking it sound Methodist doctrine; the Presbyterian that it was Calvinistic; the new school that it was new school; and the old school Presbyterian, that it was old school doctrine—no one knowing the author, or suspecting that he was an Old School Presbyterian. Yet, “The Way of Life” is thoroughly Calvinistic, not presenting Calvinism in a technical form; but like sugar in a cup of tea, to use John Newton’s comparison, diffused throughout every where present but no where in lumps.

I was introduced to Dr Archibald Alexander, the father of the two Alexanders, who are both professors. The father is about seventy-three years of age, has been once a powerful athletic man, but has lately fallen into infirm health. He received me with much affection, inquired about Scotland and her struggles with the warmest interest, though he could with difficulty converse, and dismissed me with his blessing. His son, Mr Addison Alexander, is regarded by his brethren as the Magnus Apollo of the seminary for learning and genius—a more extraordinary head in height and breadth I never saw. He is esteemed one of the first oriental scholars in the States and is engaged in preparing a commentary on Isaiah, for which his brethren have very high expectations. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr Addison Alexander preach in the city of New York, before leaving the States, and, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labours, in delivering his sentiments, the train of thought, and the felicity of expressio

that distinguished the discourse, indicated no ordinary powers of thought and fancy.

Dr Maclean, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, which is the literary and scientific College of Princeton, and to whom I brought a letter, was so good as call for me. From him I experienced much kindness. Dr Maclean took me to Dr Samuel Miller, the author of a work on the Eldership and other Presbyterian works—a fine hearty old gentleman about seventy-five, who gave me a most cordial welcome, calling me Brother Lewis—a mode of address, I found afterwards, as common among the Presbyterians, as in England amongst the Methodists. The old gentleman seemed much gratified to be told that his Treatise on the Eldership had done excellent service in reviving the order in Scotland, by instructing us anew in our own principles. He inquired after Rev. J. G. Lorimer of Glasgow, who seemed to be one of his Scottish correspondents; also about his namesakes, Mr James Miller and Mr Samuel Miller of Monikie and Monifieth, whose signatures he pointed out in the Deed of Demission, remarking their resemblance to his own. I was amused with his queries about Dr Muir of Edinburgh, and Dr Dewar of Aberdeen. He seemed quite to understand their character and course in our recent struggle. He put more questions than I could well answer about the number of good ministers who still remain in the Establishment. This led us back to the days of Charles II., and the character of Leighton, and the kindred spirits that gave a gold head to the rotten staff of Scottish prelacy. The Doctor could not comprehend how Leighton had lived so long among such wicked and worthless associates, and become an agent and covert for the worst designs of the worst statesmen that ever cursed poor Scotland.

While at Princeton, I had an opportunity of addressing the students on our Scottish question. About 200 were pre-

sent. I felt awkward and constrained, and never got above my audience. Mr Henry Fergusson, who had been there a few days before and addressed the students, made a deep, and I trust abiding, impression on their youthful minds. The "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*" neither the professors nor students were prepared for. The "*tenax propositi*" they already understood.

I went to one of the Theological class examinations. The subject was "The Law of God." The text book they used Turretin. About sixty students were present, and the examination lasted an hour. It presupposed a considerable amount of personal study and preparation on the part of the students. I was pleased also with the fulness and perfect clearness with which the various uses of the law were brought out; but though the subject admitted 'of a very easy and natural transition to practical and personal religion, the examination did not in any degree take that direction. I felt throughout the examination that there was a want of animation and intellectual excitement. The Professor put his questions quietly from his manuscript in a monotone, and the students responded at leisure in the same uninteresting way, in no degree fluttered or flushed by anxiety to acquit themselves well; the youngest and oldest looking equally cool and composed. No questions of greater interest or difficulty were cast abroad upon the class to be answered by the more able or more eager; nothing that could awaken rivalry or elicit a diversity of answers, and a collision of minds; nor were they called on to question each other, or their Professor, so as to develope in any way their peculiarities of character and talent. Every thing on the Professor's part was clear, correct, and full; but I felt the want of the intellectual glow which warms while it illuminates. The temperature never rose; the students never grew more interested. There seemed on this,

as on some other occasions, something like a systematic suppression of aught like emulation or rivalry. Great, indeed, must be the personal power of Professors, who think to keep the young alive, and interested, either intellectually or morally, without the use of this powerful spring of human activity. This want of animation—this character of repose and quietness, I afterwards found to be characteristics of the common school system, as well as of the Academic system of the States—a striking contrast to the energetic rivalry and go-a-head system of the American merchant and politician.

The *subject matter* of the Theological course at Princeton seems to be greatly more judicious, more to the purpose of preparing the future preacher and expounder of the Word, than any thing yet to be seen in Scotland. These *daily* exercises on the Old and New Testament must familiarise the student with the Scriptures in a degree only acquired by our ministers, after many years' pastoral work. The amount of Bible study, even in the Literary College—a distinct institution about a mile distant—is greater than in the entire Scottish Theological course and preparation for the ministry. Every Sabbath-day three chapters of the Scriptures are read and studied, and made the subject of an examination by the Professors. Throughout the Academical course of a literary student, three hundred to four hundred chapters of Scripture are thus analysed and mastered, and the Book of God takes a prominent place in the course of study. When shall we see the like in any of the colleges of Scotland?

Principal Baillie, in his Letters, gives the following account of the Theological instruction in Glasgow College in 1643—a singular contrast to the penury of Scripture instruction in more recent times in our Scottish Universities.

“For the present, Mr David Dickson teaches on Monday and Tuesday before noon, his (in my judgment) excellent

analytic commentary on the text of Scripture. It is his purpose to goe through the Epistles this year; the book of Job, Psalms, Solomon, Isaiah the next; the rest of the Prophets and Apocalypse the third; the history of all the Old and New Testament the fourth. Readlie it may cost him more time; but the man's gift is, for this most needful work, singular: On Friday morning he teaches precepts for preaching, and cases of conscience, and attends the young men's privie homilies. The Principal (Dr Strang) dytes ou Thursday between ten and eleven; and on Friday, betwixt eleven and twelve, his notes on hard places of Scripture. All he does is very weel and accuratlie done, only the length is the pitie; but in this it is reason he have his will; for no principal in Scotland teaches one lyne, and he hath ane charge beside would kill an ox. He attends on every Tuesday afternoon the private disputes, which he can doe better than any in the kingdom; for me I am but yet a mere novice, and my appointment for England and Ireland hath diverted my thoughts; yet I have taught Hebrew every Monday afternoon. I have gone through Buxtorf's epitome, and dyted notes on the texts in his end, treble more already than ever was taught in Scotland. I hope before the end of the second year to close my Hebrew notes, so that my third year always may be for the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Rabbinich. I have little of these but hope to learn with my scholars. Every Thursday, betwixt eleven and twelve, I dite of the controversies. I have gone through a little compend of the most of them I had drawn up long ago. Besides I take Wednesdays, either before or after noon, for some parergetic diatribes; as now I am on the authoritie of Presbyteries, and shortlie minds to be on Episcopacie and Elders. I propose to assay next year the controversies of Bellarmine, fourth tome; then those of his third; thirdly, those of his second;

and fourthly those of his first. How I will be assisted in that high and great task, far above my strength, I know not, but I purpose it shall be my exercise."*

I had the pleasure of meeting several of the fathers and brethren at social parties, at which not only temperance but abstinence prevailed. All the Theological, and all whom I met of the Literary Professors, have abandoned the use even of wine, not on the untenable ground that the use of wine or any strong drink is sinful in itself, but on the ground of *Christian expediency*. Seeing the abounding and innumerable mischiefs arising from the use of intoxicating drinks, they say, with the Apostle—"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

From conversation with the Princeton brethren, I learn that, notwithstanding the incomes of 2000, 3000, and 4000 dollars a-year, enjoyed by a few Presbyterian ministers in the large cities of the Union, the average income of the Presbyterian ministers of the States does not exceed 400 dollars, that is, £80 a-year. No minimum income is fixed by the Presbyterian Church, below which the stipend may fall, because no common fund exists for maintaining a minimum stipend; so that many are not in the receipt of 100 dollars a-year, and more than half of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, probably the wealthiest, and certainly one of the most numerous in the Central and Western States, are under the necessity of maintaining their families by teaching schools, or, what is still more unfavourable to their usefulness, by turning farmers. The recent work of Dr Baird on the American Churches, had certainly given me a somewhat different impression. The Doctor puts forward rather promi-

* Bailie's Letters, vol. 2, page 71.

nently, throughout his book, a few of the larger incomes in the great towns, leaving on the mind of his readers a more favourable idea of American liberality to their pastors than is afterwards justified by his own statements in his appendix, where he confesses the average income does not exceed 400 dollars—a result I am not in the least surprised at, and which is the necessary consequence of leaving not only the church as a whole, but each *individual congregation* thereof, to the system of self-support. A more unhappy, but just as natural and necessary a result of this ill-assorted voluntarism, is, that the towns, great and small, get a monopoly of the talented, zealous, active, and matured minds amongst the clergy; and the country only the younger men and “apprentice hands,” or those for whose age and infirmities some retired provision should exist. This inequality in the distribution of the gifts and graces of the church is the vice that has hitherto cleaved to every system of self-supported churches, with the exception, in part, of the Methodists. The Presbyterian Churches of the States have never, like the Methodists, regarded their church system as a great home mission, requiring a common source of support in all exigencies. All churches have been compelled to act on this system, in their foreign missionary operations; but they have yet to learn the value of the same system for the maintenance and extension of a well-educated and efficient ministry, in the home-field. The Free Church, discriminating what is really valuable in the system of endowed and established churches, while rejecting their fetters, seeks to retain all the facilities which endowments, whether from the people or the State, give, for providing every locality, near and remote, with a ministry adequate to the circumstances of home society, and the advancing intelligence of the Scottish nation. May the great Head of the Church bless and prosper the enterprise, and make us a

wise and understanding people, who know what Israel ought to do !

We fell into conversation on the practice so prevalent in the States, common both to Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, of giving to pew-holders, not members, a voice in the election of the pastor. The proportion of *sitters* to *members* is probably as four to one. In this way the numerical majority is with the mere hearers or rent-payers, who have nothing but a money qualification, or the very dubious moral one, of occasionally attending church, or keeping a pew for their families. The hearers may thus become, at any time, the patrons of the church, and the world outvote and govern the church in the all important matter of the choice of the pastor.

I ventured to urge that this was a system of patronage as vicious in principle as that against which we had contended. I acknowledged that the personal and family interest each pew-holder had in a good appointment, might, in ordinary circumstances, prevent the inherent vice of the system from appearing, but that occasions must arise when such a system could not but work evil. It was stated that, in most cases, the church and hearers voted as separate bodies—the one having a negative on the other; the agreement of both being necessary to an election, so that the church could not be forced to receive the man of the hearer's choice, nor the hearers the man of the church's choice. The Princeton professors defended the system hesitatingly and apologetically, and at length admitted that it was not in accordance with the Scriptural order required in the House of God ; alleging, however, the absence of any practical grievance in its past or present working, as a reason for not altering it. I was not then aware, that both in the disputes between the Socinian and Evangelical parties in the Congregational Churches of New England, and between the old and new school Presby-

terians, the jarring character of the two electoral bodies had repeatedly appeared—the hearers generally taking the side of Socinianism, and the members of Orthodoxy. A vicious principle, as we have experienced in Scotland, is a seed which sooner or later springs into life, lying innocuous only until time and circumstances warm it into activity. No principle seems plainer, in the ordering of Christ's house, than this, that they who are not of it should have no part in the appointment of its office-bearers, and that we must not give the rights of Christ's Church to those who decline its duties and responsibilities, and will not openly submit themselves to the faith and obedience of the Gospel.

I was delighted to find that there exists at Princeton a Presbyterian Church for the coloured population, served by the Professors of the Theological College, and by the pastor of the Presbyterian congregation by turns—an excellent example to the students of Theology and future pastors of the Presbyterian Church that are reared here.

Dr Maclean conducted me through the College of Arts, at the distance of a mile from the Theological Seminary, surrounded by the village of Princeton. This College had its charter from William of Orange, and is called Nassau College. It is the *fourth* among the Colleges of the United States in the antiquity of its foundation. It has seven professors and six tutors, selected from the graduates, and a teacher of modern languages. The students live chiefly in the College buildings, and are about 200. Each student has a sitting room, and small bed-room, furnished by himself, after his own taste and means. This College, though attended by many Presbyterian youth, and, having several Presbyterian professors, is not under the control of that church, like the Theological Seminary. There I met Dr Hendry, Professor of Chemistry, a gentleman who enjoys a high scientific repu-

tation, both in the States and throughout Europe. He shewed me the machine by which Franklin made his first experiments in electricity,—as great a curiosity as the model of Newcome's steam-engine in Glasgow College, on which Watt tried his "prentice hand," in the attempt to amend which he struck out those improvements in the steam-engine which have already produced a great revolution in modern society, and promise to produce a greater still, by bringing all nations near to each other.

I found our brethren at Princeton entirely at one with us as to the necessity of the Protestant Churches having day schools for the *daily* Scripture instruction of the young. The *national* system of education, in the attempt to please all parties, has necessarily reduced *religious* instruction to a minimum, both in *quantity* and in *quality*. The Bible is still used in some of the national schools, but no religious instruction is allowed—no explanation of what is read. Religious men have not the choice of the books, nor is there any security for the religious qualifications of the schoolmaster. The consequence is, men of decided Christian views cease to take an interest in schools, from which whatever they most value is excluded, and abandon them to the care of men of the world, whose religion evaporates in sentimental generalities, that carefully eschews all *doctrinal* truth. Religious education in the States has thus been exiled to Sabbath schools, which, on this account, have been raised to an inordinate importance. Our fathers and brethren at Princeton were delighted to learn that we had resolved, by raising £50,000 for this special object, to attach a school to every Free Church. They were no less gratified with the school movement amongst the Dissenters and Methodists of England; and, from the views prevailing at Princeton and elsewhere, I have little doubt that the Presbyterian Church in America

will not rest until education, by the *daily* school, be again christianised, and this powerful instrument be recovered to gospel purposes, and made the vehicle of *every-day*, as well as Sabbath-day instruction in God's Word.

Princeton is the College over which Witherspoon so long presided. Dr Burns, my colleague in the deputation, is the successor of Dr Witherspoon in Paisley, and, having visited Princeton, can best record his recollections of that distinguished man; as well as of President Edwards, a still greater name, who, driven from his congregation at Northampton, by a party in his congregation that could not bear his holy severity and superior goodness, ended here his days as a missionary amongst the wild Indians, not then extinct in this neighbourhood; like to Him who, expelled from Jewry, sat down on the well of Jacob, and conversed with the despised Samaritan woman on the things of salvation!

I left Princeton with sincere regret. More amiable and interesting men, of larger views, and a higher tone of Christian sentiment, I do not expect to meet on this side of the grave. More of that "*perfervidum ingenium*," which circumstances have anew manifested to exist in the Scottish character, we should like also to see amongst these "pillars" of the American Presbyterian Church. The solid and substantial are not wanting—nought but that ardour and aggressive energy in the things of the kingdom of grace, which distinguishes the American merchant and trader, and which no misfortunes can repress in his pursuit of worldly gain.

I returned from Princeton to New York on the 28th February, and the same evening went by railway to a township on Long Island, called Jamaica, twelve miles from New York, in company with Mr Fergusson. The Jamaica township includes a population of 3000 souls. The Presbyterian congregation here is one of the oldest in the States—nearly 200

years old—yet does not appear in a thriving state. The population of Queen's County, Long Island, is 40,000. There are only two Presbyterian Churches, and they have continued at this number during the last hundred years—a rare circumstance, I believe, in the Union, amidst an increasing population; and well worthy of the attention of the Presbyterian Church. The village is pleasingly laid out, the streets spacious, and lined on each side with trees, all built of wood; yet, with their porticoes and pillars, and fair white complexion, looking like so many temples of white marble. You look more narrowly, and this taste, and elegance, and spirit in their building designs, impresses you with the idea of a lively show. The Scotch, at the Disruption, could not endure the idea of *wooden* churches, though they promised to afford so much more scope for neat designs, and for spires, to which, in stone work, it was supposed, they could not attain. Even *brick* churches were not liked. Nothing short of *stone* work, however homely in design, would satisfy the demand for the solid and substantial. Were the villages of the States turned into stone, these stately temples and porticoes would disappear, and they would lose in beauty as much as they gained in strength and durability; but no man here thinks of building for any age or generation but his own.

I returned next day to New York, and had much conversation on the church and school system of that city. Neither seems in a very satisfactory state. The Presbyterian churches, it was acknowledged, were attended chiefly by the wealthier classes, who have a demand for the ministry of the word, and the ordinances of religion, as part of the decencies of their rank and condition, as well as in accordance with their feelings and principles. The Church system of the Presbyterians is as yet rather an *attractive* system than an *aggressive* one. A few influential men build a church, and sell the pews

to pay the cost, or help out the original subscription. Each congregation, rich and poor, is self-supported, and attended by those who in its neighbourhood have the taste and habit of church going, and can contribute their part to uphold the ordinances of religion. I have not been able to learn any instance of a church set down in a destitute locality of New York, amongst the poorest of the population, with a provision, independent of seat rents, for the support of the pastor.* Some of the Episcopal Churches of the city are, I understand, well endowed; but though several of the Presbyterian Churches, by the high prices which they have of late received for their building lots, might, by ordinary management, not only have rebuilt but endowed their churches, and opened them to the poorer Presbyterians in the vicinity, free of the burden of seat rents, no part of their expenditure has taken this direction. They have preferred expending large sums of thirty, sixty, and even *ninety* thousand dollars on the mere architecture and internal furnishings of the church, to converting them into a common good, with free and untaxed pews. Within the last two years valuable opportunities have occurred and passed away by which churches might have been endowed out of their own resources, seat rents discharged, and by which the New York Presbyterian Church might have tried the experiment of churches and pastors doing good, without seeking any pecuniary return from those who accepted their services, except in their more abundant liberalities to other churches. Several causes have probably prevented this experiment being tried. There is not so numerous or so destitute a class in New York as in British cities, unable to pay a seat rent, though there is undoubtedly a large number *unwilling*. The attention of the Presbyterian Church has

* I perhaps ought to except two churches recently erected by Mr Lennox of New York, for the benefit of the poorer classes. The Presbyterian Church, as a Church, has no such system of church extension.

been occupied hitherto in providing for the increased demand amongst those who are both *willing* and *able* to pay a seat rent. The mercantile idea of a church being a *paying* concern, like anything else in the market, has prevailed hitherto over the idea, happily more prevalent in this country, that a church is a *missionary* institution to do good, and to communicate to those who may be unwilling to communicate in return, or even to receive *at first* a blessing at its hand. These, along with a jealousy of making the clergy independent, or allowing them to get rich, and that, too, in a community where wealth is pursued by the laity with an intenser devotion than even in the Old Country, have not only prevented everything like the experiment of *free* and *endowed* churches being tried among the Presbyterians of New York, but procured the insertion in some of their church charters of a prohibition against acquiring any property.

I inquired about the ministers of the coloured population, and heard of only two coloured Presbyterian ministers, both belonging to the new School Presbyterians. These ministers are allowed to sit in their Presbyteries with their white brethren and vote; but they would not be invited to their tables; yet, if they visited Scotland, Dr Chalmers would invite them to his table, and regard with affectionate interest these first fruits of the coloured Presbyterian ministry of the States.

I see from the newspapers that there have been fourteen burglaries in New York in one night,—a striking proof of the justice of the general complaint of the insufficiency of the police, both for the prevention of crime and street nuisances. Too strict a police does not seem popular. The city police has got too many masters to be efficient, unless by fits and starts, when public feeling happens to be outraged by any glaring wrong or intolerable evil, which presses on many parties, and awakens a long, loud, and general complaint.

The newspapers of New York, and indeed of the Union generally, seem to merit the reproaches of British travellers. Exceptions there are, but no intelligent American denies the inferiority of the newspaper press, both political and religious. Out of fifty *religious* newspapers, I met only three or four that were worth reading, or that, in this country, would live half-a-year. The passion for newspaper reading, and the multiplication of *cheap* and bad newspapers, is one of the worst symptoms of American society. Every family has its *daily* newspaper, and the Sabbath-day has got its religious newspaper to distract the attention of the family by *religious news*, and to occupy the place the Bible and good books would occupy in Great Britain. The art of reading seems given to many only to read newspapers. The advertisements which daily pollute the columns of the political and commercial journals would not be admitted into any respectable newspaper—metropolitan or provincial—in Great Britain. As profligate newspapers we undoubtedly have, but our newspaper press, as a whole, is sense and decency itself compared to the scandal and silliness with which the mass of the American press is pervaded. It is seldom, indeed, that you meet with anything like an original article worth a second perusal, whose views and style of writing indicate either vigour or originality of thought. Of their politics it is difficult for a stranger to make anything. It seems to consist no longer of great principles, but almost wholly of *points*, and these very often *pin* points. Reading the account of the calamitous explosion of the great gun of the Princeton steamer, by which so many public men were killed, I was struck with the want of taste evinced even by the Washington journals in their descriptions of so terrible a calamity. Scraps of plays and compliments to the ladies were intermingled with the account of the blowing off arms and

legs. The gun which exploded was called the *peacemaker*. In the presence of the President and leading statesmen and members of Congress, one young lady, a few minutes before the accident, gave, amidst thunders of applause, the toast, "The American Flag, the only American that can bear stripes."* The young lady, for her successful pun, was pronounced worthy to marry a hero. The explosion followed. Eight persons of condition were killed, amongst whom were two Secretaries of State. The President escaped, having gone below to join the ladies a few minutes before the accident. The watch of Mr Secretary Upsher stopped at the moment of the explosion, at fourteen and a half minutes past four o'clock. The glass was broken by the shock, and the hands were pressed to the face of the watch, but no farther injured. The proprietor himself perished.

On the 1st March, I set out for Washington city, travelling by railway, reaching Baltimore, in State of Maryland, the second day about midnight. I saw little of Philadelphia in passing, but enough to admire it as one of the best built, neatest, and most orderly of large cities. The Quakers have impressed much of their own character of neatness and order on its public places. To a stranger, Market Street is a picturesque object. The country waggons, ranged on each side of the street, and laden with all manner of produce, stretching above a mile in extent, give, even at this season, a high idea of the Pennsylvanian farms and dairies. In summer this street must be a beautiful sight, with all its vegetable treasures full displayed—at once a monument of human skill, and industry, and of His goodness who has filled the earth with his riches. The accommodation in Burnam's Hotel, Baltimore, is every way com-

* Thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, and a star in a blue field for every State in the Union, twenty-five in number, form the American flag. One star is added on the admission of any new State to the constellation—a poetical enough device.

fortable—the attendance good—the coloured waiters most obliging—and I found no difficulty in getting a separate room, and every accommodation that the best hotel in Europe could supply, and all for a dollar and a half per day. While travellers are writing their criticisms, the Americans are correcting the faults criticised. They hate the critic, but wisely observe the criticism, when it is founded in any measure of truth. We arrived next day in Washington, at half-past eleven o'clock, in time to see the funeral procession of the late Secretaries of State. The crowd of mourners was great, but the procession indifferently got up. It was to have moved at eleven o'clock forenoon, but did not set forward until one o'clock. One of the deceased Statesmen being a Presbyterian, and the other an Episcopalian, two funeral services were required.

Washington city is a vast unexecuted design. One of their wags called it, "A city of spacious distances and hackney coaches." It looks quite a city in outline, very dispersed and disconsolate in its actual conditions. Except the principal street, nothing is filled up and finished. The houses here and there, in the other streets, rather indicate the intention of a square or street than actually form one.

Here we enjoyed the attentions of Dr Laurie and his intelligent and excellent lady. He divided our deputation between himself and his friends. My lot fell to Matthew St Clair Clark, Esq., Secretary of the Post Office, whose house was my home while in Washington and neighbourhood, of whose kindness and courtesy I shall ever retain a pleasing recollection.

The melancholy accident of the explosion of the Princeton's gun, and funeral of the Secretaries of State, deranged our plans for preaching in Washington on the first Sabbath of our arrival. I went therefore to Alexandria, about six

miles distant, in the district of Columbia, which is under the General Government. It was here and at Washington, the seat of Government, that I first saw slavery. A little girl waited at table in Alexandria, whose features were perfectly European, mild and gentle, indicating good dispositions. I took her at first for a European, from her features, but learned that she was a slave who had been lately purchased for 200 dollars. One-third of the population of the Columbia district is coloured. In the afternoon of Sabbath, I went to see a Sabbath school in Alexandria of the coloured population, who number about 3000 souls. It was held in the lecture room attached to the Episcopalian Church, which before the revolution was the Established Church, and whose antique look and church-yard, are the only memorials of ancient things in Alexandria. I found the superintendent a young Englishman, attending the Episcopal College in the neighbourhood. He said he was forbidden to teach the coloured children to read—an attempt had been made, but the vestry interfered, and it was at present illegal. The teaching was therefore oral, but several taught themselves to read. I asked how many? He answered about *one-third* of the scholars. Part had been taught before this extreme jealousy of the instruction of the coloured population had been stirred, by an insurrection at Southampton. Before that event, the Presbyterians had schools also; but they were given up at the time, and have not since been resumed. I was mortified to find that the Presbyterians had not availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to resume their labours amongst the coloured population. Two of the ladies teaching the coloured girls were Presbyterian ladies who had been formerly engaged in this benevolent work. The superintendent said he hoped that the prohibition would soon be removed, and that it was futile; but futile it is not, since I found

not a third of his highest class able to read. The cleverer boys and girls are perhaps stimulated, by the knowledge of the prohibition, to learn at home, but the greater part are too indolent or careless to make any effort—just as we experience with the lowest class of our own population on whom education requires to be thrust by a kind of moral violence. “If you speak about these things when you go home,” said the superintendent, “speak the truth *in love*!” The characteristics of the coloured youth he described as affection, quickness, and liveliness of fancy.

I went from the Episcopal coloured school to the Baptist church, and found it their communion season. The communicants were about seventy or eighty. One-third might be coloured persons, nine of whom were men, and the rest females. The coloured members all sat in a distinct part of the church, apart from the whites, and the men apart from the women. First there was an address, then a short prayer. Uncovering the elements, the pastor took two large slices of the bread, and crumbled them while he spoke into small pieces on two salvers. He handed them to the deacons, who served first the white and then the coloured members. The deacons sat down and were served by the pastor—last of all the pastor partook himself, and sat down for a few minutes to meditate. Another pastor, acting as his assistant, came forward and delivered a short address, before pouring out the wine. He then prayed over the wine, as before over the bread, and handed the cup to one of the deacons, who served the communicants in the same order as before. At the close a collection was made for the poor, and a hymn sung by the whole congregation standing, without any choir. The service was simple and solemn. The remarks of the ministers who presided, quiet and in good taste. The double service of devotion at breaking the bread and giving the cup,

struck me at first as destroying the unity of the institution; yet, in looking to the narratives of the Evangelists, it appears more in harmony with the original institution than our *one* act of service and devotion; and it is curious to observe, that whilst in Scotland the practice of many pious persons is to have two acts of devotion at meals—one before and another after—though it is evident that our Lord himself practised only one act, sometimes called “a blessing,” and sometimes “the giving of thanks”—yet in this the most solemn act of Christ, for our imitation, where he seems to have had *two* acts of devotion, we have only one—in the one case going beyond, and in the other falling short of our great example.

The Presbyterians of Alexandria have no coloured people in their churches; yet in them all there is *room*. In Alexandria, to a population of 9000 souls, there are eleven Protestant churches. This is surely a superfluity of church extension, produced principally, I fear, by disputes and divisions not always worth the contention. The Episcopalian Church disputed, and divided into two—the Presbyterian Church disputed, and divided into two—the Baptist Church disputed, and divided into two. The Presbyterian Old School Church contains only about 100 members, and about 400 hearers. The consequence of this polypus propensity is, that all the churches are thinly attended, none of them hearty or prosperous, and the pastors indifferently sustained. The Episcopalian Churches are said to be the best filled. The pastors are zealous men, and low Church. Would that this superfluity of churches abounded to the good of the coloured population, for whom the empty benches are ready! But they must be sought out, and not unsought will they be won. I ought to mention, that the Baptists and Methodists of Alexandria have each a church, exclusively for the coloured population; and probably in no way but by

having similar churches, with coloured or white ministers specially ordained over them, will the Presbyterian Church accomplish anything worth while in behalf of the coloured population. The greater number of the coloured population in Alexandria are not negroes but mulattoes. They are not liked by the negroes who call them *no nation*. This race should have been long since emancipated, and means taken for their instruction and elevation. One little boy, to whom I made up at the corner of a street, thinking he was a poor white boy, on being asked whether he was at school, answered, "There was no school." I found that his mother was a slave, though his complexion and features were as fair and well-favoured as any of the boys at our schools. Such a boy would be sold here for £25. I was much amused to-day with the effect of the neighbourhood of slavery on one of the white servants. A Scotch servant-girl from Glasgow, brought over by the intelligent lady of the family in which I lived, did not come to prayers in the evening, as she would have done in Scotland. On inquiring the reason, I learned that she was ashamed to appear before the Scotch minister as a servant, where service is esteemed degrading by its association with slavery. White servants will not eat with the slaves, but at the same table with the family, after the family retire. The negroes call the Scotch servant, "the young lady," and "Miss Mary;" and when "Miss Mary" desires to go abroad, she does not ask liberty of her mistress, but intimates that such is her intention. This is the natural effect of slavery on female servants that are free. They become unmanageable and troublesome to all about, by their notions of independence and freedom. Extinguish slavery, and this will disappear.

On returning to Washington, the hackney coachman, at the Philadelphia railway station, whither I went with a friend

from Alexandria, handed my portmanteau to the Philadelphia cars, which, starting before the mistake was discovered, left me to mourn its loss. I kept up my countenance and courage as well as I could, and had almost made up my mind to suffer the loss, and make the best of my misfortune, when it returned next day by the earliest train from Philadelphia. The guard refused my proffered reward for his fidelity and attention, with a reproving look; and I learned thenceforth not to offer money to any above the condition of slaves or coloured persons, such being thought by a genuine American of the nature of an insult, which he will not pocket, like John Bull.

CHAPTER IV.

The Capitol—The Judges of Supreme Court—The Rotunda—Congress—The President—Dinner Party—Statistics of Washington—Coloured Population—Churches of Washington—Visit to Mount Vernon—General Washington—Succession of Forest Trees—Methodist Conference—Steps towards Abolition of Slavery—Preaching before Congress—Impressions of Washington—Psalmody—State of the Working Classes.

THE Capitol, so called from that of Rome, is the principal object of attraction in Washington. It is built on a rising ground, about a mile and a half from the heart of the city. Its vast dome and massive structure are the first and last objects the stranger sees. Here sit the Congress, and Senate, and Supreme Court of Justice. The first department I visited was the Supreme Court of the United States, consisting of nine judges and a chief justice. The Chief Justice was absent from ill health, and only six Judges were present. The court house is an elegant and convenient apartment, in the shape of a crescent. The judges wear plain black gowns, like our advocates' gowns, and black silk neck-cloths, without wigs or any other distinctive dress. They seemed all to be men beyond the middle of life—grave and thoughtful. About half-a-dozen lawyers were present, and very few auditors, no subject of interest being before the court. The Judges of this court hold their appointments for life, and cannot be removed without proved guilt. Their decisions, therefore, have evinced a superiority to those popular tides, which, in a democracy, are apt, in seasons of excitement, to

sweep all law and justice before them. This Court has repeatedly proved a breakwater to the constitution, and a sanctuary for justice, when elsewhere trodden under foot. The great defect of the judicial system of the United States is the dependence of the Judges on popular favour, an evil greater than the old dependence of the English Judges on the Crown, which was happily put an end to at the Revolution. With the exception of these ten Judges of the Supreme Court, I believe all the Judges of the several States—and each State has its own bench of Judges—are removable at pleasure, dependant on the politics and party of the day, and compelled therefore to become politicians and partisans in self-defence. According to the elections, the Judge knows he will, at next term, be at the bar or on the bench. The administration of justice, without partiality and a firm maintenance and execution of the law, becomes impossible. Justice, instead of being above, is put under popular influence, and subjected to all its vicissitudes. This is the greatest national evil in the United States, and, until the American community are more jealous of themselves than of their Judges, and place these public officers in circumstances to do justice without fear or favour from the many or the few, they are wanting in one of the highest attributes of national greatness, and in the firmest security for national peace and prosperity. The salary of the Supreme Judges is 4000 dollars, and of the Chief-Justice, 4500, or about £1100 of our money. This salary is so small that lawyers in good practice and health cannot always afford to take a seat on the bench. Yet the perpetuity of the appointment gives so much weight to the office, that the bench of the Supreme Court has hitherto been filled with the first legal minds of the country, when age or health rendered retirement from the bar desirable. The first member of the bar at present is Daniel Webster—a name well known

in this country. He very kindly sent us a copy of his speech on the Gerard Will Case, for the use of our Free Church library—a beautiful piece of forensic eloquence, which reminds one of the moral style of Sir Samuel Romilly. I was sorry to learn that here the resemblance stops.

The Rotunda, a vast circular apartment formed out of the cupola that crowns the Capitol, was the next apartment of interest. Its walls are rapidly filling up with paintings of the leading events of their national history—such as the first landing of the pilgrims of New England, as their Puritan fathers are called—the Declaration of Independence—also some sculptured pieces, as Penn's treaty with the Indians. Many a niche remains for time to fill up with deeds worthy of so honourable a memorial. The hope of having a niche in the Rotunda of the Capitol may inspire courage and daring into her future heroes, as much as a place in Westminster Abbey inspired our Nelson. The most impressive scene which the walls record is Washington's resignation of his commission and his sword to the Congress at Annapolis, at the close of the war 1783. War was not with him a trade, but the means of obtaining a righteous peace for his country. This is perhaps one of the most memorable scenes in the history of nations. In his statue, near the Capitol, they have inscribed on one side of the vast block of granite which bears the statue, "*first* in war;" on the other side, "*first* in peace." The one hand of the colossal statue is delivering up his sword as now useless, and the other is pointing joyfully to times of peace. These ideas are noble and impressive, but you do not gather them from looking at the statue. The marble does not express them. Painting alone could have impressed these ideas. Neither the hands of the warrior nor his look carry so legibly their meaning, that he that runs may read. On the contrary, the statue is cold, bald, and gigantic—you feel this

work of art has no life, no character, no speculation in it at all. The Congress Hall is a semicircle or amphitheatre, too lofty and spacious for easy hearing ; but, with its marble pillars and high roof, very fine and imposing to the eye. The furnishing is too elegant and luxurious for the hall of a national Congress. The colours of the rich carpeting and drapery are light and gay. Each member has an armed chair on castors, and before him a desk, detached from his neighbour, giving an air of separation, independence, disjointedness, and unsociality to the house. This practice of every member having his own chair and desk in Congress seems to have given the fashion throughout the States, as all clubs, even college clubs, have copied faithfully this *noli me tangere* style of accommodation. Even some of the public schools in New England have adopted it, and each boy sits apart, independent of all his companions, neither intruding nor intruded upon. Such a style of accommodation is more suitable to a privileged class—an aristocracy—than to the representatives of the American people. It is certainly a singular contrast to the plebeian simplicity of the British Parliament. The members of Congress are 200. The members of Senate, who sit in another hall, of smaller dimensions, are fifty in number—two being sent by each State. The Congress is equivalent to our House of Commons ; the Senate to our House of Lords. Every measure must pass both houses, and receive the sanction of the President, before becoming law. The members of both houses sit with their hats off, contrary to the practice in the British Parliament. The Senate is evidently held in highest respect out of doors. Its debates excite the greatest interest. The Congress seems rather to be falling in public estimation, from the increasing number of lawyers and men of no mark or character sent up from year to year, who make a trade of

politics, and whose only element seems to be excitement and revolution. All the members are paid, and though the pay is small, yet of not a few it is said to be their chief object in taking the appointment. I was informed that four-fifths of the members of Congress and Senate could not come there without their pay. The present President Tyler, when he became President, is said not to have been worth 5000 dollars. The Union in many of the States has not yet a sufficiently numerous class of independent gentlemen out of whom to select her legislators; needy men and adventurers are continually thrusting themselves on the constituency, and by their arts of popularity lowering the character of a representative to Congress, and repelling men of principle and property in the country from seeking the office. One of the subjects of discussion in Congress when I was present was the reduction of the salaries of some of the pages—little boys from eight to ten years of age, of whom twelve are employed as messengers by the house. The discussion had been brought forward on the report of a committee by some Joseph Hume, and for two days they had been discussing this peppercorn. One of the pages, after hearing the first day's discussion, had gone home to his mother crying, and declaring that he would not go back to serve any more these niggardly legislators, and take less than the other boys. The page question was—whether to reduce the junior pages—for there are two classes—from two dollars a day to a dollar and a half, or have them all equal. The question, I understand, went against the pages. The delay in settling this trivial question may give us an idea of the tendency to much speaking in Congress, and the necessity felt, some short time ago, of putting bounds to this evil, by ordaining that no speaker should exceed an hour, when the Speaker rings his bell, and informs him of his trespass.

Speakers had been known to occupy the house three days. One of these interminable speakers being called to order by an old member (anxious to deliver the house and himself from the infliction), on the ground that his speech had no natural or discernible connection with the subject before the house, the Speaker (Mr Clay), rose, and, after a solemn pause and a pinch of snuff, observed, with profound gravity, "That it was not for him to determine by what process of logic or rhetoric the honourable member could connect the various topics of his speech with the subject before the house. He was bound to suppose, however, that there was some connection discernible to the honourable member, yet to be made obvious to the house. He could not, therefore, venture to say he was out of order." Under the protection of this ironical decision, the house saw no prospect but patience or resignation, by leaving the inflictor in possession of an empty house; when up sprung the offended orator, and declared "that he did not concern himself whether the connection of his topics was discernible by his present audience or no. For his part he spoke for the benefit of posterity." "Then, Mr Speaker," cried Randolph, the wag of the house, "I call the member to order. His audience is not now present, nor will, I hope, for some time have the honour of a seat in this house." The phrase in the house for an irrelevant speaker is, "speaking to *Bunkam*"—a phrase which originated with a provincial member, who, on being called to order for a long speech, replied, "I am not speaking for the benefit of this house, but for those who sent me here—for *Bunkam*."

Ascending the dome of the Capitol, which looks somewhat disproportional in size to the rest of the building, I had a view of the surrounding country, the Potomac winding in the distance, and the city spread out at your feet, reminding one,

in its dispersed and vacant condition, of the map of a thinly peopled or half discovered country. There is nothing inviting in the vicinity of Washington. A wag disappointed in its aspect and attributes, called it "the Land of Promise." Such is the city as well as the country. The projectors have attempted great things, and created a vast skeleton city—as yet unclothed with flesh, and likely for some time to remain so. Here reside about 500 Government functionaries, with the President at their head, and Secretaries of State. Here are all the Government offices—here reside the Ambassadors of Foreign Powers, and here, part of the year, reside the Members of Congress and Senate, and the Judges of the Supreme Court; but, without internal trade or a peopled country around, these cannot sustain a great city. American Government functionaries are miserably paid, and cannot afford to live in a style equal to second-rate American merchants in New York. It is not as the residence of Government functionaries, but as the residence of the landed proprietors, and as the mercantile heart of the empire, that London is a great and prosperous city, to whose increase there seems no end. Washington is alike without resources from trade, and without any resident wealth. Her highest Government functionary, the President, has not above £7000 a-year—the Secretaries of State not above £1000 to £1200, and the remainder much below that sum; so that in reality Washington is a city of small and precarious incomes—small by the national policy which rewards public services on the lowest possible scale of remuneration, and precarious by being exposed to all the chances and changes of politics and party, which with every new administration changes the entire functionaries of the nation, down to the humblest post-office appointments, in order to gratify their eager partizans, by a few years' official bread and importance.

I visited the President's house—called here “the White House”—situated in the midst of a park. To live in the White House during the term of a President's life, is the highest national honour. The lady of one of the Presidents, on being congratulated on her promotion to the White House, remarked, “I dont know whether there is much here for congratulation. The President of the United States generally comes in at the iron gate (alluding to the usual gate of entrance), and goes out at the *weeping willows*,” which hang over the gate of exit. Like most other great houses it does not look a comfortable home. The apartments which I saw were large and ill-furnished, diffusing any thing but a comfortable sensation through your frame. Every stranger in Washington seeks an introduction to the President, and at his levees every citizen of the States has the right of entry. After tarrying for some time in an anti-chamber, we were admitted to a private audience. The President was sitting at a wood fire, before a writing desk, tall and thin, and turned of fifty. On being presented with a copy of the fac-simile of our Protest and a copy of the Deed of Separation from the Establishment, containing the names of the 479 ministers adhering to that protest, and resigning their livings, he singled out the signature of Dr Chalmers, and inquired his age and health. He observed, “You are a people that go through with a thing. John Knox did it, and I fancy you are following his steps. In the States, all sects get on the best way they can, and all are equal in the eye of the law.” I observed that the Christian Sabbath was protected by the laws of the United States, and chaplains were appointed to the navy and army. He added, but they are of all sects. Yes, I said, of all Christian sects. He remarked, that when Governments interposed, religion, like politics, became a scramble between the *ins* and the *outs*; but when religious

sects were left to themselves, it was only by their superior zeal and devotedness that they prospered. To Dr Burns at a previous interview, he said, with a careless air, "In the United States we allow every man to get to heaven as he best can, if he get there at all." I remarked in one part of the conversation, that both established and unestablished churches were upon their trial, and that, in leaving the Established Church of Scotland, we had done so not because it was an established church, but because it had, in our opinion, been bereaved of its liberties as a Christian church; and that in our visit to the United States we should anxiously observe the working of self-sustained churches. He expressed a hope that we would find much to encourage us in the state of the American churches. He thought their divisions only rendered them more zealous, each for its own sect. On this I said that we did not admire division, but thought it a great evil, only justified to avoid a greater; and that the Church in its union would yet be stronger than ever it has been by its divisions. "He replied that he hoped not. The Church would then be too strong"—the answer of a politician who loved to play off one sect against another in the political game. Tyler was only Vice-president, and succeeded on the demise of the last President, and not by election. He was bred a lawyer, and has been the Governor of several States—is reputed a good speaker, but his character as a consistent statesman and an enlightened patriot is not high throughout the nation..

The Patent Office in Washington is an object of much interest to every stranger. It contains a model of all the patents granted by the States, arranged with much taste and elegance. I was struck by the endless variety of inventions for warming apartments. There seemed no end of models of heating apparatus, but few contrivances for ven-

tilation. To the Patent Office is added a National Museum, containing curiosities common to all museums. I was gratified to observe the specimens of all kinds of American products, vegetable and animal, and of American manufactures, so that you may see here the state of the arts and manufactures of the States. The most interesting object in the museum is the "Declaration of Independence"—a document now preserved like Magna Charta, and our Scottish National Covenants, in which each old State loves to see the signature of its own representative. The first name is *Hancock*, the first *President* of the Congress. Here a Scotchman loves to trace the signature of Witherspoon, a Scottish clergyman, who, drawn from his college by the force of events, and the necessities of his adopted country, took a distinguished part in forming the constitution of this his new country. Near this document is the commission Washington received from the first Congress, to be Commander-in-Chief, signed by Hancock the President. The dress, sword, camp table, and cooking vessels of the General, were deposited as relics, along with his commission, when he exchanged the arts of war for those of peace. No charge is made here, or throughout the States, for seeing public institutions—a remarkable contrast to our own country, with the exception of the British Museum.

Another day I found leisure to re-visit the Capitol, and to attend the Congress and Senate. In the Congress, the Oregon question was discussing. The speaker of the day was a young man, who delivered himself with considerable hesitation, partly from notes. He did not seem fluttered or put out by his difficulty of utterance, but stumbled on, undismayed. His audience meanwhile lounged in their armed chairs, reclining in all manner of postures. Some turning their chairs sideways to the speaker, and their feet on their neighbour's vacant chair. The question in the Senate was

the same, but the discussion was more interesting. Mr Cret-
ingden, the senator for Kentucky (an ex-Attorney General),
and a Mr Hamilton, were the speakers; Mr Cret-
ingden was short, clear, pointed, and evinced dangerous powers of sar-
casm. The speech of his opponent was distinct and sensible,
but wanted spirit and point.

I dined one day with some of the official men and politi-
cians. Very little wine was used—claret, mixed copiously
with water in their tumblers, was drunk during dinner. The
conversation got on pleasantly after dinner, by the aid of hic-
kory nuts, a cellular nut, to use which every guest has a prong
put along side of his plate; the digging into the hickories
filled up the intervals of conversation, which service of old,
“Push round the wine,” performed less innocently. One of
the company avowed himself a democrat. He did not think
a strong government a blessing to America, though he thought
it a necessary evil in an old country like ours. He thought
the danger in America was too much government, and too
little leaving men alone. We admitted the advantages
America enjoyed in working a democracy, and that what
would be our ruin might be energy and life to them. The
prospect every man in America had of mending his private
and family fortunes, and the unbounded scope for private
enterprise, was their security. American democracy, we
urged, seemed to us to be founded on the fallacy, that by
multiplying the governing numbers, you necessarily multi-
plied the governing wisdom. We adduced the introduction
of the uneducated and superstitious Irish emigrants so early
to the privileges of naturalization, and of the franchise, and
the evils they already experienced from this multiplication
of the governing numbers, as a proof that democracy may
lower indefinitely the chances of good government. I was
gratified to hear their ready and full acknowledgment of

the necessity laid upon a democratic government, of pressing forward the universal education of the people; and that, but for the revival of the religious spirit throughout the States within the last twenty years, the Union could not have been preserved until now.* The old religious spirit had greatly declined in America, as in Scotland, and the old honesty and simplicity seemed departing. But religion has in a measure revived public principle, and given to public opinion a balance and regulator. It was acknowledged by the Americans present, that the great difficulty in the American church system was sustaining a well-educated and adequately paid Clergy throughout all parts of the Union, and preventing the cities and richer parts of the country from monopolizing all the best Clergy. Our system of a *common* support was much admired, as more likely to equalise the advantages of town and country, than the system of *congregational* self-support. But while this was acknowledged, most of the company declared their strong aversion to any thing like State support, an element which they thought must ever secularise the church, and destroy the purity of religion.

* I have had the truest pleasure in observing the same sentiments expressed in a recent reply of the Postmaster-General of the United States, C. A. Wickliff, Esq., in answer to a communication from the New Jersey State Sabbath convention:—

“ POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, June 26, 1844.

“ GENTLEMEN,—I must tender to you my regret that I have delayed an answer to your communication of the 25th October 1843 till now. My only apology is, that when received, my attention was arrested by other official business—your letter was laid upon my table, became covered up by other papers, and overlooked till to-day.

“ Most heartily do I concur in the sentiments expressed by the proceedings of the convention of the friends of the Christian Sabbath assembled in the city of New Brunswick, a copy of which you enclosed me, and I assure you my individual exertions shall be devoted by precept and example to impress the principles inculcated by the resolutions of the convention.

“ As Postmaster-General I have a duty to perform in sending the public mail, which often forbids me to pursue the inclination of my individual wishes. With you, gentlemen, I am ‘firmly persuaded that our free institutions cannot survive the prostration of religion and morals;’ and you may rest assured that

Being struck with the importance attached to the Oregon question, then discussing in the House of Representatives, I observed that nine-tenths of the people of Great Britain were profoundly indifferent about the matter, and would not endure a war for any such object. One gentleman looked grave, and replied, "That it was of some importance to the fisheries of Great Britain in the South Seas."

One gentleman told a characteristic anecdote of the land speculations so rife in 1836. On the banks of Lake Michigan, a parcel of ground was purchased for 314 dollars, to be laid out for a city. The purchaser went thither and set up an auction of the lots, and sold fifty lots for 25,000 dollars; then came to New York, where the half of the remaining were purchased for 50,000 dollars, thus realizing 75,000 dollars for 314. No city was built, and now the lots are worth just nothing at all, the bubble having long since burst.

The city of Washington has a population of 23,364 souls, by the census of 1840. It is four and a half miles long by two and a half broad, and is thus one of the largest in space and the smallest in population of capital cities. The district of Columbia, in which it lies, is ten miles square, separated

every exertion compatible with public and official duty will be made by me to elevate the standard of both in this our favoured land: The principles of free Government are inseparably connected with the principles of the Christian religion. The land which is destitute of the Bible, and not illuminated by the light of the gospel, is, and must ever remain, the dominion of the oppressor and the home of the oppressed,

"I have found it most expedient and successful to follow, rather than officially attempt to control, public sentiment upon the subject of continuing or discontinuing Sabbath mails. The time is approaching when public sentiment will control this subject favourably, and we must patiently and prayerfully abide its coming.

"For the favourable wishes and opinions you have been pleased to express for me personally and officially, I tender you my thanks.—Respectfully," &c.

It was stated at the New York State Sabbath Convention, in August last, by the Rev. Dr Wisner of Ithaca, that there were 700 miles of railroad now in the States not used on the Sabbath.

from all the other States, and placed entirely under the general government. This district contains Georgetown, a mile from it, with a population of 7312 souls, and Alexandria, six miles distant, containing 8459. The total population of the district of Columbia, including its towns, in 1840, was 43,712. Of these, there were 203 engaged in learned professions. There are twenty-nine primary and common schools, attended by 851 scholars, and 482 at the public charge. Besides these, there are reported twenty-six academies and grammar schools having 1389 scholars. There are two colleges in the neighbourhood of Washington which I did not see, the attendance on which is said to be very small. General Washington was anxious to have established here a national university, but difficulties interposed. One Smithson, an Englishman, has left money for this purpose, and this object may yet be realised. There are two colleges in the neighbourhood—the Columbian, belonging to the Baptists, and the Georgetown, to the Roman Catholics, where there is also a convent with fifty to eighty nuns and boarders; the nuns devoting themselves to the education of the pupils in their boarding establishment. The revival of the conventual system in modern times, and the direction of it to educational and charitable purposes, has been a great means of reviving the power of the Church of Rome. Sisters of charity and nuns, devoted to the education of the young of their own sex, present their Church most gracefully to the public eye, and win their way where no priest could have found favour. If the above educational statistics be correct, and they are the latest, the amount of the population receiving education is very small indeed; the total scholars apparently being only 2722 to a population of 43,712 souls, that is, about a *fifteenth* of the population, instead of a *fourth* and *fifth*, according to the returns from New England, or a *sixth* from Prussia, or a

tenth from Scotland. This is to be accounted for in part by the prohibition of coloured schools throughout the district. The free coloured population of Columbia district is 8361, and of slaves 4694; in all, 12,955. But even deducting this pariah class, who are not only degraded but forbidden the means of rising, and taking the proportion of white persons at schools of all kinds, the proportion is not higher than an *eleventh*; not one half of the education going on in the Eastern States, and that in the district enjoying the presence of the legislative wisdom and executive authority and influence of the entire Congress, and Senate, and Central Government of the United States. It is but too evident that slavery has shed its evil influence on Washington and its vicinity, and retarded its advancement. The district was separated originally from a slave State to be the seat of the general government, and is surrounded with slave States; and while it is true, and is the common apology for the Congress, that it belongs, by the constitution, to each separate State legislature to deal with it; yet it is a difficult matter to remove the reproach that the General Government and Congress has not done what it *could* in a district where it is omnipotent; neither taking steps towards the emancipation of the slaves in the district of Columbia, nor towards their *education*. In Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, all within this *Congress State*, it is forbidden to teach the coloured population, free or enslaved, to read and write. It must be a melancholy reflection to every enlightened American, that this little district has not long since presented an example to the other States of the emancipation and education of the coloured population, and their conversion into useful citizens. The fashion in Washington is to speak of the free coloured population as worthless. This fact, if it be one, only suggests the question—Who degraded them, and what has been done for elevating

this degraded race? By forbidding them the school and schoolmaster, they are denied the means of rising, and yet they are denounced as unfit for social privileges, while refused all means of qualifying themselves. The statistics of the coloured population shew that a great proportion of the freed are males, and that comparatively few females are emancipated, not having the opportunities that men have of working out their freedom. The proportion between males and females amongst the *slaves* in Columbia district is more natural, 2058 males to 2038 females. Female slaves are purchased for domestic service, while the free coloured men pour into the cities of the Union to find employment, very seldom able to bring their wives and children out of bondage where they have any. The effect of the greater number of freemen is to retard or prevent the marriage union. The coloured freeman, if he marries, must marry a slave, who is not mistress of herself nor of her children. Such unions are no marriages, soon entered into and as quickly dissolved. In fact, the incompatibility of the marriage union with a state of slavery, or even with a state of transition to freedom, where one half of the population are slaves and the other half free, is of itself a conclusive proof to a Christian mind that slavery is an evil not to be regulated but destroyed; and that, instead of railing at the profligacy of the free coloured men of the States, public provision should have long since applied the natural remedy.

The *physical* condition of the coloured population in Washington looks one of comfort. An aged coloured woman, a dependent on a family here, was offered, the other day, a cart of wood; she replied, "I thank you, madam, ten thousand times, but I can always pick up here and there chips of wood to serve my turn, and of food I have plenty. What I want, madam, is an old silk gown if you have got one to spare

beside you." A lady very kindly took me to visit some of the coloured people at their dwellings. In one house, on entering, I was gratified to see two apartments. The lower apartment contained a chest of drawers, and cupboard, and bedstead; and on the chest of drawers a *Bible*. In another house, I found, besides other furniture, an eight-day clock, indicating the same virtues which have secured to our Scottish cottages these articles of furniture. I visited a third house, poorer looking than either, of a free coloured woman; yet found a chest of drawers, and bedstead, and some efforts at neatness. The coloured woman was a Methodist, and goes to Church. She cannot read, but the master (meaning Christ) speaks to her and she to him. I asked what she got from the master? She said, provision. Did she get much provision from him? Sometimes only a crumb, but was thankful, and asked more; the woman of Canaan was glad to have crumbs. Did her minister, who was a coloured man, call for her. No; but the class leader did, and she attended every week on the class leader. Much feeling and affection is discernible in the religion of the coloured people, and more understanding of Divine things than we are apt, from their imperfect English, to give them credit for. One negro woman, a Methodist, said "That she had been hearing the Presbyterian minister, and that she did not see much difference between the Methodists and Presbyterians. It was the same gospel to her judgment, and they should all love one another, for all were looking to Jesus. Only she did not like the Romans, for they removed the Word of God, and built their Church upon the tops of the types and shadows."

Very remarkable are the statistics of churches in Washington city, in contrast with the provision for general education. There are no fewer than twenty-two churches, to a popula-

tion of less than 30,000 souls, including the coloured population.

- 4 Presbyterian Churches.
- 3 Roman Catholic.
- 3 Baptist Churches.
- 3 Methodist.
- 3 Episcopalian.
- 1 Of the Friends or Quakers.
- 1 Socinian.
- 4 African Churches.

22

Giving one church and pastor to every 1363 of the population, or one church and pastor to every 343 families, estimating four to a family. The zeal of rival sects—the inordinate love of change incident to a new country, and the caprices and antipathies of rich and influential individuals in congregations, have proved such fertile causes of division in Washington, that there are few well-filled churches or strong congregations in the city. Among the Presbyterians this is notoriously the case. The clergy are of necessity ill-paid, and their influence for good is far less than if there were only half the number of well-filled, hearty, and united churches and pastors. Such a state of subdivision is a state of weakness and imbecility, depriving the city of Washington of the clerical talent and energy which it ought to select from other parts of the Union, and concentrate here. Some check upon this polypus habit has yet to be devised, and church contraction seems as needful in these American cities as church extension in the cities of Scotland.

While at Washington, I visited Mount Vernon, the residence of General Washington, in company with Dr Burns. Going by steamer to Alexandria, and thence by carriage across nine miles of dilapidated roads, through romantic dales and woodlands, we reached a decayed mansion of wood, situated

on a bold, bluff point of land, on the banks of the Potomac. No position could be more picturesque and commanding for a summer residence. You look down on the river and across a noble landscape beyond it. It is a situation worthy of being converted into a President's country house, were such luxuries allowed the American chiefs. Yet no building of national interest could be more neglected. Mount Vernon house wears an air of melancholy and dejection, and perhaps all the more so that we saw it before it had got its spring or summer dress, which would have concealed, in part, the national neglect, in the fulness and splendour of its natural scenery. We first sought out the tomb of Washington, and found the General and Mrs Washington laid side by side; his lady having only survived him eighteen months. The building that covers them is something more than simple. It is a mean and tasteless brick erection, which might have better suited the out-house of an ordinary country farm in Scotland, than the tomb of one of the greatest of men. The inscription alone is in good taste, bearing only *the name of Washington, the date of his birth and death*. We sent in our cards to the mansion-house, and were met at the door by a grand-nephew of the General, who had just returned from a shooting excursion—a young, amiable-looking gentleman. I asked for Washington's family Bible. He produced a large folio Bible from the library, with the autograph of the General, GEORGE WASHINGTON, in the corner of the title page. We were interested to observe that it was a New York edition of the Bible and commentary of John Brown of Haddington. We could not learn whether the General was in the habit of reading the Scriptures daily in his family, but were informed that he read the Scriptures himself daily. Some dispute there has been respecting the religious character of Washington. Sparkes, in his Life, gives the follow-

ing, amongst other evidences, of the piety and charity of this great man. In his diary, written at thirteen, he transcribed, with his own hand, a poetical piece on the birth of Christ, beginning thus :

" Assist me, muse divine, to sing the morn
On which the Saviour of mankind was born,"

indicating an education favourable to the growth of pious feeling. Before the Revolution, he attended church every Sabbath, riding to Alexandria, a distance of *ten* miles. When in New York and Philadelphia, he never neglected it.

During the French war, before the Revolution, he observed his men profane and reprobate. He informed them of his displeasure, and commanded the officers to punish swearing without a court-martial.

At the commencement of the war, in obedience to the general order which he himself had given out, he inserts in his diary, "Went to church, and *fasted all day.*"

The occasion on which he partook of the communion during the war was as follows :

While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped at Morristown, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the communion, then observed twice a-year, was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. In the morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr Jones, then pastor of the church, and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him. "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday ; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your church to admit communicants of another denomination ?" The Doctor rejoined, "Most certainly, ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's Table ; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of

whatever name!" The General replied, "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities. The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

The following extract from one of his letters from the camp to the manager of his property at Mount Vernon, gives the most pleasing idea of his consideration of the poor.

"Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness; and I have no objection to your giving my money in charity, to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year, when you think it well bestowed. You are to consider that neither myself nor my wife is now in the way to do these good offices. In all other respects I recommend it to you, and I have no doubt of your observing the greatest economy and frugality; as I suppose you know that I do not get a farthing for my services here, more than my expenses. It becomes necessary, therefore, for me to be saving at home."

These things make it abundantly evident that Washington was a good, as well as a great man—one of the noblest models of human nature with which any nation ever was blessed in the infancy of its national existence, and compared to whom the Jeffersons and the Jacksons are but small men. Jefferson, in particular, who intrigued against Washington's last administration, while he professed himself his personal friend, sowed the seeds of those loose principles, both of religion and national integrity, from which public men in the States

are only now recovering. It was Jefferson and his party that urged the *democratic idea* to the brink of national ruin, taught the infallibility of the popular will, and that the multiplication of votes was the multiplication of legislative wisdom. In the dogma, "that the earth belongs to the living, and that the dead have no more right than they have power over it, and that no generation can pledge or encumber the lands of a country beyond the term of its own existence" (thirty-four years), he laid the foundation for the practice of repudiation, and sowed the seeds of a national presumption, conceit, and folly, which, unless checked and controlled by better men, will inevitably work the ruin of this nation, and entail misery on generations unborn. The estate of Washington is about ten miles in extent, but looks in a very neglected condition. During his life-time every thing connected with his own property was managed with that calm energy and attention to the minutest details which distinguished his discharge of public duties. His private affairs at his death were in as prosperous a state as those of the nation. Having no children, his property descended to collateral heirs, who have had sufficient family pride to refuse all offers for the estate, even from the Congress; but in their hands the dwelling and grounds suggest only the idea of a deserted mansion. The Congress still propose to purchase it for conversion into a country house for the President, or for a seat for the National College, and the appropriation of the legacy of a Mr Smithson, an Englishman, who, out of love to the American nation, has bequeathed a large fortune to diffuse in America knowledge "*useful to man.*" It was interesting to learn, on visiting Washington's house, that the British Admiral, in sailing up the Potomac during the last American war, on passing Mount Vernon, lowered his colours half mast, in honour of the great American chief, whose vir-

tues now belong to all ages and nations. The same Commander that could thus honour virtue in others, could not imitate that great man in the spirit with which he carried on hostilities, but in wanton revenge set fire to the Capitol at Washington. Returning from Mount Vernon, in passing through a woodland and marsh, we requested the driver to stop, that we might listen to a chorus of musical frogs. Our negro coachman was so much amused with our curiosity that he exclaimed, "I have driven a carriage for twenty years now, and I never yet heard of gentlemen stopping the carriage to hear frogs sing." I afterwards heard a frog chorus, composed of tree frogs, common frogs, and bull frogs, at midnight, in the woods of Indiana, which was really worth stopping the carriage for. The bouf, bouf of the bull frog, as it rose above the others or filled the intervals of silence, was the finest bass, and deepened the wild solemn feelings of the forest at midnight.

The land in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon and Alexandria seems to be falling, rather than rising in value; partly because it has been wrought out, like West India plantations, in order to sustain the labour of slaves, the only field labour to be had in slave States, and which nothing but the richest land can long remunerate, and partly because of the rage for emigration to the Western States. Farms may be had, a few miles from Alexandria, with a dwelling-house on them, for three to five dollars per acre, without more wood on them than is necessary for fire-wood. No doubt the land is exhausted by incessant cropping without manure. But a better system of husbandry and free labour would again cover these fields with plenty, and accomplish for the district of Columbia the same transformation that free labour and industry has wrought in the more barren soil and less genial climate of New England.

An interesting fact was mentioned respecting the forest trees

of this country. If you cut down a forest of hickory, and leave it alone, not hickory will spring up, but, in a few years, a forest of pine or of oak will be found on the same spot ; and so, in like manner, if you cut down a forest of pine, it will not be succeeded by pine, but by hickory or oak. The same wood will not spring up in succession, though the seeds be in the ground, as if the exuviae of the one tree was food for other kinds, but destructive to its own species, and a rotation of crops was the law of the forest as well as of the field. By this law the Creator has provided for the earth that variety and vicissitude of vegetable life, by which he adorns the world, and preserves any one plant from covering all our fields, or any one tree from monopolising the woods. What a monotonous world it were, did not this rotation form the law of the vegetable creation !

Before leaving Washington, we had the happiness to meet the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist Conference—a branch of the General Conference. The number of ministers present might be about 200. Three of the Bishops were present. The senior Bishop presiding. They were engaged in licensing preachers ; but, on our introduction to the presiding Bishop, the business was suspended. Dr Burns first addressed the Conference, and I followed. Our addresses were short, but were well received—the brethren expressing their approbation from time to time by audible *amens*, and their interest and sympathy by exclaiming Oh ! oh ! They seemed particularly pleased with what we said in commendation of the aggressive and missionary character of Methodism, both in the Old and New World—that they did not live upon their past fame as a Church, but were continually pressing on to new enterprises for the extension of the kingdom of Christ both at home and abroad. They seemed equally gratified by the information, that in reconstructing our Free

Church, we were resolved to imitate, and, if possible, improve on the Methodist plan of a self-sustained Church system, eschewing the evils of a self-sustained Congregational system. We were invited to preach before the Conference. Dr Burns, having an engagement elsewhere, was unable to comply, so that it fell to me to preach before them on Saturday the 16th March. I never addressed a more hearty audience, or felt more moved in my own spirit by the eager and glowing looks of my hearers. I fell on a hymn in their collection which suited our present circumstances and feelings, calling on Christians to united efforts in building the temple of God in all lands. One of the brethren led the psalmody, and I read the hymn stanza by stanza, the Conference standing and all joining, as in the days of our Convocation, with full heart and voice. I prayed shortly, and at every petition the brethren kneeling around, responded an audible Amen. At the confessions of sin, the brethren exclaimed, Alas, Lord! Though the responses were a great novelty to me, yet, whether from the state of my own feelings, or the very appropriate places at which the responses were introduced, I not only did not feel them an interruption, but experienced an increased earnestness and fervour of spirit from this utterance of sympathetic sentiments and feelings. I realised the more that I was but the organ of many, whose hearts were feeling what I felt, and whose lips were praying what I prayed. I did not equally enjoy the same interruptions in preaching.* The intelligent looks and expressions of such an audience could not offend, but must

* I was told that some years ago Mr Summerfield, an English Methodist, who visited the States, and whose youthful piety and eloquence attracted crowded audiences wherever he went, on one occasion was so overpowered with Amens! and by audible exclamations of various kinds, that he paused in his sermon, and waving his hand to obtain silence, gracefully reproved his audience in the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him!" This anecdote recalls one of Samuel Davies, President of Princeton College, who visited England for the purpose of obtaining aid for the College,

have encouraged any speaker, but I could easily comprehend how the same expressions of feelings from a less intelligent audience might have been the author only of confusion. I never addressed a more interested and animated congregation. Their countenances spoke more than their words their interest in what was said. I was delighted two days after to find this hearty people, by a collection, out of their deep poverty, add deeds to their words, sending by us their gifts to the Free Church, along with a friendly communication from the Conference to our General Assembly, expressive of their cordial sympathy with, and approbation of, our separation from the Established Church, and rejection of the spiritual independence of Christ's house. This Conference is the largest in the Union except New York, containing about 50,000 members, and about 280 pastors. It sends, along with the other Conference, delegates to the general Conference, which meets every fourth year, at the rate of one delegate to every twenty pastors. They do not regard their Bishops as a different order in the Church, believing that there are but two Scriptural orders, elders and deacons, or pastors and deacons. They have bishops only for the sake of order and government, as they think was the practice very early in the Church. It is true the bishops at present receive a distinct ordination; but this they are now preparing to abolish, lest any seed of

George the Third had the curiosity to hear a preacher from the wilds, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house in such terms as these—"He is a wonderful man! Why he beats my bishops." Davies, seeing that the King was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking his Majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone, the following beautiful rebuke: "When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The King instantly shrank back in his seat, like a schoolboy rapped over the head by his master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the Monarch sent for him and gave him fifty guineas for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers, "He is an honest man, an honest man."

Puseyism should arise amongst them, and their bishops should cease to be only St Paul's bishops, "more abundant in labours than others." I visited this Conference on another occasion. I had the pleasure of listening to a discussion on the case of a young preacher who had married a lady who held slave property, which came into his possession by marriage. He was on trial for ordination, and his ordination was objected to on the ground that he held slave property. The objection was sustained, and the ordination postponed until the slaves were freed. The Methodists have thirty-four such Conferences as this in the Union; but this is the only conference in the Slave States that has yet had courage to take this step. All the Conferences in the free States have already taken it. This is an important step towards the enlightenment and awakening of the national conscience to this sin. Let the Churches begin with their own office-bearers, and refuse to ordain to the ministry any slave proprietor. This will very unequivocally indicate the mind of the Church, and prepare the way for its ultimate abolition. We have a striking Scripture precedent for this course in the Apostolic treatment of an evil in the primitive Church, no less fatal to the best interests of mankind, namely, polygamy, respecting which the Scriptures had given a more certain sound than respecting slavery. We do not read of discipline being at once exercised upon all polygamists in the Churches of Syria and Asia Minor, nor have we so much as one command to put out of the Church any believer having a plurality of wives—a case that must have been of no infrequent occurrence in the early Eastern Churches; but we find the Apostle thus describing to Timothy the qualifications of a bishop,—“A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife.” So also, in describing the qualifications of the Church deacons, he says, “Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife;” obviously a first step towards the practical

abolition of polygamy, beginning with *Church rulers*, who in all things should be an example to the flock. Were the Churches of America, throughout the slave States, to take this step with their office-bearers, and insist on all pastors being free from this sin, it were a most valuable declaration of their moral sentiments upon this great question, and a step of the most important character in the right direction—a step surely entirely competent for any Church to take without intruding into the province of the civil power.

The last Sabbath I was in Washington, I preached in the Hall of Congress in the Capitol. It looked a very formidable matter at first sight, the members sitting with their ladies in armed chairs, each with a desk reclining luxuriously. The practice of the chaplain of Congress is to conduct the devotions without any service of praise, omitting this part of Divine worship from want of an organ or choir, I suppose, to make a sufficiently genteel and fashionable concert for such a place. Thinking this practice “more honoured in the breach than the observance,” I insisted on the praises of God as a necessary part of the service of God. The chaplain, Mr Tuston, kindly agreed to lead the music himself, and we got decently through the 110th Psalm. I read the first chapter of Hebrews, and shortly explained the three offices of Christ as there set forth; and, after prayer, preached from the text, “Art thou a King?” showing how the three offices of Christ sprung from, depended on, and involved each other; that the recent struggle in Scotland sprung out of the kingly office; that we felt it as clear a duty to refuse any other ruler than Christ, as to refuse any other teacher of truth, or any other priest and sacrifice for sin; that the last struggles of the Church were for the kingly office of Christ, even as the last struggles of the individual believer were to yield his will, in all things, to Him whom he accepted as his

prophet and priest, and that, at different periods of Scottish history, this had been the point of collision between the State and the Church. In the assertion of this Kingly office and right of Christ, we had come again into collision with the civil magistrate, who refused to give to the Church that liberty which Christ had given it, and claimed for Cæsar the things of Christ. This struggle for the Kingly office of Christ had been preceded by a return to doctrinal purity, and a revived faith in Christ as the sole prophet and priest of the Church, and was the natural fruit of that revival. I concluded with a sketch of the Disruption of the Free Church, our hopes and fears, our encouragements and difficulties, and the prospect of all the Churches of the Reformation passing through a like struggle in behalf of like principles, as the religious spirit of the Reformation revived. What had begun in Scotland would not end in Scotland, but was likely to work out the total destruction or reformation of all established and national Churches. The audience consisted chiefly of members of Congress and of the Senate, with their families. They seemed attentive and interested. It had little, however, of the character and devotional aspect of a church. The audience, I am told, come more to see the Hall of Congress, and lounge an idle hour, than to worship God. The attendance, on ordinary occasions, is very small. The chaplain has a wretched salary of 500 dollars, and acts also as assistant to Dr Laurie; and this miserable appointment is alternately filled by all the various denominations, Protestant or Roman Catholic, as the case may be. It were better at once abolished, and the audience scattered amongst the numerous Churches throughout Washington. I was introduced to a member of the Senate, who is a Methodist preacher, and still exercises his preaching functions, when occasion offers. He looked hard at me. He is also a Judge, and is

said to boast that he can decide a case on the bench, plead one at the bar, baptize a child, preach a sermon, and marry a couple, all before dinner. There are eight or nine preaching members. Some States wisely prohibit such a conjunction of offices, but it is not prohibited by the Congress.

The best thing yet said to us in the States was said to-day, by one of the Senators, on hearing our story. "Tell Dr Chalmers that you should all come out to Kentucky, and we shall vote you a section of land, 500 acres a-piece, and you can make a *New Scotland* in the west, as the Puritans made a New England in the east."

The impression I have received from my visit to Washington is, that religion in the capital of the Union is in aught but a lively, healthful state. The wealthier and middle classes attend the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches. The poorer whites, and the coloured population, attend the Methodist and Baptist Churches. This separation of classes has probably induced a coldness of manner in the one class, and an aversion to every thing like excitement—in other words, to feeling and earnestness of spirit in religious exercises, as vulgar and ungenteel, too like the coloured people, or too like the Baptists and Methodists. Politics and gentility seem to have taken much of the life out of religion; and were we to estimate the religious temperature of the American nation from the degree of religious warmth, or religious decision prevailing at the capital, we should set it down very low indeed. Among the Methodists of Washington, I saw more signs of life than among the Presbyterians. One Presbyterian Church, and that an old one, has only some seventy members. The others are larger and more prosperous; but we should not have termed them strong congregations. We observed with much regret that the Psalms of David, which is the divinely authorized Hymn Book of the Christian Church, are sel-

dom used. Not content with a supplement of hymns, for occasional use, one collection has followed another, each more bulky and copious than its predecessor, until the Psalms of David are in no small danger of being thrust wholly out of sight and mind. The Hymn Books, which all denominations have formed, each one to please its own taste for poetry, and its own views of orthodoxy, like the traditions of the scribes of old, are making void the oracles of God, and estranging the church from those inspired compositions in which the sweet-singer of Israel celebrates the fortunes of the Church and her glorious Head, in strains adapted to every age, until the Son of God shall appear to take the kingdom to himself, and terminate the mediatorial work. The Psalms, as a natural consequence, seem less read in private, and less understood and relished—treated as if they were the hymns of a bygone dispensation, having little nourishment for a gospel church. Christians who will not take the trouble of penetrating beneath the antique veil and drapery of these noble compositions, pronounce them Jewish grapes, fit only for the infancy of the church and the ritual service of Judaism; yet good Bishop Horne, by his piety, and Bishop Horsley by his perspicacity—two minds as differently constituted as ever two minds were—have both attained the same convictions, and spread before us in their expositions, not the unripe grapes of Judaism, but the ripe clusters of Zion, discerning themselves, and making visible to others Christ and his church, its joys and sorrows, sufferings and triumphs, until time shall be no more.

The doctrinal education which the young of both sexes receive, seems to be of a slender kind, presenting to their minds a small body of Scripture truth, so that I was surprised at the superficial knowledge of the peculiar doctrines of the Protestant faith evinced by persons otherwise well-educated,

and who expressed themselves intelligently on almost any other topic. Presbyterianism does not seem to make up here in fulness of doctrinal knowledge what it wants in liveliness and warmth of feeling. I anticipated, as the result of the withdrawal of State Patronage and State distinctions from religion, more of decision in the tone of Christianity and of separation from the world. In this I am disappointed. The want of family order is noticeable, and those habits of subordination and regularity which are still maintained in good families in Scotland. Young persons, where there are family prayers, seem to attend or not as they please—servants do the same, and because all physical compulsion in religion is to be eschewed, all moral compulsion seems to be eschewed also. I seldom see a whole household assembled, with Bible in hand, each expecting his morning portion and looking alive and interested. Yet God has warm hearts here, as well as wise heads for Christ, through whom the spirit of religion may be revived and extended; and the political may become also the religious heart of the Union.

Two things are *not* to be seen in Washington, though seen daily and hourly in religious Scotland. I did not see a single drunk man during nearly three weeks sojourn, and I saw no rags either on white or coloured men. Every body looks fed and clothed. If the upper and middle classes have yet to attain something of those finer attributes of character which you find amongst those classes at home, no man can open his eyes in Washington without contrasting the well-conditioned working-classes, placed above want by the circumstances of this new country, and above waste and profligacy by their own habits of industry, thrift, and temperance, with the abject population that may now be seen on the streets of our Scottish cities, in the midst of unbounded wealth

and luxury. "If," as Dr Johnson says, "the condition of the common people be the real condition of any nation," the city of Washington stands higher in the moral scale amongst cities than any city of 30,000 souls that I am acquainted with in our own land.

CHAPTER V.

Sail on the Potomac—Railway through the Forest—Forest Scenery—Virginia Planters—The Carolinas—Slavery—Charleston—The Woods of Charleston—Domestic Slavery—Visit to Columbia in South Carolina—Return to Charleston—Christian Liberality—Sail to Savannah—Presbyterianism in Savannah—Slavery—Coloured Pastors—Woods of Bonaventure.

ON the 19th March, we left Washington at six o'clock morning, by steamer, sailing fifty miles down the Potomac to the Railway station, on my way to South Carolina. The morning is delightful, and the scenery on the Potomac sweet and homelike. Many a sunny and sheltered nook appears along the banks on each side, and every now and then a small arm of the river, called here a creek, gives a peep into the distant scene. A few more whitewashed cottages and openings in the woods, and corn fields, and hedge rows, and we should have thought ourselves on some of our Scottish rivers. The banks are undulating, and sometimes bold and precipitous. The foregrounds are often exquisitely beautiful, and want nothing but a background of mountains to render the scenery in some parts of the sail as romantic as the terraces and slopes of Perthshire, near Moulin, of which the banks occasionally remind me. The railway station occupies a spot on the side of a creek—the last place where you would have expected to have been accommodated with a railway car. Nothing is to be seen save forests to the water edge, and though a beautiful spot, it is a perfect solitude; nought of

town or village appearing save the wharf, to the edge of which the cars come to receive the steamer's passengers and goods. I never saw river and railway meet amid so little of the bustle and hum of life. The engine steaming and puffing was the only sign of life, as we drew near the wharf; and no sooner were we seated and the steam on, than we took our way through woods no longer "pathless." A wall of forest stands on each hand of the railway route, a long narrow level track—far as the eye can carry, the mathematician's line, length without breadth. We are now in the forests of Virginia. The trees are chiefly pine, and we can see some hundred yards into the woods on each side. It is a great novelty to see a forest in its native state thus laid open with all its ancient honours. Except the few remains of the Caledonian Forest on the road to Inverness, I had never seen one of Nature's Forests, indebted to no human hands. I was arrested by the venerable and motley character of these woods. Not one age or one generation is here; but all ages and all generations—the dead as well as the living—the tree of yesterday and the patriarch of a thousand years—the past and the present—the rising and the risen generation, in all stages of growth, decay, and death. At the feet of the living generation lay the ruins of ages, some half buried beneath the decayed vegetation of their successors, some recently fallen, others embracing in their fall their nearest neighbours, and deriving support in their decay from the young and vigorous around. Some were fallen across a stream or pool, forming a bridge, others were hanging suspended on themselves, or half torn up by the roots; while here and there stood one erect, blasted and leafless, as if by a lightning stroke that had reached the seat of vegetable life—perpetual renovation, perpetual decay, and the ruins of each generation, like the ruins of each year, providing for its successor. This mixture

of life and death, of the dead with the living world, was to me the most striking feature in the American woods. The aged foresters looked more venerable still by reason of a long pendant moss that hung from their arms, and gave a hoary grace to their years. The monotony of the forest was at times relieved by a log-cabin, surrounded by a few acres, called a "clearing," devoted to Indian corn, whose last year's stalks still lingered on the ground. Of natural openings in the woods we saw few or none this day. After a few hours, this vast wilderness, "this boundless contiguity of shade," became fatiguing to the eye and mind. The book of the forest was soon read out, and I longed for the populous city and the sight of hotels, more comfortable than the log-houses by the way side. The only use made of these pine forests is in the preparation of turpentine. At the foot of each tree they form a hollow, into which the liquid turpentine may flow, and above this strip off a slip of the bark, which leaves the tree to bleed to death. A negro comes from time to time and removes what has accumulated. Each tree may yield as much as ten shillings worth of turpentine, and this costs the tree its life, which thenceforth decays and disappears. I was struck to-day, in passing through the forests, at the absence of all sounds and signs of life; neither bird, nor insect, nor wild animal crossed our path. In vain I looked, in crossing one or two dismal swamps by the way, for even creeping things. It is too early in the season for life in the woods.

Virginia used to be one of the most powerful States in the Union, and, in former days, gave to the Union her ablest statesmen—Washington and Jefferson were both Virginians. The old planters lived in opulence and luxury, sent their sons to Britain to be educated, and the first gentlemen and scholars of the United States were to be found in Virginia; but the wealth of the old proprietors has forsaken them, and their

estates passed from the former owners to the more prudent overseers. Slave labour has entailed its usual curse upon Virginia. The soil became exhausted, the price of tobacco fell, and ruin overtook the planters. For the last fifty years Virginia and the Carolinas have been lingering behind the free States. Not more than one thirty-sixth part of the soil of North Carolina is yet cultivated. The manners of the passengers, the style of the railway, the accommodation by the way side, the loud talking, swearing, and spitting, indicate an inferior style of education, habits, and character.

We arrived at Wilmington, in North Carolina, at two o'clock next day, and took steamer on Cape Fear River to the ocean for Charleston. The steamer we found to be the oldest on the station, but, as the weather was promising, we determined to go forward. Having been on the railway all night, I felt very tired of the perpetual rattle and jolting, with no sight around but woods, woods, woods. The scenery of Cape Fear River, though very inferior to the Potomac, is a pleasing change, as well as the greater quiet of the steamer. On board the steamer, we saw the first specimen, on a large scale, of the slave trade between the central and southern States. About 109 slaves, of both sexes, were on board, on their way to Alabama to be sold for field labour on the cotton plantations. This is what they most dread, as most destructive of life. Several of them had children at the breast. They did not appear melancholy and dejected, until one of them was recognised by a coloured girl as we called at Smithsville, about twenty miles from Wilmington. The girl on shore had recognised her sister on board, and burst into a loud cry on seeing her for the last time. The sister on board, however, did not seem so much concerned about the matter. Familiarity with such scenes hardens the heart; not a proof surely that they are the less, but that they are the more

wicked, seeing they make the destruction of natural affection necessary to any measure of happiness.

We arrived in Charleston on the morning of the 20th March, after a pleasant passage through the night, running 170 miles between two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning. The appearance of Charleston is low and marshy. The shipping, which at this season crowd its harbour, give it a lively appearance as you approach, but this hardly redeems the flat and monotonous character of the surrounding country. The interior, I am told, is sandy, with occasional swamps, where rice or the finer qualities of cotton, called Sea Island Cotton, is cultivated, which flourishes best where man droops and dies. The population is 40,000 souls, of which the one-half are coloured. Since the slave insurrection, a large barracks has been erected, in order to awe the coloured people, free and enslaved. On the wharf we found kind friends waiting to welcome us. My companion in travel, Mr Ferguson, was received into the house of a Mr Moffat, from the south of Scotland, and I was consigned to the hospitality of the family of J. Adger, Esq., a gentleman originally from the north of Ireland, and who lives here surrounded by the dwellings of his sons, and grandsons, and sons-in-law, like an ancient patriarch. Into this excellent family I found our early and warm-hearted friend, Dr Smyth of Charleston, married. This family has had the honour of giving a missionary to the East—one of the sons of Mr Adger sen., being at this moment a zealous missionary at Smyrna. On the family table I found translations into Armenian, of the New Testament and the Pilgrim's Progress, from his pen, copies of which he had transmitted to his parents, the evidences of his devoted and intelligent zeal as a missionary to the Churches of Asia Minor. To Dr Smyth's activity and hearty zeal in our cause, we were deeply indebted during our

stay. Nothing was wanting on his part to awaken both our own countrymen and American Christians to the principles and issues of the recent struggle in Scotland. His ready zeal we were acquainted with by the discourse which he had published, and the meeting which had been held at Charleston, on the receipt of the first tidings of the Disruption. One lady, of Scottish descent, anticipating the arrival of deputies from the Free Church, when dying, gave her bequest to her sister, to be paid to the deputies, saying, "Before they come I hope to be with John Knox in heaven." Charleston contains three Presbyterian Churches, one of which is known by the name of "the Scotch Church," being the oldest and wealthiest of the Presbyterian congregations of Charleston. The members are either of Scottish, or Scottish-Irish descent. To the Scotch Church I was offered admission by the minister, on the condition that I should say nothing of the subject which had brought me to the States. I declined the condition. Several of the influential members and managers afterwards waited on me, and offered to procure the Church, and expressed their indignation that the Scotch congregation should not have an opportunity of hearing our story ; but as other churches were open to us and to all interested to hear us, I did not feel it my duty to avail myself of their kind offer. We afterwards enjoyed very ample opportunities of making known the story of our struggle, in the church of Dr Smyth, and of the Baptist minister, Dr Curtis. The Episcopalian Church here has the greater part of the wealth of Charleston—the old baronial wealth of the first settlers and their descendants, which, however, is now greatly divided and dispersed. The Presbyterians stand next, if we may judge from their churches and congregations ; the Methodists and Baptists have the masses, both white and coloured. The coloured people are

not allowed to have any churches of their own; the galleries of the churches of the whites are therefore generally appropriated to them. The first day of my arrival, the weather, though only the 21st of March, was genial as a Scottish summer. The buds and blossoms appeared on the fruit-trees. In the gardens were to be seen the orange tree, and the fig, with its green figs before the leaves had appeared, and other tropical plants, such as the palmetto, with its branching and broad leaves radiating from a centre. In the evening the sky overcast, and we had a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. The lightning flashes were more frequent than with us, and continued longer, and the rain was more flooding; but this is not the season for seeing a thunder storm in the scale of grandeur in which it appears in the South. I met a large party here at dinner. Wine is used by the gentlemen as in Scotland, and the Scottish custom of handing round raw spirits during dinner is still preserved. The gentlemen all used wine and spirits; the ladies refrained from using either. In the evening we repaired to the Literary Society of Charleston. About twenty were assembled at a soiree, to discuss conversationally the subject of the Druids. The subject possessed little interest, but elicited many fragments of curious information from Judge King and other members, and left on my mind a very favourable impression of the Literary Society of Charleston. The noble collection of books in the libraries of Judge King and of Dr Smyth, and the literary tastes of these gentlemen, are well fitted to diffuse a spirit of improvement amongst the young gentlemen here. They possess the best private libraries I saw in the United States, the one of general literature and the other of theology, collected with much labour and at great expense from Europe.

I had a call from Mr Forrest, the Scotch minister. He

came out in the winter of 1832-3. He is what in Scotland we should have termed a "*respectable moderate*,"—sensible and shrewd enough to see that the old indifferent and do-nothing and care-nothing system will not do—fond of *policy* and managing matters, and going neither too far a-head nor falling too far short. "He agrees with us in principle, but thinks we should have staid in and fought within our encampment." Mr Forrest admired us until we came out of the Establishment and sacrificed our Isaac. That was going too far. Like the celebrated Forty at home, he would have gone to the edge of the precipice—but the leap!—that was too desperate a remedy. The leap in, not the leap out—patience, not resignation. Again I was urged to preach, on condition of avoiding the subject that brought me 5000 miles. I rallied him on this transatlantic interdict. Having broken those of the Court of Session, I could not be trusted to obey such injunctions in this land of freedom. So our conference ended in mutual civilities.

In the woods around Charleston I felt a romantic and solemn interest. Vegetation is now more luxuriant. The forests are no longer exclusively pine, but the live oak and the magnolia give variety and majesty to the woods. One magnolia I saw overshadowing an acre of ground. The sight of such a tree in full flower must be one of the most splendid sights in the vegetable world. I saw many specimens, as I travelled south, of its white flowers, whose gigantic size almost detract from their beauty, but everything is proportionable. These floral giants will not look so gigantic, when hanging on their own majestic parent, as when cut off and exhibited in solitary state. The magnolia tree and its blossoms are no unfit symbol of the United States,—vast and overshadowing, covered with splendid promises; a very tree of promise of gigantic good and evil, but whose very

bulk and breadth and unwieldiness diminish your interest, while they increase your amazement, at the sight of these buds and blossoms of so many future nations. Yet the heart of the Scottish traveller turns from these great ones of the vegetable kingdom to the recollections of the daisy, or the heather-bell, or the forget-me-not of his own little land, whose beauties require to be looked into, and which do not flare upon you their splendours. The woods in the neighbourhood of Charleston have all the marks of hoar antiquity. If you would converse with ancient woods, repair to these venerable forests. Here, as in a library, you enjoy converse with many generations, and the long moss which covers every trunk, and hangs pendant from every branch, gives a melancholy grace to age. Avenues presenting a long vista of live oaks, all in the same melancholy mood, open on you from time to time, and tempt you to explore them. I was sorry to learn that these delicious woods could be enjoyed only in spring, when they abound with every variety of wild-flower, peeping out from amidst their copse-wood, or climbing up their trunks. As the summer advances, and especially when the leaf begins to fall, they become to the stranger as the valley and shadow of death. The environs of Charleston are so unhealthy at these seasons, that the traveller who sleeps but for one night a mile out of town, is almost sure to be attacked by the country fever, which is said to be not less fatal than the yellow fever.

I was much gratified to observe in the families of Charleston, the kindly treatment of their domestic slaves. My intercourse was of course with the best families, whose habits and principles were all on the side of humanity. I do not record this, therefore, as any proof of the general condition of the slave in South Carolina, especially of the field labourer; but it is right to state, that although in Charleston

there are 20,000 coloured people, of whom only about 2000 are free, I did not hear the same expressions of repugnance and aversion to the coloured population as in the middle States. The domestic slaves seemed much at their ease. The older slaves, who had been long in the family, were addressed by such titles of respect, as uncle or aunt, or *maum*—a corruption, I believe, of *mamma*, and applied to an old nurse—and, what was a still greater contrast to the manners and feelings of the north, the ladies of the families, on leaving home for a few days, or on returning, shook hands, not only with the female slaves, but with the men-servants; and the slaves came forward expecting this courtesy from the young ladies of the family as well as from the young gentlemen.

I visited Columbia, the political capital of South Carolina, about a hundred miles from Charleston. There is a railway the whole distance, passing through nothing but forests, endless and dreary, varied only by dismal swamps, fit abodes for the alligator. This region has just two varieties of soil—to the knees in mud, or to the ankles in sand. Yet, it is amazing what crops of cotton, and what luxuriant garden crops are reared around Columbia—from soil that seems to the eye pure sand. The railway is said to be through the dreariest part of the State, and is in this respect a great blessing, shortening the misery of a journey through a country so uninviting and unwholesome. The woods along the whole line are pine, tall and stiff, presenting all the stages of vegetable life, as well as the marks of human violence and spoliation. The traveller would like to see the country rid of these interminable pine forests; and yet a railway contractor who travels with me says, that South Carolina, without extensive forests, would be uninhabitable; the heat reflected from vast plains of sand would be as intolerable as

the heat of the African deserts, and the country would be converted into a furnace, alternated with pestilential mud swamps.

Columbia is a very pleasing town, as beautifully laid out and as tastefully built as any American city I have yet seen. The buildings are chiefly of wood, painted white and green. The style of architecture is light, elegant, and airy. The streets are spacious, and lined with walks of orange trees, and trees of paradise, which give at this season, when Nature is in the dew of its youth, an air of surprising elegance and beauty to this Palmyra in the desert. A few houses there are of brick, but the greater number of wood, which has allowed the proprietors to indulge more freely their taste for design. Here I was kindly welcomed by Mr Snowden and his family, in whose house I staid until my return to Charleston. There is a College in Columbia endowed as well as erected by the State. Its Professors enjoy salaries of 2500 dollars, or about £500 a year, and a free house within the walls. The State also allows 3000 dollars a year to the library, which has already 15,000 volumes. The students are 120 in number. The most distinguished man in Columbia is Professor Thornwell, who was born and bred in poverty amid the sand hills around Columbia, but has risen by force of character to his present position. He is not a man of mere learning. His mind is acute and logical, yet fervid. He reminded me not a little of Dr Candlish. I was more pleased to find that his heart is set on advancing the kingdom of Christ, and raising the spirit and extending the resources of the Presbyterian Church in the South. He preaches to the students on the Sabbath, in addition to his labours as Professor of Sacred Literature. Besides this literary College there is a Theological, connected with the Presbyterian Church, with twenty-four students.

The gifts of the Church in Columbia were bestowed in a manner the most graceful and generous. At an evening meeting I gave a short account of our struggle for freedom, our sacrifices, and our efforts to rebuild our churches and schools. Professor Thornwell added a few hearty words, expressing his entire approbation of the principles of our struggle and the steps we had taken. Professor Howe seconded him. Cards were placed in the pews, that every one present might subscribe what he thought fit; the amount was found to be nearly 800 dollars, which was paid next day into the treasurer appointed by the meeting, and by him transmitted to our common treasurer in New York. One blind man was found to have scrawled on his card, in scarce legible characters, *five* dollars. One gift was accompanied with the following letter from a countrywoman, the national feeling and Christian sympathy of which affected me more than aught I have yet met in my journey.

" COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA,
March 27. 1844.

" SIR—I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing you a few lines, as I am unknown to you; but the cause you are pleading, and the one for which you have left your home, is a noble one. I trust your efforts will be blest in this country. You have, with your brethren, been contending for a Free Church, and thank God you have succeeded. I bid her God speed, and trust her march will be onward, and that all difficulties will at last be overcome. I send you a pair of ear-rings, and wish they had been of more value, for they would be as cheerfully given; but I feel now as I have often done, that God is able to bless even two mites, and applauded one of my sex of old for doing what she could. May the Lord bless and watch over you, convey you in safety to your native land, bless your labours, and give you many

souls as the seals of your ministry and crown of rejoicing, is the sincere desire of a native of Scotland."

Columbia has excelled the other cities I visited in the grace with which she bestowed her gifts, but the poor Scottish girl has done more than they all; and as God loves a cheerful giver, such as the Columbia Christians showed themselves to our Church, so God loves also the large heart that gives not only out of abundance, but out of "deep poverty." I did not seek to penetrate into the secret of my countrywoman that I might record her name. It is enough, as our Lord did on a like occasion, to record the action.

I found Professor Thornwell thoroughly versant in our Scottish history. He had satisfied himself that our forefathers meant the Church of Scotland to be free, though Established, and that we sought only what we were constitutionally and legally entitled to claim, according to any fair interpretation of the statutes of our legal Establishment by the light of the historical events, in the midst of which they were framed, and the parties by whom they were framed. At the same time he thought no State should grant such perfect freedom to an Established Church, nor should any Church expect to enjoy both the benefits of an Established and a spiritually Free Church. When pressed, however, he said if we had succeeded in securing both, we were right in taking both; and when we could not, in preferring the alternative of freedom to state patronage and endowments. There is a living and life-like Christian community here. The coloured population are not neglected. Much more appears to be doing for their instruction than in Washington. Professor Thornwell instructs all the coloured servants in the College every Sabbath-day. The free coloured population is very small, and the slaves number 2000 to about 3000 whites.

The Theological Seminary seems to drag rather heavily along. There are too few students for life and animation. As the pupils may be too numerous for the personal attentions of the Professors, so they may be too few for that intellectual excitement, without which study proceeds sluggishly, and the young receive no powerful impulses and impressions to form their future character and principles, and determine their future course. Just as a parish may be too small for a successful ministry as well as too large, so may a seminary of learning. I felt this in attending a Theological examination here. Nothing could be more languid and lifeless. The students drawled out their answers, exactly enough as they had learned them, but there was no cross questioning, no sparks from the Professor to kindle the students, no rivalry awakened, or emulation between the scholars. The phlegmatic manner was more marked than in Princeton—a manner most unfortunate for the young, whose minds are not to be frozen into excellence, but kindled, by the moral enthusiasm of the teachers, into the love, as well as enlightened in the knowledge, of Divine truth. The Theological Seminaries of the States have probably been multiplied unnecessarily, under the idea of supplying each district of country the more conveniently. The facilities of travelling now render the distances of places a smaller matter, and recommend the union and concentration of colleges as of churches.

I parted with Columbia and its kind friends with much regret, returning to Charleston. In the railway car I was introduced to a planter, who bore the title of Colonel. I found him a lively, intelligent man, who expressed himself readily and fluently on every subject on which we touched—a thorough Carolinian, strong in all his Southern feelings, in his hatreds and his attachments, and deeming the Carolinas

injured States. We got upon the character of the negroes, when he related several anecdotes of negro attachment and fidelity, which he himself had experienced. I listened with interest, and encouraged him to open his budget. At the end of his eulogy on his own coloured overseer, I observed "that such affection deserved a better lot."* He instantly changed his tone, described their facility, incapacity for self management, and misery when left to themselves, and was now as copious on this theme as before he had been in admiration of their affection and fidelity as servants, adducing, in proof of their superior happiness in servitude, that Jones, their coloured pastor, now in Philadelphia; had applied to him lately for permission to return to Charleston, feeling more degraded in Philadelphia than when in South Carolina, from the universal distrust of coloured free-men, and their low habits. I ventured to observe that it was not wonderful, in a transition state like theirs, when shut out from education and from all honourable employments, the free coloured man should feel his degraded condition, and should act at times as a degraded man; but that this was only a transition state, the duration of which it was

* The following extract from the last will and testament of the Hon. Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State, who was killed by the explosion of the gun on board the "Princeton," will be read with interest. It were difficult to frame a higher testimonial:—"I emancipate and set free my servant, David Rich, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem, and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an intentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form. It is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give him, an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellencies than he."

greatly in the power of the white population to shorten by energetic measures for their education and improvement. He replied in the usual strain, and, seeing the conversation had gone as far as safe, I turned it to the plantation on the road-side, belonging to another Colonel, whose income he estimated at £10,000 a-year. This proprietor has above 1000 slaves; and is one of your dare-devils that seems neither to fear God nor regard man. One passenger told us that he had travelled with him a few days before in the same car; and on some one informing him of the death of a man of seventy, this owner of 1000 slaves made the humane observation, "That every man at seventy should be knocked on the head." There are planters in the Carolinas that have 1500 slaves, who live like little sovereigns on their estates; accustomed to lord it at home, they cannot bear a superior or equal abroad, and though sometimes men of ability, yet proud, overbearing, and passionate, they maintain the doctrine of nullification whenever they are dissatisfied with any measure of the general Government. They feel that the southern States are not prospering like the free States. The knowledge of this, and the sight of exhausted fields, and emigrant planters, and diminished profits, instead of directing them to the delivery of their country from the incubus of slavery, and to better systems of cultivation, set them a quarrelling with the other States, and fill them with jealousies and suspicions of being neglected and overlooked by the general Government. "We shall separate, Sir," said a southern planter, "from the New England States, and form an alliance with your country." "For the purpose of having your slaves set free?" I replied. "You complain of the abolitionists of the North; but in Great Britain we are all abolitionists, and would think we did God service by helping you to extinguish slavery on American soil."

The leading planters of Carolina are accustomed to speak with great contempt of the North, conceiving themselves to be the gentlemen and aristocracy of the States, as the Virginia planters in former days, before their lands were exhausted by tobacco planting, used to do. Their large properties and numerous slaves, whom they are born to command, have produced this high and haughty feeling; and it must be admitted that, by their talents and liberal education, they have to some extent made good their claims, and taken a large and prominent part in the political affairs of the Union.

We remained a few days more in Charleston, in which city we found many kind and good friends; the Free Church receiving not a few proofs of sympathy. An aged female at one of our meetings gave Dr Smyth a half Joe, a Spanish gold coin worth ten dollars. She had kept it in her pocket forty years, but thought the time now come to part with it. Another lady sent her gold watch and chain. A very poor person, dependent on the charities of others, sent a dollar. Dr Smyth thought at first to refuse the gift, knowing the necessities of the giver; but on better thoughts it was felt we had no right to deprive even the poorest of the luxury of giving out of her poverty to the cause of the Redeemer. Not the least pleasing contribution was from the coloured young men of Dr Smyth's congregation, who made a subscription amongst themselves, and sent it to Dr Smyth. It was gratifying to find so many coloured persons in the gallery of his Church.

Entering a shop here I fell in with one of my wandering countrymen who are to be found everywhere, some of them as unsettled and bankrupt in character as their ancient prototype Cain. This countryman was a baker from Glasgow. Being myself a native of Glasgow, I thought I had

met a brother, and took him on different topics to bring out some evidences of kindred feeling and sentiments, such as two Glasgow men meeting at the ends of the earth would anticipate to be at the bottom of each other's hearts; but after sundry dry answers and short coughs, he pulled up and said briskly, "Sir, I am a Socialist." The man might as well have said, "Sir, I am a Brute." The effect was the same. Dr Smyth declared I looked as if I had been shot. I rallied, however, so far as to inquire what he meant by a Socialist, when I found him one of those bewildered creatures who have just enough of knowledge to give their presumption a handle, and who adapt their creed to their lives. He had lately arrived from New Orleans, and was working his way across the Continent. Until afflictions soften the heart, it is in vain to cast the pearls of the gospel before such persons. I said little, and that little was addressed to his conscience and sense of sin.

Before leaving Charleston I visited the Jewish Synagogue, a splendid edifice which this singular people have erected here for their worship. My visit was not during any service, but on going up to the reading desk and opening their prayer book, of which they use an English version, I was struck to find that the first prayer was a confession of national sin and of the judgments of God under which they lie, as a nation, to this day, because of their fathers' sins. Though every Jew in the States enjoys equal rights of citizenship with every other settler, this people still retain their peculiarities, and refuse to be incorporated with those amongst whom they dwell. Their religion still preserves their nationality until the "fulness of the time."

Here I lost the company of my colleague in the Deputation, Mr H. B. Fergusson, of Dundee. He was called to the Eastern States, and I pursued my journey to the South alone. On the 30th March, I left Charleston by the steamer for

Savannah, the capital of Georgia. The sail was not by the open ocean, but by an inland river or creek, which flows through a dismal swamp, in which it was difficult sometimes to discover the river from the reedy swamp. The evening was damp and dull, and added to the heavy depressing feeling. The swamp we navigated seemed a fit abode only for creeping things. I felt, or thought I felt, a headache, arising from the heavy vegetable smell of the atmosphere. This route to Savannah is avoided in the summer and fall, as unwholesome; and the open ocean, with its more dangerous navigation, is preferred. The island of Edesto, along which we sailed, is clothed with cotton plantations, where they cultivate the Sea Island cotton, which vies in fineness of fibre with silk, and is often mixed with it in fabrics. While the ordinary qualities of cotton will produce only eight cents, or 4d. per pound, Sea Island cotton will bring sixty cents, or 2s. 6d. per pound. The quantity of this finer cotton in the market is always very limited, being more difficult to rear, and more destructive to its cultivators. The number of whites in this island is about 500. The planters seldom live on their plantations, but on the opposite coast, about five miles off. Here most of our company landed, the planters' carriages and negroes waiting for them and their families at the landing-place of Edesto. Through the night we had a quiet sail until stopped by a raft, or rather chain of rafts, which filled the creek, and obstructed the passage for an hour. On these rafts the negroes pass day and night, navigating them to Charleston along this mud creek, where they dispose of the timber for their masters, breaking up the raft and returning by the steamer. They kindle a fire in the centre of the raft, and sleep under an open shed, with their feet towards the fire,—the lowest mode of life that can be conceived. They are described as so indolent that they will

hardly make any effort to put up a sail or row, using only the tide, and dropping anchor when it is against them, taking ten days to reach Charleston. In the morning we were rung up to breakfast at six o'clock. Every thing at breakfast table is comfortable, and in good order, and the vessel not too crowded. The creek in which we are sailing still presents the same sickening sight as yesterday, of low, swampy ground all around, and planters' houses in the distance. The captain of our steamer is a superior man. No swearing on board—not even when he got into collision with the negro rafts, which stopped the navigation of the river above an hour. I was introduced to a Methodist minister on board, a good looking but consequential person, out of whom I could get little but big words. A planter to whom I was introduced, and who also exercises occasionally the office of a Methodist preacher, was more communicative. He had visited Europe, and observed with shrewdness the state of religion in England, especially in the Establishment. The Established clergy of the Church of England that he met, both on the Continent and in England, he remarked were gentlemen in their manners and feelings, but had little of the clergyman. He had probably met the idlers and non-residents of that Church. He told me he once belonged to the Presbyterian Church, but had joined the Methodists, because they gave more scope to the laity for doing good, and that he occasionally preached to his negroes. He has a considerable cotton plantation. Such is the superior productiveness to the planter of cotton cultivation, that an acre of cotton will bring ten times the price of an acre of wheat; but it occupies the whole year in its preparation for the market. During the high prices of cotton, the planters did not cultivate sufficient grain for their own slaves. Nothing was attended to but the rearing of cotton and slaves.

The more cotton the more slaves, and the more slaves the more cotton !

A gentleman on board, finding I am from Britain, asks me to guess the names of his two children, his entire family, the boy and girl by his side. Of course I cannot conceive what odd names may have struck his fancy, and that of his good lady. He informs me that he has called one of them *Victoria* and another *Albert*. I did not expect to find our Queen and Consort so great favourites in this part of the world ; but romantic interest in high rank and station is part of our nature. Yet I could not help feeling that we Scotch folks, with all our loyalty to the person of the Sovereign, would have preferred grandmamma and grandpapa to so great an honour in preference even to *Victoria* and *Albert*. About two o'clock we touched at one of the most ancient settlements in the United States, Beaufort, where some vessels were lying, and where several of our passengers landed. The place must be very unhealthy, as it looks out on a miserable swamp, which requires only a little more sun to make it an intolerable nuisance, which it becomes at the fall of the year, when vegetation decays. On Saturday, about noon, we arrived at Savannah, after a long sail through what we take leave to call a dismal creek, until we came in sight of the ocean, whose breadth, and breeze, and blue waters revived my spirits and dissipated my headache. Savannah is the greatest *export* town of the South, greater than Charleston, and not much inferior to New York. To Savannah the cotton of the South is brought to be shipped. The population is about 15,000 souls. It was originally a criminal colony settled by Lord Oglethorpe, and it continued until not many years ago to be the occasional resort of pirates and piratical adventurers. Presbyterianism has fallen here, through causes that are honourable to its discipline. The Presbytery of the bounds

having resolved to exercise discipline on the Presbyterian minister of Savannah for intemperance, the congregation, attached to their minister for his many agreeable qualities, and forgetful of the higher duties and interests which the Presbytery was bound to regard, broke off from the Presbyterian Church, and preferred their pastor to their church, and to the best interests, it is to be feared, of themselves and their families. Under the impulse of this evil schism they built a church, which cost 130,000 dollars, of granite, with noble spire and portico, one of the most stately churches to be seen in the States. They styled their church “The Independent Presbyterian Church,” applied to the New England Congregationalists for a pastor, and now retain nothing Presbyterian, except a kirk-session, from which there is an appeal in all matters of dispute, from the office-bearers to the whole members in congregation assembled, according to the New England scheme of church government. The kirk-session, stript of its power, and having no superior to strengthen its authority, is all that remains of Presbyterianism. This is the history of other churches in the States. Prevailing parties in congregations, thwarted in their views, too proud and too secular to brook any superiors or suffer any appeal from their own infallibility, and having the money power in their hands, practically control the spiritual things of the church, or set them at nought. Our American friends are loath to believe us when we tell them that the Church may get quit of State connexion without attaining nearer to spiritual independence, or securing her self-regulating power. The monied men of a nominally Presbyterian Church may as completely trample on all discipline, and set at nought her spiritual interests, as any politicians in the management of a State Church. A great facility for this exists in the power which mere pew-holders have

in the election of the pastor, and in controlling the church property. The world is thus formally, yea, legally admitted, to control the Church; and everything like church authority may in any conflict perish before secular men and secular objects. The remedy for this is surely not a relaxed church government, in danger every moment of dissolving into its congregational elements, but a vigorous and united church, in which the ignorance, or weakness, or folly of one congregation shall be corrected by the wisdom and authority of the whole church. Surely no man, in virtue of a mere money qualification, should have any authority in the house of God. The first steps the rebellious congregation took to obtain a successor to their favourite pastor, for whom they sacrificed their connexion with the Presbyterian Church, are curious. They were so loose in their notions that they got some one to preach to them who had been teaching a school or academy in the Floridas—what sect or denomination he belonged to they knew not—only they knew he sometimes preached as well as taught. He read his sermons well, and they were beautifully composed. His prayers were especially admired for their elegance and beauty of expression. One old lady, however, thought them too fine, if anything. In particular, she did not like the way he spoke about bad things, such as calling the Devil in his prayer by the polite names of Appollyon, and Lucifer, and Son of the Morning. This awakened the old lady's suspicions, and they resolved to try whether he could go beyond his Sabbath-day performances. They invited him to a large tea party. The party assembled in one of those large drawing-rooms, with folding doors, which often occupy the entire floor of the houses. Not expecting any such duties, he was asked to expound the word and pray—when, deprived of his Sabbath assistants, he so entirely broke down, and gave so lamentable an exhibition

of ignorance of Scripture, that, overwhelmed with a sense of shame and incompetency, he next day retired. He had been a merchant, and failed in business—then became a preacher to a Unitarian congregation—that failing, he betook himself to a school, until in an unhappy hour he was promoted to preach in the Independent Presbyterian Church.

There is one church in connection with the General Assembly; but it is small and struggling. Not a few that are Presbyterians at heart cling to the Independent Presbyterian Church through custom and gentility, and perhaps in the anticipation that it may be again re-united to that Church, and become a leading and important Presbyterian congregation in the South. Here I met with several superior Christian laymen in connection with the Independent Presbyterian Church—men who required only direction and impulse from their pastor to take an active part in any good work.

Slavery is a dangerous topic in Savannah. One Scotchman, who has learned to accommodate himself to the evils around him, and even to plead their cause, saluted me, on my introduction, with the question, “Are you come to be a spy here?” I replied that all travellers in some sort were so; but I hoped I would see and report the good as well as the evil. I went soon after to see a rice plantation, with its negroes at work. The Estate consisted of about 900 acres, with sixty negroes, of whom only twenty-five are available for work, the rest being children or the aged and infirm. The gang at work reminded me of a gang of colliers—the women shoeless, with dirty turbans on their heads, and a short dress reaching below the knee. The men had shoes that they had better have been without. One young lad, about eighteen, who had often run away, had an iron collar about his neck, with a bell attached to it, which rung as he moved

along. Flogging having failed, this new mode of punishment had been resorted to. He and his companions moved, looked, and laboured, more like convicts than honest men. They moved their arms and hoes at the slowest, even when the black overseer was looking on and crying every now and then, "Mash the clods!" which indeed they did in the slovenliest possible style. Every stroke of a hoe in our potato fields would have implied thrice the muscular energy, and taken up three times the soil. The cultivation seemed of the rudest kind, and the soil the richest black mould, lately recovered from the swamp. The rice-seed was in the ground, and the hoeing was for the covering of the seed. The field was, in fact, a recovered swamp bordering on another, whose waters are let in to flood the field so soon as vegetation begins. The black overseer informed me that he belonged to the congregation of a coloured minister in Savannah, and had been admitted a member after examination. More than one-half out of the sixteen labourers were said to belong to some church, and travelled every Sabbath to Savannah. The black overseer said that there were prayers every night at the plantation, conducted by one of the slaves, who is called a leader. I called at a negro house, and saw several families of children under the care of an old woman, the mothers being in the field. The children were all plump and healthy looking, and not remarkably shy. I was struck with the beautiful developements of the children's heads. I distributed amongst them some small money for sweetmeats, and made them all quite happy. The fences and outhouses, and everything around, bore the aspect of negligent cultivation. This may arise in part from its being the estate of a minor; but all that I see in this Southern country assures me that slavery answers as ill for the pocket as for the spirit of man. The field slave, having no hope of

bettering his condition, works as little as he can, rendering only eye service to his master. Even in domestic service, three times the number of hands are required in a house; in every family of the middle rank, there is a cook, a washer, a nursery maid, and a table servant,—where one or two servants in Scotland would have done the same work much better. They know their masters must sustain them. All hope of reward—all stimulant to industry being taken away, and nothing remaining but the fear of corporal punishment; masters get tired of the lash, which also loses its effect; and authority is by fits unmercifully severe, and unnecessarily relaxed.

The legal interest of money is eight per cent., and this rate may be easily had for any sum, yet this plantation of 800 to 900 acres of the richest black mould, and sixty negroes, does not bring its owner more than £500 a-year. The chief profit anticipated is from the increase and occasional sale of negroes. The land without the negroes is said to be worth about 100 dollars an acre.

Having a letter of introduction to one of the coloured ministers of Savannah, whose name was Andrew Marshall, to avoid the suspicion of being a *spy*, and at the same time to enjoy a conversation with him, I got a Presbyterian minister from the neighbourhood to accompany me to his house. We found him absent on his worldly business, which he pursues through the week, driving his waggon through the town. We found his wife at home, who received us politely, and proved a very sensible person, entertaining us until his arrival. They are both aged, turned I should think of sixty. Mr Marshall at length appeared, a stout built man, with a white crispy head of hair, shrewd expression of face, and little quick eyes. His congregation he states at 2000 strong, coming from a circuit of several miles round. Besides his church,

there are three others smaller, belonging to the Methodists and Baptists, with coloured pastors. A great change, he says, has taken place in his day in the character of the coloured population. A drunk coloured man is seldom to be seen now in the streets. If any member of his congregation were so found, he would be suspended or cut off from the church. In his time he had also observed a great change in the relation of master and servant—masters lived now much more like fathers among their children. I asked what had been the effect of forbidding education to the coloured population of Georgia? He looked to the Presbyterian minister, and answered with a smile, “I hope, sir, it has increased our appetite.” I could not learn what income, as a pastor, Mr Marshall enjoyed. His not giving himself wholly to the ministry seems to imply a very small one; but my informant affirmed that it was better than most of the Presbyterian ministers, and that he was accumulating property, and that not necessity but money-making kept him at his waggon. Of this, however, I have some doubts. Nothing strikes a stranger so much in Savannah as the extraordinary jealousy which is had of any intercourse between strangers and the coloured population, free or enslaved, especially with their pastors, who seem to be especial objects of distrust. I got more advices here to be prudent on the subject of slavery than in all other parts of the Union. Elsewhere the subject was seldom introduced. Here it was introduced in a style of caution, and with so trembling an anxiety, that curiosity was rather aroused than allayed, and suspicion excited that these were matters that could not bear inspection. They seem averse to anything likely to give coloured pastors importance in their own eyes, such as the visit of an Englishman. Yet nothing can be more impolitic than this treatment of men whose influence they can-

not prevent, but should seek to secure on the side of peace, and good order, and sound religion, by a very different treatment. The coloured population of Georgia in 1830 was equal to the white, or about 250,000 souls. The freemen amongst these, as yet, are very small, and cannot by the law increase. A sentence of perpetual degradation has been passed on them, by forbidding them the schoolmaster—a sentence which a few superior minds may rise above through force of circumstances or character, but which hopelessly degrades the great mass both of the free and slave population of blacks. I regret to say that here, as elsewhere, the Presbyterian Church is doing little for the coloured population, and that little without any system, dependent entirely upon individual zeal and favourable circumstances. The Methodists and Baptists seem to have done almost all that has been done. The number of planters, in connection with the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches, seem to paralyze the clergy, as the powerful West India interests of Liverpool and Glasgow used to deter many of our clergy from taking the part of the negro at home ; yet I have no doubt that the condition of the slave has been mitigated within the last twenty years, especially since the abolition of the trade. Slaves have become more valuable and more worth preserving and multiplying ; but it is slavery still, forbidding education unless orally, making nothing of the marriage tie, and the natural rights of parents over their own offspring. The free blacks often marry girls in slavery. The children are the property of the owner of the woman. The coloured man having no rights, even in his own children, is it wonderful he should think he has few duties, and feel easily discharged from obligations to a wife and family, his connection with whom is at any moment at the mercy of another ? They affirm that virtue in a coloured girl is rare, and that they cannot make coloured women com-

prehend the sin of infidelity to their husbands. No wonder! The young having no prospect of honourable and lasting unions, form dishonourable ones, and the laws which should be on the side of constancy are the heaviest discouragement to true hearted and constant affection.

The city of Savannah is built with much regularity, and has very elegant public buildings and squares, and looks a place of wealth and importance. There is no want of churches here. There is one Presbyterian, one Independent Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one Roman Catholic, four African Churches, one Methodist, and one Lutheran—in all, ten churches to 12,000 souls. All, except the African, pleasing erections, and several of them magnificent. The temperance cause has taken root, and wrought a happy change in the habits of the population, both white and coloured. Wine was presented at dinner, but little used, and no pressing. Several gentlemen drunk nothing, having joined the abstinence society.

When in Savannah, I had a call from a venerable gentleman, a Dr M'Whir, a Scotchman, who came to inquire after Dr Chalmers, whose hospitalities he enjoyed many years ago in Glasgow. He brought a letter enclosing his gift to the Free Church, addressed to Dr Chalmers. I found Dr M'Whir had been, in early life, resident in the family of General Washington, as tutor to some of Mrs Washington's grandchildren. He seemed to have a profound reverence for that great man. I found Dr M'Whir was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and that his favourite object in old age was planting churches in the Floridas, where he had already been successful in forming a Presbytery.

Under the guidance of one of the brethren, I went to see the woods in this neighbourhood, called Bonaventure. I never saw anything nobler in forest architecture—a series of

long, lofty, and spacious avenues of live oak, whose topmost boughs are so interwoven as to form a close and perfect arch, stretching in different directions, and forming a series of natural cathedrals, adorned with festoons of a dark moss, which depend gracefully like tresses from the roof and sides. One of these avenues is so prolonged, that on entering from the woods you feel as if placed at the opening of some cave that passes through the bowels of a mountain, leaving the sky far behind, admitting just sufficient light to reveal the gloomy grandeur and melancholy grace of these forest cathedrals. There are four principal ones; and almost in the centre where they meet and diverge, there are the ruins of an old house, accidentally destroyed by fire some years ago, and which, on account of the unhealthiness of the spot, the owner who planted these avenues never rebuilt. The romance of the scene was not a little marred by the intelligence that it was the region of pestilence, which the abundance of weeping moss on every tree confirmed, as well as a creek in the neighbourhood, flowing mud. These thoughts speedily dissolved the enchantment, and prevented us from feeling that "it was good to be here;" yet the traveller may enjoy a scene in the midst of which the possessor pines and dies. So it is with our countrymen of late years on the Continent. They are enchanted in passing with the ancient architecture of the Church of Rome, and her solemn pomp of worship, but consider not that these romantic cathedrals and abbeys have been the grave of true religion—the garnished sepulchres of the faith of apostles and martyrs. How often is an Englishman of taste prompted in some noble cathedral, to say, "it is good to be here!" Yet around those venerable arches, as around Bonaventue's forest cathedrals, is the region and shadow of spiritual death.

CHAPTER VI.

*Journey to Augusta—Forest Scenery—Night Travelling through the Woods
—City of Augusta—Slave Entertainments—Route to Madison—Forest
on Fire—Staging—Slave Trade—Leanness of Men and Cattle—Columbus
—American Coachmen—Fire-flies—The Baptist Association—Missionary
Contributions—Montgomery—Alabama—its Statistics—The Sick Child
—Slave Market.*

ON the 3d April, I left Savannah on my way to Augusta, by a railway, the worst I have yet seen in the States, yet an unspeakable blessing in crossing this uninteresting country. In the ride to-day, I thought the forest through which we passed a lively image of human life—a Vision of Mirza. What are the giants to the dwarfs—the patriarchs to the infants and youths—the strong and powerful to the weak and meagre forms! Of all the seeds dropped into the ground—yea, of all that take root and spring up—how few seem to reach the full strength and stature of their being, and fewer still a good old age! I vainly thought to have seen the forests of the new world inhabited only by giants and patriarchs, that had survived through many centuries of tempests; but, as in human life there is only a patriarch here and there, the vast majority of these children of the woods perish in infancy, or with difficulty struggle into the light, smothered by their more powerful neighbours. Only a few giants and patriarchs survive, to give the character of antiquity to the family which they have outlived. Our artificial plantations in Scotland present a more uniform

character. The trees look as if born together, growing side by side at respectful distances, and giving way to each other, as having all an equal right to the soil, and unwilling to encroach on each other. The woods of Scotland, unlike the proprietors of the Scottish soil, seem to know no law of primogeniture. Every member of the forest community seems equal to every other, having equal room and equal privileges, if disposed to use them; but the woods of America exhibit the most determined inclination to aristocracy. The strong are surrounded by the weak, whom they overshadow, not to protect, but to destroy; and the loco-focos of America find no parable in the estate of the woods to take up in behalf of their doctrines of liberty and equality. An Irish emigrant, full of the doctrine of equality, and bent on seeing it carried out in the animal kingdom over which he was made overseer in the poultry-yard of a New York farmer, was caught one day among the young ducks, with a pair of scissors. On being questioned as to the use he meant to apply them, he replied that he observed the ducks, with their broad bills, gobbled up all the corn, and left the poor hens, with their sharp beaks, no chance at all. He meant only to pare the bills of the ducks to an equality with those of the hens, this being the land of liberty and equality, and fair play a jewel. But what hand shall apply this doctrine to these vast and interminable forests, and reduce all their inhabitants to equality of height and girth, and equal privileges of air, sun, and soil!

The railway brought me only eighty miles on my way to Augusta. The rest of the way, fifty-five miles, is staging. Here I am, seated in a heavy lumbering coach, very unsightly to a British eye, but well adapted for its own rough work. It has four horses, only one outside passenger, and one inside. Before I started, I heard the mocking-bird to

advantage, making up, by the variety of its notes and its imitative powers, for the want of variety of songsters in these woods. This Proteus of the American groves personates all the singing birds he at any time hears, and persuades the traveller that he hears many birds, pouring out by turns their song. He is seldom to be heard in the depths of the wood, but following man, he builds near the settler's log-house, and sings all night in the rose-bush in his garden.* The woods are varied, as usual, with swamps and sand. The rate of travelling is from four to five miles an hour. The style of travelling is a slow, heavy, dragging pace for two minutes, then a rush forward at an alarming rate on the more solid ground, in which the coach and its inmates are roughly used, and, but for the extraordinary solidity of its construction, would be upset or shaken to pieces. The frogs have begun their evening song on all sides. Evidently two different species of frogs are engaged in the concert. When the moon is up, I may chance to hear again the mocking-bird, which is also the nightingale of America. How strange

* The following account of the powers of the American mocking-bird is from *Jesse's Country Life*. "A gentleman of my acquaintance had an American mocking bird, in such health and vigour that it was constantly singing or else imitating the various sounds it heard. In order to try the powers of this bird, the owner purchased a fine sky-lark. When placed in the same room with the mocking-bird, the song of the former was heard to echo through the house, as if it were chanting 'on fluttering wing' its well known welcome to the rising sun. The mocking-bird was silent for some time, but at last broke forth in the strains of the 'aerial songster,' but louder and clearer, as if mounting and stretching its wings towards heaven. The lark was silent from that moment, nor was a joyous note ever heard afterwards. Willing to test the powers of the mocking-bird still further, an unusually large price was given for a blackbird, celebrated for its vocal powers. It was placed in the same room with the mocking-bird. Early on the second morning its song was resumed, and its charming notes were warbled forth with all the sweetness and modulations which may be heard in its native 'thorny brakes.' The mocking-bird listened and was silent for a time; when all at once its notes were heard to issue forth, but louder and sweeter than those of the woodland song. The poor blackbird heard them, felt that it was conquered, remained silent, drooped, pined, and died. From the above facts, emulation would seem to be one of the exciting causes of the songs of birds. When their powers are excelled they appear to feel the disgrace of being conquered, and to lose all inclination to renew their former effort."

to be in the midst of the woods of Georgia, left alone with the coachman and his team ; for even the outside passenger is gone ! A more solitary spot cannot be conceived than this road through the forest. No human habitation is near ; yet, though carrying the mail, there is no guard, nor need of guard, nor has the driver any weapons to defend himself or his charge if attacked. This speaks well for the security of property and the general state of society,—every man pursuing his own path of honest industry and acquisition.

I surrender myself to home thoughts. I seem to be leaving Scotland behind, yet am carrying Scotland with me. "The mind is its own place;" and never was Scotland so near as in these woods of Georgia. The sun is down, and the *gloamin'* has lasted but a brief quarter of an hour, unlike our long and pleasant summer twilights, in which we are as reluctant to lose as the sun to withdraw his parting beams. Now I seem imprisoned amidst forests, no sound but the creaking of the wheels and the frog chorus, which in these woods, and amidst the darkness of night, has a certain sublimity. Looking out, I see nothing but woods, and the stars beginning to peep through the branches, one after another, as the darkness increases. A solemn awe at times fills the heart, and passes into an uncomfortable sense of dreariness and desolation. I would prefer, a thousand times, Scotia's hills, with all their nakedness—even treeless, as short-sighted Johnson saw, or thought he saw them—to these perpetual woods, that shut out all but themselves, and of themselves only reveal their skirts. Oh, for the mountain side, and soft heather, and bracing air, and open-faced landscape, where all is revealed, instead of this dark passage through forests, of which the eye can see no end, and where neither man nor beast crosses your path !

I arrived in safety at half-past twelve o'clock in Augusta.

The Presbyterian minister recently settled here, was kindly waiting to receive me, and to conduct me to the house of Mr Bones, from the North of Ireland, who, with his lady, the daughter of an Irish Presbyterian minister, feel the liveliest interest in our struggle. The streets are silent and deserted, but the moon is up and shines bright, as our harvest moon in an unclouded sky. We passed through a spacious street, whose length and breadth, under the magnifying light of the moon, gave it a most imposing appearance ; and arriving at the house of Mr Bones, I found rest, and felt thankful for journeying mercies.

Augusta is a thriving city of 7000 souls, whose style of architecture and arrangement of streets is pleasing, from their breadth and shaded walks. Like most of the towns in the South, it has two long and straggling streets, more magnificent in design than for many years it is likely to be in the execution. The principal street of Augusta, from its great breadth and length, has an imposing and stately appearance. There is no want of churches here of different denominations. I begin to be so satisfied that the want of churches is not one of the wants of the *second* and *third* rate towns of the States, that I cease to inquire as to their number, and feel more interest in ascertaining some facts as to their permanence, the style in which they maintain their ministers, and the education, influence, and character of the ministry. I met here a shrewd Scotch Seceder from Wigtownshire. He was at first full of questions, and difficulties, and objections to the course the Free Church had taken, as if he had only heard the tale of our adversaries, but seemed pleased with my answers. He informed me that he had a brother in the United Secession Church ; on which I said, " Tell your brother that he must now lay down the weapons of his warfare, and know us only as brethren in Christ." He replied,

“My brother writes me that every true-hearted man in Scotland is with the Free Church.” I was cheered in this distant land to hear of the hearts of our Seceding brethren being thus drawn to us at home, and at the prospect of brotherly love increasing in the midst of these rendings of the Church of Christ.

When in Augusta I had a call from an old gentleman, originally from the Isle of Skye. He called with his gift of a few dollars to the Free Church. Being told he was rich and able to do something worth while, I talked to him of the Isle of Skye the poverty of its inhabitants, the hostility of Highland lairds, and the example of several Scotchmen in the States who had devoted their gifts to their native parishes, and either built a church among their old parishioners, or joined with some other countrymen in doing so, as the case of the families of Lennox, and Johnstone, and Bethune in New York, who had all made up a handsome contribution towards Free Churches in their native parishes. The old Highlander's national feelings were awakened by the idea of doing his something for Skye; but he muttered somewhat about his losses and bad times, and not being able to afford to do the handsome thing just now. Then said I, “Begin a subscription paper yourself with what you can afford, and get as many of your countrymen as possible to join you, and don't rest until you bestow at least one church on the Skye Highlanders.” The old gentleman mused a little, then, as if struck with some bright idea, his countenance lighted up. “There is my old friend ——, an old West India planter like myself, and a richer man by far. He has done nothing yet for the Free Kirk. If he would join, perhaps something might be done for Skye.” “Then let us go to him, I replied. Introduce me and I will tell the story, and you can support the proposal to build a Free Church in Skye.” So off we started to call upon the rich old

gentleman, whom he represented as nearly ninety years of age. As my companion hirkled along on his staff, every now and then he interlarded his conversation with an oath. I bore for a little, until at length they came so fast and frequent that I was tempted to ask if swearing was one of the qualifications of an elder in Augusta, observing, by way of softening matters, that we used in Scotland to have both hard drinkers and hard swearers in the eldership, but that we were now trying to have these things wholly reformed. The old man took my reproof in good humour, and pleaded his West India education, which was not out of him yet. So we drew near to his old friend's house, a spacious mansion in the best style of the houses of the retired merchants and planters of the South. He introduced me to a stout, portly looking gentleman, who walked with extreme difficulty, lean-upon two staffs. The first topic of conversation was of course his health. He had drunk too many pipes of port and madeira in his day to be able to walk well, was his explanation; but he had joined the Temperance Society just about the same time that Father Matthew had prevailed with the Irish to give up their whisky. He had given up his port with great reluctance, but thought life more than port. The conversation then passed to his Scottish descent and birth-place, when he informed me that he belonged to the Gallowgate of Glasgow, and had left it seventy years ago with an only brother. Had he ever been in Glasgow since? Yes, and his only surviving relative took him to hear Dr Chalmers, then in St John's, Glasgow. The Doctor carried him off his feet for half an hour, but set him down again safe and sound, nothing hurt. "Hurt," I replied. "The Doctor did not wish to hurt you, but to mend you." "I like to keep my own feet, or failing them, these two staffs," said he. "I live by sight. I don't like sailing in the clouds." This did

not look a very promising introduction. Still we pursued our way, inquiring whether he had heard of the Disruption in the Church of Scotland, and the efforts we were making to give to Scotland a Church after the spirit and principles of our forefathers, stating the aid we had received at home, as well as from our countrymen in the States, and the natural desire which Scotchmen who loved our cause had to do something for their own birth-place. The old planter heard us impatiently, and at length broke out, "I owe nothing, Sir, to Scotland, and less to Scottish Whigs and Presbyterians. My brother and I were neither Whigs nor Presbyterians, but Jacobites and Roman Catholics. We were driven from Scotland seventy years ago. To the Guelphs and whole Hanoverian race we owe a grudge; and as for religion I leave fools to contend about that. I believe religion to be either for rogues or fools, and for the most part a scramble for power or money. The High Church party have you down just now; by and bye you will very likely get up and put them down." "But what say you to the Bible," I interposed. "A good book, an excellent book, drawn up by bishops, — clever fellows they must have been. You see, Sir, I am neither Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, nor Methodist, nor Baptist, nor anything at all. I am determined to live as long as I can in this world, and as for the next I don't trouble myself about it." All this was pronounced in a bitter sarcastic tone. His lady, who sat by in great agony, said, "These, Sir, are not my sentiments. I am a member of the Presbyterian Church, and love your cause." My Isle of Skye friend fortunately being very deaf, did not hear one word in ten, and only looked puzzled until I roared into his ear, "No good for Skye!" on which he started to his feet. I took a civil adieu, expressing my regret at finding him standing on the brink of the grave, so dark and hopeless in

his eternal prospects, more struck with my adventure with this patriarchal infidel, ejected from Scotland by the Revolution struggle, than a few days before with the declaration of the Scotch tradesman of my native town that he was a *Socialist*. The mode of life amongst the West India planters of last century made men by necessity Infidels and Atheists. They said in their hearts "There is no God; because their lives were corrupt, and their works abominable." This man is a dried specimen of a class of men I trust disappearing from the West Indies, and not a few of whom, returning to Glasgow the beginning of this century, with large fortunes, corrupted the principles and habits of her young merchants, and taught them to despise the faith and struggles of their forefathers, because they were poorer than they, and had not seen the world of the West Indies, nor cultivated sugar and tobacco.

The coloured population of Augusta is as favourably circumstanced for social improvement as in any of the cities of the Union I have yet visited. That they do not feel depressed and dispirited, is evident from their imitation of the manners and entertainments of their white masters and mistresses, and the frequent exhibitions here of high life below stairs. They have their formal parties, to which they invite each other a week or ten days before. Indulgent masters and mistresses give the use of some apartment in their own house, but oftener the party is held in some of the hotels, or public rooms hired out for the purpose. The following is an invitation card to a negro party. The card was printed.

"STAR FANCY PARTY.

(Figure of an eagle flying.)

"Miss,—The pleasure of your company is requested to

attend a party, to be given at Aunt Mary Garner's, on Thursday evening next, being the 4th. Will be by

“MISS EASTER PETRIE.

“April 1, 1844.”

When Mr Clay, in his canvass for the Presidency, was lately in Augusta, a deputation of the coloured population waited on his coloured man-servant to ask him to a public supper, on the same night on which his master was to be entertained by the white population at dinner. They sent a carriage and four to convey him in suitable state to the place of entertainment. This high life below stairs indicates at least the comparative ease and freedom in which the coloured people live, and the more so that it occurs in a small city, where such things cannot be done in a corner.

At the coloured Sabbath Schools connected with the Presbyterian Church, I found about forty children, the slaves of the families belonging to the Church. Their knowledge of Scripture history and Bible principles appears greater than in the coloured Sabbath Schools of Alexandria, though they are not taught to read. Nowhere does the condition of the coloured people appear worse than in the slave States, which border on the free States, and which are in the transition to freedom. Whatever may be the ultimate advantages, the immediate effect of the agitation for emancipation, and all the anxious, uncertain, suspicious, and angry feelings it engenders, is unfavourable to the improvement either of master or slave, making the one more suspicious, and the other the more deeply to feel his chain. This each of the Southern States is doomed to experience in turn, on every new alarm, as emancipation draws nearer and nearer, until that great event be consummated. The devil of slavery will not depart without rending and convulsing for a season the body which

he has so long possessed. Ever since the slave trade was abolished, the condition of the slave in Georgia seems to have greatly improved. They are more kindly treated, from interested as well as from humane motives. The facility of procuring slaves in former times produced a waste of human life, especially in the plantations. Now they are multiplying their numbers. More than one planter in the neighbourhood of Augusta has agreed with his negroes to give them a twelfth part of the produce of the estate, that they may have an interest in their labour; and this, it is said, will enable them to save, and acquire some property. My host, who has been thirty years in this country, says he has never known a planter sell his own children, or waited on at table by his coloured children. He has known them frequently emancipate them, and send them off to the free States.

The thermometer is now up to 78° in the shade—in the sun about 100° . The air is as warm and sultry as in the hottest day in the middle of our July; yet the foliage is not in full blow. Spring advances slowly in the South, and with a summer heat of ten days, has made less progress than in a more northerly climate in two days of such genial weather. The long repose of the winter in the North seems to restore the tone of vegetable life; and the revival of the year is proportionably sudden and surprising, after the snows and ice of winter are dissolved, and the earth unbound.

I left Augusta with much regret. It is one of the liveliest towns I have seen in the Union. Several of its inhabitants felt a lively interest in our struggle; and before our arrival the Presbyterian ladies had gathered the contributions of the Church, and sent them forward, unbidden. May the Lord reward into their bosom all their kindness, and think of them for good in the day of trouble!

I left Augusta by the night-cars for Montgomery in Ala-

bama. The woods are on fire along the route in several places. In one place a vast tract of forest appears given to the flames. The flames are less massy and towering than those of the iron works which strike the traveller on approaching Birmingham or Glasgow by night; but they are far more picturesque, whether seen glowing through the forest vistas, or full disclosed—one vast scene of fire. The flames run sometimes along the ground, not unlike molten iron, following the course of the dried leaves; sometimes seizing on the decayed stumps and eating away at their heart, but oftener running up the pines from bottom to top, like a serpent seeking what it may devour. Here and there a vast tree of fire stands apart, the flame coursing through all its arms as well as devouring its trunk. These fires are sometimes accidental, kindled by sparks from the railway engine alighting amongst the dried leaves, but frequently from the fires kindled by the natives to destroy the brushwood. Nothing can be grander than this fiery storm, so brilliant and beautiful, yet so terrible. The most magnificent trees of the forest, that have stood a hundred tempests, cannot escape from its rage, but stand meekly surrendering all their honours to the devouring element. The whole route by daylight presents the remains of these fires in half consumed trees; one side blackened into a coal, and the other surviving until the next conflagration, or until wind and rain shall have completed their ruin and brought them to the ground.

We reached Madison, 120 miles from Augusta, about four o'clock in the morning, all the way through woods, with no music except frog music. The moon rose sweetly, but no mocking bird was heard. I slept rather comfortably in a sleeping apartment in one of the cars, until transferred at four in the morning to the mail stage, which was recommended to me as safer than to trust further to a railway,

over swamps, so ill laid that the whole concern is in danger, every passage of the cars, of being precipitated into the swamp. Thus far I have enjoyed the unspeakable advantages of moving across the least interesting parts of the country with railway speed. Now I fear I shall bear less patiently the three or four miles an hour of the mail stages.

The mail has no passengers save a Virginia planter and his two negroes, on their way to the South to be sold to the sugar planters. To my surprise the negroes are thrust inside along with their master. In New York such an amalgamation would have produced an *affair*, but here it seems nothing thought of. Virginia planters, I am sorry to say, are finding slave breeding profitable, and take pains in this kind of stock, just as a farmer with us upon any other live stock. My companion has 180 slaves, and seems well known on the road as a slave dealer. Coachee cries out to him, "You're a devil of a nigger-seller, bringing two or three boys every day you come this way." Coachee asks the negroes jocularly if they know what a fine country they are going to, where they can make as much in a day as they can steal in Virginia in a week. The one negro seems about thirty, and the other twenty-eight; both pure negroes, with all the peculiarities of forehead, cheeks, mouth, and nose, belonging to the race. They do not seem melancholy, but look rather dull and stupid. On their master going outside for a stage, I got into conversation with them. Both have left wives in Virginia. Both were married to them by a minister, and each has left one child behind. One of the negroes said, "Master promised I should die in his service. It is mighty bad to sell me. It is heart-break, and I think I will die." They know they are going to the Mississippi. Both attend the Baptist Church, and one of them is a member. On hearing these expressions of natural sensi-

bility, I was much moved, in spite of their dull sluggish looks, and shared with them my bag of oranges, for which they seemed very grateful. There was nothing of the sullenness and doggedness which a sense of such injuries would produce in us. What but a happy, cheerful, forgetful temper, could bear such treatment without sinking under it! Human feelings so tampered with, must either become dull and hardened, or the heart will break. We met another gang of negroes on foot travelling South, under charge of a white overseer. One young man, who had stayed behind the rest, was asked how much his master had paid for him. "Five hundred dollars," was the reply, "and he sold me for seven hundred and fifty." "How do you like going South?" "I calculate to do well wherever I go," was his excellent reply.

The travelling here is at a snail slow pace, compared to the railway speed at which I have hitherto been travelling, averaging only three and four miles an hour. First a laborious dragging, or picking the way through sand and mud, then a furious dash when a bit of solid ground is reached that threatens to knock coach and its contents to pieces. If you fall asleep during the slow motion, you are sure of a jump against the roof, or of knocking your head against the window, when quick time is the order of march. This motion resembles the laborious efforts to roll a stone up hill, which descends again with violent bouncing and tearing of every thing before it.

The morning has dawned upon us, and the sun is up. No flocks of sheep or goats appear through all this route. When sheep appear, they seldom exceed half a dozen, to supply the family with wool for spinning and weaving at home. The most familiar animal is the swine, which are every where present in the forests, by the way side, and rooting around

every cabin. The grunt of the pig, and the song of the frog, are the morning and evening salutations, more noticeable than chanticleer's note. The horned cattle are numerous, but look objects of pity, not to feed upon but to be fed. Left to shift for themselves all winter, their bones look and stare at you ; but I am given to understand that these spectres will, now that spring is returned, be rapidly clothed with flesh, and in a few months do more credit to their owners. The ox is chiefly used in drawing waggons, with the yoke on its neck, as in ancient times. It exhibits the same patient character, dragging slowly but steadily along the worst ways, where the horse by its convulsive efforts would soon destroy itself, bursting its noble heart in very impatience. The horses in our mail stage seem under admirable management ; but look lean and scranky, as all things look in this warm region, except the negro, who alone is well favoured and full fleshed. Nor has the coachman the round jolly form and well developed muscle of the English coachman. Man and beast look alike, long, lean, and lank. The north and south mails have just met, and stop to salute—both coachmen with their coats off—young, thin, and active. They interlard their talk with oaths, as copiously as any English coachman.

It were a great mistake to imagine that this universal meagreness in man and beast is due to any famine in this land. Labour sells dear, and food is cheap. A labourer will make twice and thrice in a week the money wage of a British labourer ; and a skilled artizan three or four times. A large brood sow, with all its litter, may be had for a dollar and a-half—a turkey for less than two of our shillings, and a pair of ordinary fowls for one shilling. Henry IV. of France wished to live to see the day when every peasant in his dominions would have a fowl in his pot on Sundays. Here the labouring man may have a fowl in his pot every day in

the week, and a turkey on the seventh day. Yet, from the character of the settlers along the road-side, the prevailing taste is all for the coarser kinds of animal food. Coarse pork is presented in the road-side hotels at all meals, although outside the door you are saluted with all manner of domestic fowl. This preference for salted pig meat may account, along with the perpetual stimulant of the climate, for the prevailing leanness of the inhabitants of this region. But their abstinence from more delicate fare is evidently not their misfortune, but their choice.

The evening is clouding, and the extreme closeness of the air betokens a thunder-storm. I have some apprehensions about a second night in this stage-coach, and already begin to feel fretted and nervous from constant jolting and want of sleep. I can less patiently bear the heaving and pitching of the negroes on me and I on them. The troubles of the Kirk have made me acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Here am I, in the heart of Georgia, cooped up for two days and two nights with a slave-dealer and his two negroes, on their way to market; and the slave dealer has discovered, or suspects, I dont much like his trade, and we are not so much disposed to do the agreeable to one another. Yet the man, apart from this hardening trade, seems to have a heart—speaks with affection of his own wife and little children, and describes his family training, which seems to have nothing of the slave-driver in it. It is only of the unhappy race of Ham that he speaks with contempt, and treats as his animal stock in trade. Our road is again variegated with swamps, and the rumble of the wheels is alternated by the splash and splutter in the water that occasionally covers the road—now snail slow, dragging through a wretched and rutted road, and now fast and furious. Yet, in spite of splashing and jerking about, I contrived to shorten the

night by a little sleep. As the night advances, and the air grows colder, we venture to put up all the coach windows; yet there is no offensive smell from the presence of the negroes, as I had been taught to expect. Their presence is just as sweet as their master's, and their feet and arms as unobtrusive throughout the darkness, unless when some extraordinary movement of our coachman jumbles us together. I was surprised, when morning dawned, to feel no headache nor loinsache, and no other effect of two nights' agitation than lassitude and nervous restlessness.

We arrived in Columbus, a considerable town in Georgia, about six o'clock morning. It is a town of 5000 souls, on the banks of a river, whose Indian name is Chattahoochee. The town is situated immediately below the falls of the river, which descends 111 feet, in the distance of four miles. As you cross the bridge you enjoy a view of the falls, which not being concentrated into one great leap, but forming an inclined plane, interspersed with ledges of rock that break the waters into wave, look like the ocean in a storm. Here there are five churches, one Presbyterian, one Episcopal, one Baptist, one Methodist, and one Roman Catholic—that is a church to every thousand of the population. There are three weekly newspapers and one periodical, besides an academy with twenty students, and five day-schools with 124 scholars, indicating a very small amount of education in progress amongst the young. According to the population there ought to be nearly a thousand at school, to insure the education of all the rising generation—at least a seventh part, or seven hundred.

Crossing the river Chattahoochee, we entered the State of Alabama. Hitherto I have got on civilly with the slave trader. He introduced, of his own accord, the subject of slavery, and got excited against the people of New England. I expressed

a hope that they would yet do the handsome thing, and aid them by generous deeds as well as words in emancipating their slaves, as Britain had done. He had no hope of the North ever doing so. They loved only to be philanthropic at the expense of others. He would part with his 180 slaves to-morrow, and abandon a trade he liked not, if he could only get his own for them.

The hotels on the way-side are becoming more and more uncomfortable as we journey southward. The marks of social advancement are fewer and fewer, both in the hotels and private houses, indicating an inferior class of settlers. Every one uses tobacco, chewing as well as smoking, and all the usual habits that are its invariable concomitants. It is hard to say whether it is the malaria of this new country and its remedy calomel, or this never ending still beginning use of tobacco, and all its train of disagreeables, that produces that lean-fleshed and ill-favoured look which the young men have. In the morning, when I can bear their ill manners, I persuade myself it is the former, but in the evening, when I grow sleepy and nervous, I persuade myself that these youths expectorate away the strength and substance of their bodies, and have half a mind to ask them to spare themselves. Pork, hard and strong, is the only animal food on the table, morning, noon, and night, and, to my surprise, greens served up after the Scottish manner; no fowls are presented, or fresh meat, though abundant out of doors. Even the *hominny*, a dish prepared of Indian corn, and used with milk, like Scottish stir-about, and which makes quite as good a breakfast for young or old, has disappeared. The only clean and comfortable eatables are rice and eggs. Our drivers are smart fellows, but any thing but obliging. They do nothing but drive, drive, drive, and that sometimes as if they cared neither for your life nor their own. When they have got to the end of

a stage, or the coach is to be changed, they will neither trouble themselves to aid you out or in. They throw up the reins and the passengers together, and as they get nothing from the passengers, they do nothing for them. The only exception is at the appearance of a lady, when, with the usual attention to the comfort of the fair sex, so marked over all America, they descend from their seat of office. While I am taking these notes, our driver descends to admit a lady, her husband, and children, and a negress. The lady made no objections whatever to sitting in the same coach with two field negroes. This may arise partly from necessity, and partly because, in the slave States, where there are few free coloured men to excite their fears, there is a far kindlier feeling towards these dependents. The lady that has been added to our company is lively, smart, and talkative, but shews too plainly that she is accustomed to govern at home.

The roads are now becoming hilly and rugged. I can understand the necessity of a strong carriage on such a route. Our vehicle looks more like a waggon than a mail coach. Like to stick fast in the mud at times, and then away over stones, stumps, and swamps. One furious jolt has already dashed one lamp to pieces, and as there is no moon, if the other eye be extinguished, we shall be left to grope our way through these woods and swamps in utter darkness. The only variety in the woods is the fire-fly glancing among the trees. One fire-fly flies into the carriage, and is caught. It carries its lantern in its stern, alternately concealing or disclosing it as it shuts or opens its wings. Hence the light is continually appearing and disappearing. The insect is not larger than our common fly. In the West Indies they are as large as beetles, and give out so much light that a few of them laid on your mantel-piece will give

light enough to read the hour of the night, and the ladies are said to adorn their hair with these living diamonds. This mysterious glancing among the trees of the forest, through the darkness and silence of the moonless night, appearing for a moment, and then shrouding themselves in deepest darkness, reminds me of Milton's lines—

“ Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen,
By day and night.”

Those poetical beings of our ancestors, the fairies, had the same power of working in the light or in the dark, and appearing or disappearing at pleasure. If these fire-flies had existed in Scotland in former days, I could have understood how a fire-fly dance might have been mistaken for a fairy scene; but the fairies wisely preferred the sweet moonlight nights, whereas the moon, I fear, would extinguish the feeble light of the fire-fly. The purpose of the Creator in conferring this phosphoric lantern on the fire-fly, as upon the glow-worm, is evidently as an attraction and guide to its mate in the darkness, like the nightingale's song. Every thing, in its own order, is wonderfully made. “ In wisdom has he made them all. The earth is full of thy goodness !”

From the printed minutes of the 26th anniversary of the Sunbury Baptist Association, which I obtained at Savannah, I learn that, at this time, there belongs to this Association five *coloured* ordained pastors, and six white; the whole number of churches in the Baptist Association of Georgia being twelve. The Association meets yearly, having formally no powers of government; but meeting, like the Independents, for conference. This conference agreed to recommend to each member of their congregations, coloured and white, male and female, to contribute twelve and a half cents per annum, or about *sixpence* of our money, in order to employ

two missionaries amongst the coloured people. The one to be on Savannah River, and the other on the Alatamaha. The one coloured missionary to receive 600 dollars, and the other 300; in all, 900 dollars were required, and this small contribution from each member was estimated to yield 900 dollars. The deficiency was found to be 620 dollars. The congregation of Darien, to its honour, was the only congregation that rigorously observed the recommendation. The treasurer obtained 722 dollars for all missionary purposes last year. Of this I observe Mr Marshall's large congregation in Savannah, numbering 2000 members, gave only thirty-five dollars. Of these, 322 dollars were expended in the Home Mission; the rest went to Liberia. This is a very low rate of contribution, very different from the contributions which the Baptists obtained from the negroes of our West India Islands to the cause of missions, both before and since emancipation. These pastors either have not yet acquired equal influence over their coloured flocks, or are only beginning to train them to take an interest and part in the common enterprises of the Church. It is plain, in this experiment on the liberality of the Baptist congregations, the more able have sheltered themselves under the idea of a sixpence being the common contribution, else the larger gifts of the wealthier and of the free would have more than made up the deficiency of those who gave nothing. Amongst ourselves, since the disruption, many, more able than willing, shelter themselves under the idea of a penny a-week—on the average of which, from all the members of the Free Church, Dr Chalmers founded his calculations for the support of the Free Church ministry. He knew this average was only to be immediately attained, by the great majority of givers striving to be above this point rather than below, in order to make up for those that are slow to perceive their duty, and slower to

act up to it. Too many have sought to the lowest point, and satisfied themselves with the widow's mite, although not in the widow's circumstances. Such persons, by the sad mistake of substituting the *minimum* for the *maximum*, have hitherto prevented even the low average from being reached, that out of their abundance, according to the apostolic rule, what is wanting in others might be supplied, "that there be no lack." This experiment of the Sunbury Baptist Association is, like our own, a new and interesting experiment on Christian liberality in support of Home Missions, which points out the way in which the noblest enterprises of the Christian Church may be carried out by every church, even the negro churches, by each member giving regularly a small contribution to the cause of Christ, smaller than he spends weekly on the most trifling of his personal gratifications, or than sustains the household *cat* at his fire-side.

I arrived in Montgomery, Alabama, about midnight on the 9th April, after three days and three nights staging, feverish and nervous from want of sleep and exercise, but found relief by the luxury of a bath and a sound sleep, and arose grateful to God for his protection over me throughout my journey. Inquiring for the Presbyterian minister, I found his carriage at the corner of the street. He received me cordially, and drove me for the night to his house, about a mile from the town. The prairies of Alabama begin but a little way out of the town—some woodland, others without any wood. Half a mile from his house, we came to one of the woodland prairies, where the sand ceases, and a rotten limestone, mixed with vegetable matter, forms a warm, rich, and very deep soil. The aspect and colour of the soil is very different from any I have lately passed through. Here there is a run of twenty miles of this fertile soil. Twenty years ago this land was sold at the State price of a dollar and

a-half; now it is worth fifty dollars an acre. The chief want in the prairies, in summer, is water; the surface wells all drying up. This has caused some of the wealthier settlers to form artesian wells, at the depth of some hundred feet, which they put down by augers or bores, about the diameter of your arm, and which at all seasons sends forth a stream of water, pure and cool. The wood of the Alabama prairies is all young and recent, having no appearance of antiquity. The trees are scattered over the meadow, forming ornaments rather than covers; and, by preserving the ground in some measure from the scorching sun, allow the rich pasture to spring up. Montgomery, as a town, is only twenty-five years old, having passed in that period from log-houses to frame-houses, and from frame-houses to brick, and now numbers 4000 inhabitants.

The State of Alabama is 317 miles long, and 174 broad, containing about 28,160,000 acres. It lies between 30 and 35 degrees of north latitude, having the Gulf of Mexico and the Floridas on the south—Georgia on the east—the State of Tennessee on the north, and Mississippi on the west. The population has increased since 1810 as follows:—

| | | |
|------|-------|---------|
| 1810 | | 10,000 |
| 1814 | | 29,683 |
| 1818 | | 70,544 |
| 1820 | | 127,901 |
| 1827 | | 244,041 |
| 1830 | | 308,997 |
| 1840 | | 590,756 |

of this last number, 253,532 are slaves. The free coloured persons, male and female, are only 2,039.* The rich prairies occupy the central part. The rest is rather hilly, and the banks of the rivers are said to be unhealthy. In 1840, the

* Manumitted slaves cannot remain after manumission.

exports of this State amounted to nearly thirteen millions of dollars. It has three daily newspapers, and twenty-four weekly. The University of Alabama, which is liberally endowed by the State, I did not see. It is at Tuscaloosa, and was founded in 1820. In it, and Grange College, in the county of Franklin, the students do not exceed 152. The educational returns in 1840, give 114 academies, or grammar schools, with 5018 scholars and 639 primary or common schools, with 16,243 scholars, which gives a *twenty-third* of the population at school, including the coloured people, or about a *twelfth* part, excluding those whom this State jealously exclude from the benefits of education, lest it should endanger their property and power over their fellow-men. The educational returns report not less than 22,592 persons, above twenty years of age, unable to read or write. This, no doubt, is the lowest, and not the highest number, indicating a very low state of education amongst the white population, compared with the northern or eastern States.

The Baptists report that they have in Alabama 250 churches; but, as they have only 109 ministers, these churches must be mere preaching stations. They have 11,445 communicants or members, which gives 105 members to each minister, or forty-five to each congregation. The Methodists have sixty ministers, and 13,845 members, or 231 members to each minister. The Presbyterians, twenty-five churches, and twenty-nine ministers, and 2,268 members, most of their churches being as yet only stations for preaching. The Roman Catholics have a bishop and five priests, and the Episcopalians seven ministers, but I could not learn the state of their congregations. Every thing in this State is in its infancy, and it were a healthy promising infancy but for slavery. Even here railways are to be found. The Alabama and Florida railway extends from Pentacola, 156½ miles, to Montgomery

and cost 2,500,000 dollars, and has a branch extending ten miles, from Selma to Cahawba. Most of this State was originally included in the territory of Georgia; but Georgia ceded her rights, and it was admitted into the Union in

1819.

The residence of the Presbyterian minister of Montgomery is not unlike a Scottish manse and glebe. House and grounds are, however, his own purchase, which he obtained, house and seventeen acres of the finest land, surrounded by a grove, for 1500 dollars, about £300. Both he and his lady are from the neighbouring State of Georgia. His congregation is small, only eighty members, 250 sitters. The ladies of the congregation are at present working hard to erect a new church, and have got 1000 dollars gathered by fancy fairs and suppers, at which they preside—thus drawing the world to help the church, means to which the church would never need to resort, if each of its members felt more the duty and privilege of aiding the cause of Christ with their substance. Let not those blame the Church for resorting to these arts, who, when applied to for aid, contribute a less sum to the cause of Christ than they spend weekly upon their meanest pleasures.

We had got into a pleasant conversation upon Scotland, and America, and Presbyterianism, &c., when the minister's only child would not take its tea, and began to look a little flushed. A mother's fears interpreted the symptoms into the beginning of scarlet fever. I ventured to hint that the child might have eaten too much, and that it should be suffered quietly to sleep it over, as it seemed quite disposed to do; but no! the little fellow must take his tea, which, with a full soul, he would have loathed, though it had been honeycomb—and so we had a scene, or succession of scenes. The child screamed itself into a fever, and I quite lost favour

in the eyes of the lady by advocating the let-alone system, that nature might get time to work herself right. Scotland, America, and Presbyterianism were all forgotten, and I was quickly despatched to bed. In the morning the signs of scarlet fever, and every other kind of fever but the hunger fever, were gone. The lady had recovered her good humour. She said with a good humoured smile, "We loved so to talk about the Kirk." "It is *our sick child*," said I.

On leaving Montgomery, we drove past the Town-house, in front of which was seated a band of young negroes and negresses, all under twenty years of age. There were not fewer than fifty, the one half females, sitting on one side, and the young men on the other. They looked so neat and clean, and their clothes so new and shining, that my first thought was that they were charity children dressed for some holiday scene. "What's this?" I exclaimed. "I am ashamed to say that is our slave market," was the reply. "They are decked out to attract customers." None of them was chained. They sat silent and demure—too silent and demure for holiday children. The salesman sat in the middle, rocking on a chair, balanced on its hind feet, his heels thrown upwards against a railing, and a newspaper in his hand. No one seemed at the time inquiring their price, but it was early, ere business had well begun. Such public exhibitions are still very common here, though no longer permitted in the Carolinas. I asked if they were field labourers, or domestic slaves, and learned that they were all field labourers. Their present dress is only for days of sale, and has been worn by many hundred young men and women in succession, who have gone through the same exhibition, like any other live stock tricked out for the market. As soon as sold, they are stripped of their ornaments, and reduced to their every day rags. We soon saw the truth of this in the appearance of

a family of field labourers just dropped from a waggon, and standing in the streets half naked, whose single ragged garment of linen could hardly be detected to have been once of a white colour. That the law does occasionally, in this State, afford some protection to the poor slave in extreme cases, I am glad to learn. A planter in this neighbourhood was fined 10,000 dollars, some short time ago, for starving his slaves.

The household slaves I saw seemed to be lazy, and un-serviceable. They did not come at the call of their mistress or master, took their own time, and were averse to any kind of work, out of the ordinary routine. The State of Alabama, by forbidding the manumitted slave to remain in the State in which he has been born and bred, and where all his earthly affections and interests are centred, has extinguished all hope and desire in the breast of the coloured population to better their condition, by services, however faithful and prolonged. The same act by which they have rivetted the chain, has rendered the slave a worse servant, and lowered his value to his master as a bondsman. As well destroy the mainspring of our watches, and expect the hands to point the right time, as take away *hope* and expect faithful service from human beings. If a manumitted slave is found in the State, he is sold for the *benefit of the State*. Thus does the tyrant majority act towards the minority, whose temporal destiny is in their hands, expecting to gather where they have not strayed, and by degrading their labourers, degrading themselves and their children, and retarding the permanent prosperity of their country, for the sake of their immediate interests, and to allay their present fears. Slave labour is only profitable when cotton is high priced. The fall of cotton, by the opening of new markets, would render slave labour more and more unprofitable, and make more obvious

the impolicy as well as the inhumanity of slavery, in its *immediate* effects on their interests. The cultivation of cotton, like that of sugar, is individual wealth and general poverty. Herds and flocks, and grain crops, are all forgotten in the growth of cotton or sugar; even, as in South America, no one thought of the greater riches to be procured from the surface of the soil, while anything was to be got by searching for the precious metals in the bowels of the earth. The low price of cotton in Alabama, while it would impoverish many of the present planters, and deprive them of their large returns for a few years, would ultimately enrich the country by an increased production of all the grains and fruits by which a nation multiplies those internal resources which no changes in commerce or in prices can permanently affect.

CHAPTER VII.

Steamer from Montgomery to Mobile—Whig songs—River Alabama—City of Mobile—Negro communion—Methodism—Yellow fever—Happy change in Mobile—Murder of a Planter by his Slaves—Negro intelligence—Liberality to the Free Church—Medical Essay on the Negro race, &c.

WE found a steamer from Montgomery to Mobile on the 12th April. The River Alabama, on which we sail, exhibits at the landing place the character of its floods. The river is no more than 100 feet below the banks, which it has excavated and hollowed out by its violence. The last year's flood has made serious inroads upon the foundations of a vast cotton store, which probably next flood will wholly undermine. At present the river is almost too low to admit of steam navigation, and this is amongst the last trips for the season from Montgomery to Mobile. The steamer is a long slender vessel, having a vast saloon running along its centre, divided into two compartments—that nearest the bow for the gentlemen, also used for dining, and that nearest the stern, being the remotest from the engine, for the ladies, who remain apart throughout the voyage, unless at meals, when they occupy the upper seats, not mingled with, but separated from the gentlemen, who sit lower down, unless they have ladies under their protection, when they sit next them, if they so choose, which they seldom, however, appear to do. The sleeping berths run along each side of this great saloon, and have two doors, one entering from the saloon, and the other from the open air; and by this management, whenever the vessel is in motion, a current of air is

supplied by the two doors when open in whole or in part. Meanwhile you are safely secured in a recess from the current, which keeps the apartment sweet and comfortable in hot weather, without exposing you to its full draught. Nothing can be better contrived for this climate than these berths with their double doors. These vessels are very slightly built, and last only four or five years, but will sometimes pay in a single season.

I have been reading a sketch of the political life of J. C. Calhoun and Henry Clay, the latter of whom is now passing across the country, preparatory to the Presidential election, for which he seems the favourite candidate. Both these politicians were bred lawyers, a profession which furnishes by far the greater number of the American statesmen. I have bought a whole volume of Whig and Clay songs; but not one out of the volume has the least pretensions to poetry, wit, humour, or spirit. Such a mass of dulness on an exciting question, such as the Presidential seems to be, is unaccountable; and yet they are generally bought, read, and sung. No public subject arises but the newspapers and periodicals teem with verses on it—the Free Kirk amongst the rest—but, with few exceptions, they are such as we should hardly have thought of giving to the light, even through newspapers.* Nullification is the doctrine on which Calhoun has risen into importance. This doctrine arose out of the prohibitory duties or tariff imposed for the protection of the New England manufactures. The South having no manu-

* The poetical piece entitled "The good old ship three hundred years ago," is an exception. There was more of poetical felicity and humour in the parable of the bees deserting the garden hive for the mountain, and the reply to it which appeared in a Dumfries paper before the Disruption, than I have found in several volumes I have looked over of the American Presidential squibs. The volume recently published in Boston, entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America," furnishes, however, many interesting proofs that America contains other than versifiers and rhymers.

factures dependent on its exports of cotton, is deeply interested in a free and unrestricted trade with Great Britain, that it may buy our manufactures cheap, and find an open market for its cotton in Great Britain.

Unable to bring the General Legislature into these views, Calhoun invented the convenient doctrine of nullification, namely, that whenever any one State is dissatisfied with any measure of the General Legislature, it may, by its own State legislation, nullify the measure, refuse obedience, and so far declare off from the Union. The matter was happily compromised before coming to a collision, but the doctrine still remains, and will be revived with every discontent ; and especially should the General Government take any steps, even within its own province, and in its own district of Columbia, to abolish the evils of slavery. The South threatens nullification if the right of petition on the subject of slavery be allowed. J. C. Calhoun, who is an able man, has risen upon the passions and immediate interests of the South. His political creed is evidently more the result of his circumstances and connections, than of any enlarged political views. An aristocrat in feeling, he would maintain, in all its rigour and sternness, the despotism of slavery ; yet a zealous advocate for free trade, because it is the interest of the South. He would like a powerful government, in his own favourite southern States, to keep down the coloured population ; but he hates a powerful central government, which might abridge the sovereign will of each separate State to do what is right in its own eyes. Whatever is democratic in Calhoun's sentiments is but temporary, like the temporary advocacy of democracy, and civil and religious liberty, by O'Connell and the Roman Catholic party in Ireland. Henry Clay, on the other hand, is friendly to prohibitory duties, in order to foster for a season the manufactures

of New England and of the Central States, in danger of being crushed in their infancy by their giant competitor. His sentiments are also favourable to the emancipation of the negro, although cautiously expressed, as if inclined to follow rather than to lead public sentiment. He is a native of Kentucky, where there is a plan for the gradual abolition of slavery, and his sentiments are probably neither more nor less than an echo of those prevailing in his own State.

By nine o'clock in the evening we have sailed above 100 miles down the river. The banks are remarkable for their steepness, and the marks of violent floods. The river looks as if it had gradually dug a channel for itself, through the soil. The villages and plantations on each side are all hid from view by these mud precipices. The planters have constructed slides on the steep banks at the landing places, by which they convey the cotton to the water edge to await the steamers. The passengers themselves descend by wooden stairs. What an unspeakable privilege to this country this steam navigation! Before steamboats, the voyage from Montgomery to Mobile was wont to be a six weeks' voyage, now it is accomplished in two days! The night, however, being dark and moonless, and the water very low, we have stopped until day-light return. The passengers, for their amusement, have each seized a pine wood torch, and lighting it, are gone a rambling on the banks, forming singular groups, their faces and persons reflected brightly by torch light on the dark back ground.

As soon as light appeared, the steamer moved forward. The entire distance from Montgomery to Mobile is 450 miles by the river, whose course is very tortuous and banks steep the first half of the way; as we draw nearer to Mobile the banks are lower, until the river flows through a perfect swamp, covered with forests, which form a margin of foliage

on each side. Each new turn of the river, when you expect a new scene to open, only discloses the same canal-looking river, flowing through a margin of woods, and having seen one mile you have seen fifty. No birds of song are to be heard, nor sound to break the silence, save the laborious puffing of our high pressure steam-engine. Three alligators have been seen reposing on logs on the banks, half in and out of the water. Two of them have been shot at, and one of them apparently killed, as it glided off the log and turned on its back in the water. The whole of the country on this river is alluvial, formed by the river. For the last twenty miles, the banks are uninhabitable—a swamp on which the human foot can find no resting place.

We expected to be in Mobile early on Sabbath morning, or late on Saturday night, but were again detained by the darkness of the night and low state of the river. There is little distinction on board to mark the Sabbath. The mate has got on his best coat, and there is no one playing at cards. *One* passenger has his Bible in his hand. No opportunity offers for a public religious service, as we expect to be in Mobile soon after breakfast.

Nothing can be more dreary than the approach to Mobile by the river Alabama, which flows through vast and apparently boundless swamps—the city, lying on a sandy projection of land, raised only a few feet above the sea tides and the surrounding swamps, where the river enters Mobile bay. The population of Mobile is between 16,000 and 20,000 souls, and was originally a Spanish settlement. It has only started into importance within the last ten years. As we landed on the wharfs, I was pleased to observe most of the stores closed. Those that were open, I was told, were the stores of Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Jews. I proceeded immediately to the Church of Dr Hamilton, and found the

morning service almost concluded. The Doctor was in the desk along with one of his brethren, who had been officiating for him. I entered the slaves' gallery, and, sitting down for a few minutes, heard myself announced for the evening, should the steamer arrive in time; if not, the Doctor was to preach himself. He soon recognised me; on seeing which, I came out, and he met me in the vestibule, and, returning to the desk, announced my arrival.

There being no service in the afternoon in his own Church, Dr Hamilton, at my desire, took me to the African Methodist Church, where it happened to be the communion. There were not fewer than a thousand blacks present. The officiating minister was a white man, who, two years before, had been their pastor, and was now only on a visit. His sermon was sensible and affectionate. The negroes echoed every sentiment that pleased them by an audible Amen! or Glory be to thy name! or Truth, Lord! When he alluded, towards the close of the discourse, to his former labours amongst them, the females, who sat on one side of the Church, by themselves, began to weep; when he warned them against backsliding, and alluded to some of whose evil courses he had learned, to his great sorrow, and from whom he had hoped better things, the weeping waxed louder and louder, until at length an aged female negress, becoming excited, started to her feet, and began, with violent gesticulations, and loud outcries, to exhort backsliders to repent and turn to the Lord, lest their iniquities should be their ruin. This she reiterated again and again, with little variety of phrase. I looked when the preacher would interfere to put an end to it, but he proceeded with his discourse as he best could, and the congregation, after a few minutes, gave little heed to the old lady. Soon, however, another female, in the gallery, broke out with equal violence and less sense, her vociferation

often extinguishing all articulation, and choking her words. Those on each side endeavoured to hold her down, and restrain her gestures and screams. I was alarmed at this second explosion, but when I saw those around smiling, I began to suspect that this was another of the privileged persons, with whose exhortations they were well accustomed. The discourse was abruptly brought to a close, as to proceed amidst such outcries was impossible; and the young men who formed the choir, as if understanding their duty, burst into a song, in which the whole congregation joined with full soul. The voices of the prophetesses were silenced amidst the universal song. They could still be seen gesticulating, but were now heard only in the intervals of the music, until they sunk exhausted.

The communion was then celebrated; the communicants coming up to the rails enclosing the table, or, as they call it, *altar*. The females knelt on one side of the railing, and the men on the other, thirty coming up at a time to receive the sacrament. The minister stood within the rail, before the communion table. The black deacons of the Church stood around, ready to assist the pastor in distributing the elements. We were requested to act for the time as deacons, and being told by the pastor that this would be expected, we cheerfully complied, and the black deacons attended to the marshalling of the communicants as they came up and retired. All received the elements kneeling, with much solemnity, and few without tears in their eyes, or running down their dark checks. The interval between each service was occupied by singing hymns, as in Scotland, by the congregation; and the singing was so full of heart, and so sweet, that the melody, and the sight of their earnestness of soul, melted me into tears. I sat down with them to celebrate the love of Him whose love knows no colour, before whom all are black and

need washing in the same blood.' Dr Hamilton was asked to close the service, as it had begun, with prayer, when we all knelt. In a few touching words he gave thanks for the unspeakable gift of Christ, which drew forth a universal echo from the congregation. When he gave thanks that in Christ Jesus there was neither black nor white, bond nor free, master nor servant, that all were one in him, the whole congregation burst forth in a voice of mournful joy, "God be praised! Glory be to thy name!"

The Sacrament of the Supper was followed by the baptism of about thirty children and adults. The pastor made an exhortation, and put some questions, to which the parties bowed or curtsied assent. The adults then knelt down, and water was poured on their heads, with the usual words. The parents and relatives then brought the children, whom the minister took, one after another, in his arms, after the manner of the Church of England; and without any sign of the cross, or any other ceremony than the words of the institution, poured water upon each child. I saw a young man that looked as white as a European, and whose features were also European, come up with his wife and child. I thought at first that he was an American, until on inquiry I learned that both he and his wife were slaves, and that the little one they brought to dedicate to Christ was the property of their master, as much as their own flesh, blood, and bones. The prolongation of slavery in such a race as this, exhibits more than anything else the hopelessness of ever effecting a gradual emancipation. The gradual and step by step abolition of a system so clung to as slavery, is a dream. The South will yield all as soon as make the smallest concession to this injured race. I could not learn anything satisfactory respecting the examination to which the baptized adults were subjected before being received. I fear

their religious ideas are very limited, and of a very general nature—but probably not more so than in England, where every man has a legal right to claim baptism for himself and children, and where examination as to knowledge is not even thought of in preparation for baptism. The amount of knowledge to be insisted on as a qualification for church membership, must vary both with the circumstances and capacity of the parties. Where there is little light there may yet be much affection; and the little that is known and apprehended by the understanding, may have wrought powerfully on the heart.

I have just heard a good anecdote connected with audible responses in the Methodist congregations. An aged Scotch woman, called familiarly mother Knox, went to hear a Methodist preacher. As the preacher proceeded with his discourse, his doctrine proved as unsavoury to mother Knox, as it was savoury to a Methodist woman that sat by her side, and who was continually exclaiming, to every statement from the pulpit, "Truth, Lord!" This the old lady bore for a time in silence, contented with an inward protest against the Armenian doctrine of the minister; but the responses of the Methodist woman became so frequent, and in so zealous a tone, that mother Knox could hold no longer, and taking up her parable so often as the Methodist cried "Truth, Lord," responded, "A lie, Lord!" which continued throughout the discourse to the no small amazement of the congregation.

The deacons in the African Church act as our Scotch elders, not only waiting on the members at the communion, but holding prayer meetings. They are all practised singers. The great secret of Methodism is, that it gives every member in whom is discerned any gift something to do—both in the church and out of it—in the music of the church on

Sabbath days, or in class and prayer meetings throughout the week.

All accounts assure me of a great change in Mobile for the better. A Scotchman, who has been here for some years, informs me that when he came to Mobile, the stores were generally opened on Sabbath, now they are as generally shut. Tumults in the street were frequent, and every other night some murder, or assassination, or brawl was occurring, and no notice taken of it ; but these things are becoming more rare, and the churches are better attended. The Methodists have four churches, and are presently erecting a *fifth*, for the coloured population. They selected one of the most depraved districts of Mobile, which was wont to be full of gaming and drinking houses, for their operations, and effected a decided reform in the habits of the population. They seem to be incomparable beggars, and press forward where other denominations are afraid to venture, and find success where others find nothing but discouragements. The Presbyterians have two churches. That of Dr Hamilton, who is an Englishman, but was bred in the States, a man of vigour and capacity. His church has 300 members, and as many more sitters. There is, besides, the church of Mr Knoll, which is in its infancy. Both churches are connected with the Old School Assembly. The Episcopalians have a prosperous congregation, whose minister commends himself to the affections of his people by his pastoral attentions. The Christian churches of Mobile seem to be in a prosperous state ; the spirit good, and the influence and power of evangelical religion increasing in the community. The Presbyterian seems to have least life of all the denominations. One excellent Presbyterian gentleman complained that the Presbyterians were too cold, and dealt so much in logical abstractions and *general* preaching, that he has to repair to the

Methodists occasionally to get his heart warmed. Another Presbyterian gentleman, and a Scotchman, from the same cause, had gone to the Episcopalian minister.

The yellow fever usually begins here every year about August and September. It is a very rapid fever, cutting off the sufferer in four days. One in ten of those attacked are said to die of it, taking the whole season, which, according to Dr S. Smith, is not greater than the proportion that die of typhus in the London hospitals. At the commencement of the season one in every *three* attacked are cut off, the fatality gradually diminishing towards the close of the season. Opposite Mobile there lies a vast marsh, stretching nearly thirty miles. Towards autumn the wind blows from that quarter, and passing over the marsh, when vegetation is decaying, comes loaded with miasma. The sand of the soil in and around Mobile has been at one time plentifully mixed with oyster-shells, the deposit of the river and sea at some former time. It has been observed that so long as these oyster-shells abounded and remained undecomposed, yellow fever seldom visited the city; but that now the foul air of the marshes wants some such absorbent. How much truth there is in this connection I am not qualified to say. Such coincidences in so important a matter are worthy of investigation. The old remedies for yellow fever were bleeding and purging; but a French physician put my host into a hot-bath, as hot as he could bear, into which he poured two bottles of lime-juice, which brought instant relief, when the worst symptoms were appearing. A profuse perspiration was induced, and from that moment the recovery seemed begun. Ague is also very common, for which quinine is the principal remedy. I have some doubts, notwithstanding the terrors which the very name yellow fever carries, whether the mortality be actually greater than in Great Britain. Public fears and actual statis-

tics are often at great variance. In the visitation of the Cholera in Great Britain, the deaths were not more numerous than in many of the great mercantile towns of Scotland by fever in the preceding and following years; and it is a memorable fact that the mortality amongst those attacked from yellow fever is not greater than from typhus in Great Britain. The chief difference must lie in the greater rapidity of the disease—the peculiarity of all diseases in hot climates—where death or recovery soon manifest themselves. The above remark I do not apply to the extraordinary visitations which Mobile has had of this disease. In 1839 yellow fever broke out with terrible violence, and 800 to 1000 died out of the city alone. The city was more than decimated of its then population, and its master spirits were cut off. At the same time a terrible fire occurred. The city was fired in several places by incendiaries during successive nights, until two-thirds of the city was burned to the ground. The low Irish population about the harbour were at first suspected to have done it for purposes of plunder; but it was afterwards discovered, from the confession of some free blacks who had fled to the North, that it was the act of the free blacks in Mobile, who had conspired to burn the city, and during the confusion that ensued from the fire, and the absence of many influential citizens from the yellow fever, to massacre the white inhabitants and become masters of the city. The only slaves that did not join the plot were the Christian slaves, members of the Methodist, Baptist, and other churches, who refused to have any thing to do with the conspiracy, though they would not betray the conspirators. The effect of the calamities of 1839 in Mobile have been blessed. The churches have been better attended; many joining themselves as members to the church, and many more attending divine service. The Sabbath is better

observed ; and the community, instead of rushing, like the Athenians in the plague of Athens, to riot and licentiousness, became more sober minded and temperate in its habits and enterprises.

A melancholy story of slavery occurred some short time ago in this neighbourhood. A planter of the name of English, a very large slaveholder, treated his slaves with great severity and cruelty, and became in consequence an object of universal hatred amongst them. He lived in great splendour amidst his oppressed bondsmen, never being without the company of the neighbouring planters or their families, with whom he hunted and fished, filling the country with the noise of their festivities. His estates were never without some fugitive slaves, whom his cruelties had driven to flight ; but the poor creatures, unable to find the means of escaping to the North, continued lurking about the woods, receiving food and shelter from their friends and relatives still on his estates. Riding from one of his plantations to another, he would sometimes come upon a party of his runaway slaves in the woods, and pouring his curses on them, would threaten to shoot them, or hunt them down with bloodhounds, if they did not come back to their work ; but they uniformly refused to do so, and matters daily grew darker and darker between the planter and his negroes. Returning home late one evening, he had occasion to pass through a dark forest road, when he heard a whistle on one side, and looking about, saw two of his runaway negroes on one side of the road, and one on the other, who had given the whistle. The two rushing upon him, wrested his gun from his hand, and pulled him off his horse. He struggled hard for his life, and escaped about a hundred yards, but was speedily overtaken, when they bound his hands behind his back. He begged on his knees for mercy, and promised to liberate them if his

life was spared. They sternly refused, saying that he could not expect that mercy which he had refused on so many occasions to them. They wounded him with their knives, and bruised his head with stones, until he expired, then, dragging his body about in the woods, and pulling the saddle off his horse, as if to make it appear that he had fallen from his horse and been dragged until he expired, they left his remains in the woods. Mrs English in vain expected her husband's return all that night. Next day messengers were despatched in all directions. His body was found in the woods, and his death was ascribed to accident. One of the three fugitive slaves returning to his family before the funeral, when the planter's corpse was laid out, according to custom, and all the slaves were assembled to take a last look of their master, appeared along with the rest. Mrs English was struck with the countenance of the slave as he approached to look at his master's remains. His look of malignant satisfaction and triumph awakened her suspicions. A reward was offered for the apprehension of the other fugitives. They were tracked by bloodhounds and discovered, and being put to the torture, confessed what they had done, triumphing in the confession, and declaring they would do the same again. Without judge or jury, or any law but Lynch law, or evidence but the evidence extorted by torture, the three were hanged on the estate. It was some consolation to hear that the sympathy of the community was more with the poor slaves than their cruel master, and that the effect has since been to soften the lot of the slave.

I heard, when at Mobile, of an intelligent young negro lad who had run away from his master. The lad's family had all obtained their liberation, and he had for some time been feeling more than usually his chain. His master was so uneducated, that he employed this slave in writing his busi-

ness letters, and had become sensible of the danger of losing him, after teaching him what he had never been taught himself. He therefore entered on terms with the boy to liberate him after a certain period. To these the lad had agreed, and the terms were signed and legally attested ;* but the slave could not rest. His father and family having removed to the free States, he could not linger behind to fulfil his years, but fled in all probability beyond reach of his master, as he had both the means and the wit to guide him. Many of the free States have refused of late to give up the fugitive slave.

I was much pleased with the account I got of a negro blacksmith in this neighbourhood, whose passion for learning made him allure the white boys into his smithy, as they passed to and from the school. The boys wrote on the blackened wall the alphabet, and taught him the sound of the letters. Thence he proceeded to syllables and words, under the same youthful instructors. Having learned to read, he taught himself writing and arithmetic, algebra and geometry, and was studying Latin and Greek, when he was discovered by a Christian gentleman, who drew the attention of the Synod of Georgia and Alabama to the case. The sum of eighteen hundred dollars was raised between the Presbyterian Churches of these two States. The liberty of himself and family was purchased, and he was sent out to Liberia. How much better this good deed had terminated had they retained him as an ordained pastor at home—a healer of the breaches which slavery makes between the white and coloured population ! But here there is no idea of liberation without expatriation, as if to render the sweets of liberty as bitter and undesirable as possible, and to present no alter-

* The boy would have had no security, I fear, in the event of his master's death or bankruptcy, for the agreement of manumission being fulfilled.

native to the poor negro but hopeless bondage or hopeless exile.*

I am informed that a bill is about to be introduced into the Alabama Legislature, to prevent the separation of families, and to make slave property not saleable for debts. It is an interesting circumstance, that slave property is the last kind of property that an unfortunate planter will part with. He will sell his estate and house in preference, and keep his slaves to the last extremity. This is ascribed partly to a personal attachment to the slaves, amongst whom he has been born, and by whom he has been surrounded from infancy—partly to that love of power over his fellow men to which the planter has been long habituated—and partly because, having slaves, he can either hire them out to labour, receiving an easy return, or he can at any time, by their aid, resume his old employment, and enter upon a new estate. In Mobile a good male slave will bring his master or mistress, when hired out, fifteen dollars a month, or 180 dollars a year, about £45, the slave supporting himself, and saving a little money besides.† When the master supports the slave thus hired out, he will receive for the slave twenty to twenty-five dollars a month.

The Christian ladies I meet here do not object to the slaves learning to read, but they are alarmed at their learning to write, until emancipated—an alarm which will increase as emancipation draws nearer, and which proclaims the impossibility, in modern times, of gradualising, to any considerable extent, the process of emancipation. If the best and noblest

* In Alabama, to escape exile, the manumitted slaves do not seek a deed of manumission from the State, as they would then be compelled to leave, but choose what is called a guardian, with whom they make an arrangement, in order, if possible, to enjoy both freedom and home.

† I heard, when at Mobile, of a slave who in this way had saved 1000 dollars, which he lost by the failure of the parties to whom he entrusted it.

mindful ladies of Mobile so feel, how hopeless the expectation that any step will be taken towards the improvement of the condition of the negro, until necessity compels the final and complete abolition of slavery ! I am sorry to observe that the slaves do not love the Presbyterian Church and its forms of worship. There is too little of feeling and excitement for the negro taste, who is a most excitable being. Presbyterian music is not sufficiently congregational, but confined to the choir, which the negroes cannot bear. The Methodists and Baptists are more to their taste. This preference is carried even into the families of the Presbyterians, whose slaves do not appear at family prayers. The Christian slaves and their families, in their own end of the house, have their own family worship, of which singing never fails to be an essential part.

Here I have met an interesting Scotch family from the neighbourhood of Glasgow, consisting of the worthy parents, now turning down the hill, and a family of four sons and a daughter. The history of their migrations afforded me much interest. They landed, with their infant children, at New York, and there made their first essay in the New World. After beginning to take root, they were torn up by misfortunes. They then packed up all the family and all their goods in a waggon, and proceeded southward, all the world before them, not knowing whither they were going. In Virginia they settled a while, and made their early Scottish school education available in teaching the children of the planters, from whom they experienced much kindness, and were entreated to settle amongst them. But again they betook themselves to their waggon, possessed by that wandering spirit, which once indulged by a Scotchman, though the most difficult of all men to uproot from his native soil, makes him roll on in search of adventures, and of a happiness which,

like the horizon, flies from him as he approaches. At length this worthy pair, with their waggon and family, reached Mobile, settled, and were beginning to take root, when the fire of 1839 burnt the house they had built, and consumed all the earnings of several years' industry. Nothing dismayed, instead of "folding their hands, and eating their own flesh" like the fool, they put their trust in Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Amidst the plague which then desolated Mobile, they set about repairing their misfortunes, and have been enabled, through industry and economy, to save a few thousand dollars, with which they have purchased a dwelling house and workshop, and with their family around them, promise again, by the blessing of God, to thrive and take root in this southern region. I was gratified to find the old man had assembled his children, after the Scottish fashion, "to worship God." Both parents could enumerate Scottish martyrs among their ancestors in Lanarkshire, and rejoiced to speak of their memory, and of the spirit of the martyrs that seemed to animate the Free Church of Scotland. I felt quite at home at their table and in their society; and was pleased to learn from an American lady, that the mother of this promising family, while a notable woman at home, took her part zealously and heartily in every good work in the church, and was never to be missed at the meetings and conferences of the church for prayer. This family is one of the best specimens of our Scottish emigrants that I have met with. They emigrated before they lost all—when their fortunes were falling rather than fallen, before adversity had impaired their spirit and courage, soured their tempers, or reduced them to despair. With spirits unbroken—with the best principles and best training of the sons and daughters of Scotland—they entered the New World, and, amidst all their ups and downs, they never lost their first love and early principles.

Their misfortunes have only softened their hearts, and made them more feelingly alive to the goodness of God, and the misfortunes of others. A colony of such families, so taught and trained, and so disciplined by misfortune, would make a noble nation.

A committee has been formed in Mobile, principally of Scotchmen—consisting of Mr Martin, a young merchant to whom I brought a letter; Mr Henry, of the firm of Henry and Stodart, extensive merchants from Edinburgh; Mr Massy, a Scotch Irish gentleman, with all the spirits and gayety of his nation; Mr Yuile, a Scotchman; and Mr James Crawford, another Scotch Irishman. They have set to work, first amongst our countrymen and the Scotch Irish, and next amongst the members of the American churches, the firm of Henry and Stodart having begun the subscription with 500 dollars. Mr Henry had very lately given 300 dollars towards the American Mission to China.

At a party of ladies, the conversation turned on one of the ministers of the city. Though he that listens pleased to scandal be sometimes as bad as the scandalmonger, yet I was not unwilling to hear what was saying. "Our minister gained golden opinions," said one, "by remaining with us through the disastrous season of 1839. He was daily at the bed of the sick and dying." "He has lost them again," said another, "by scolding us so much about the reduction of his salary." "Pray how much did you reduce his salary?" I ventured to inquire. "About 500 dollars. He is not content with 3500 dollars, but speaks of baptism-fees and other perquisites," was the reply. "He is an excellent preacher," observed another lady. "There is not a better in Mobile." "Keep him to the pulpit," was the reply, "but out of it you can never get more intimate or familiar by the longest acquaintance. He is always getting into difficulties, which

his congregation have to meet." "Pray what has the congregation done to relieve him?" "We lately subscribed 1500 dollars." "Of that we should think little," said a more aged matron, "if he would only come and see us and our families a little oftener, and be more kindly with us. We all respect him—we would like to love him also. Your ministers in Scotland visit a great deal I understand." "Some of them," I replied. "They must have time for study. The more visiting the less study, and the more study the less visiting. I fear you don't give your ministers time to mend their nets in Mobile." "Our minister preaches against theatres, and balls, and dancing. Do you bring these things before your congregations in Scotland?" "Nobody now goes to the theatre in Scotland," said I, "It is not the present fashion. As to dancing, we are not very violently addicted to that recreation. I am sorry to learn that the theatre is much frequented, both here and at New Orleans, even on the Sabbath; and in winter promiscuous balls are very common. Pray, who elect the pastor in your church?" "The members of the church," was the simultaneous reply. "The ladies as well as the gentlemen?" "Yes," was the rejoinder, "we make no difference. They are equally members of the Church." "Do the ladies always exercise their privilege?" "To be sure! Why not! If it were not for the ladies the church would never prosper. We might have a Socinian one day, and a Universalist the next, for anything some of the gentlemen know or care." "Don't your title deeds require the church to be always what it now is?" "It may be either Presbyterian or Independent, the doctrines being according to the Westminster Confession of Faith; but the character of the pastor is our best security."

I question whether a more sensible gossip about the minister would have occurred in any similar party of ladies in


Scotland. Beyond the matter of his pecuniary difficulties, which had become public, there was no gossip about his family; and the ladies seemed to have a sincere desire to obtain for themselves and families the full benefit of his pastoral services, not undervaluing them, but, from a sense of their value, expressing their regret at their small share of these services.

In Mobile I had occasion to call on a Scottish woman, married to a Millerite. He seemed a serious, thoughtful man, and was so full of his subject that he introduced it after a few words of salutation. He expects the immediate coming of Christ, as the Rowites did, a few years ago, in Scotland, and thinks it not worth while, from the nearness of that great event, to burden himself with his family concerns. He attends the Presbyterian Church, and is a member. One of the elders was appointed to wait on him, in order to urge his immediate duties to his family. He pressed on my acceptance a parcel of their tracts, which he had taken care, a few days before, to circulate in all the pews of the church he attends. I prayed with him, and parted in kindness, regretting his overweening confidence in his own opinions, from which he must soon awaken. His wife accompanied me to the threshold, and, with a full heart, said, "Tell my mother, when you return to Scotland, that I shall never see her again in this life, but that I hope we shall meet in heaven!" I regret to observe that this delusion has broken out more extensively and dangerously since my return. Not less than twenty-eight persons in the central and eastern States are said to have become insane upon this subject, and been put into confinement. The following is from the *Philadelphia Presbyterian* of a later date:—

"One man, who appears to know all about the matter, writes thus on his window-shutter, having closed his place of business:

“ ‘ This shop is closed in honour of the King of kings, who will appear about the 20th of October. Get ready, friends, to crown him Lord of all.’

“ This is matched by the following advertisement which has appeared in the *Ledger* :

“  *Warning*.—I believe, according to the Scriptures, that the Lord Jesus Christ will be revealed in the clouds of Heaven on the tenth day of the seventh month, which agrees with the 22d instant. I therefore entreat all whom this may reach to prepare to meet their God.

“ ‘ CLORINDA S. MINOR.’

“ Another instance has come under our notice, of a decent, hard-working man, who has given up a good situation to prepare himself to be astonished.

“ A part of these unfortunate and misguided people pitched their tents on Monday in a field belonging to Isaac Yocum, on the Darby road, about three miles and a half from the permanent bridge. The first tent was erected about twelve o'clock. The converts continued increasing in the encampment all that day and night, males and females, in omnibuses, carriages, and on foot. Some of them threw away their property as they went along into the street. The first tent became so crowded that the children were forced into the open air, without the proper care of their parents. These little ones were exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm. Numbers of these poor children were running about the field, crying for their mothers and fathers, and some even for food. On Tuesday morning a second tent was erected, and the numbers increased very greatly. The condition of these people is indeed any thing but comfortable, and it must become worse for the want of proper food and other necessities of life, besides sleeping on the damp ground in this inclement season of the year, with scarcely enough

clothing to cover them. It is feared that numbers will never leave the ground, and those that do leave it, will do so with scarce a hope of recovery. Parties have also gone into New Jersey, and there are several tents at different points within ten miles of Philadelphia. The report was current on Tuesday afternoon that one of the preachers from the East, who had been officiating here in the capacity of principal treasurer, had precipitately left the city, with funds amounting to over one thousand nine hundred dollars.

"Of course these poor deluded people have now returned to their desolate homes, if they have any ; whether to be carried away again by the next fanatic or not, remains to be seen."

I have enjoyed much kindness and Christian fellowship in Mobile. There is no small Christian zeal, love, and liberality among all denominations in this city, more than I ever anticipated to meet with. I shall long remember the hospitalities of Mobile. I met with individuals and their families, who, in any city in Scotland, would be esteemed amongst the excellent of the earth, and who diffuse the savour of their own goodness throughout their circle. I have been particularly struck with the decision of the piety and principles of the elders and deacons of the churches which I have visited in the South. Most of them appear to be men who, like Hannibal, have cut their own way across the Alps, and, after a long and severe struggle, both with themselves and with the world, made their deliberate choice to follow Christ. There is, therefore, a whole-heartedness about them, a determination to go through with their principles to their practical results, and a frankness in avowing themselves, which is more rare amongst those that have been brought up in the faith.

Before leaving Mobile, a copy of an essay, recently pub-

lished by a Dr Nott, was sent me, which he delivered before its literary and scientific society. The essay is redolent of the sentiments and opinions of the South, respecting the negro race. It is the first attempt of a young medical man, just beginning the world, to commend himself to his employers, by advocating their most obstinate prejudices, and giving them the benefit of professional pleading. Rejecting the authority of Herodotus, and passing by that of Scripture, he denies the common origin of the negro, with the other races of the world, and that this race has ever, either in ancient or modern times, exhibited any capacity for permanent civilization and self-government. To strengthen the feeling of the immutable and ineffaceable distinction between the races, and to brand all intercourse and intermarriage between them as unnatural, forbidden alike by God and man, he declares, upon his professional knowledge, that the intermarriage of the white with a negro produces a mule. This he afterwards, in deference to known and notorious facts, modifies to "comparatively a mule," and if they go on intermarrying from generation to generation, the issue will be wholly a mule, and the race become extinct. This of course affords ample scope for medical prophecies, not likely to be wholly falsified in his day. The Quadroons, who are the children of mulatto women by white men, the descendants especially of the French and Spanish population, he affirms to have this comparative defect, when they intermarry with each other—willingly forgetting the vulgar but too just opinion, which refers this defect not to nature, but to those profligate manners and habits of which the whites must bear the sin and shame. The tendency of this mixed race to insanity he represents as not less terrific; one in forty-three mulattoes, and only one in two thousand whites become insane—a statement probably as much above the truth in

the one case, as below it in the other. It were wonderful, indeed, if mulatto females, without the protection of parents and the consolations of home or of religion, having just sufficient education to make them more susceptible of the miseries of their lot, should not, on being deserted after youth is past, sink into melancholy and dejection, with a broken heart, and understanding unhinged, from brooding on the recollections of the past and the prospects of the future. This advocate for a great and impassable gulph between the races, which never should and never can be crossed—who rejects the authority of old Father Herodotus, and says as little as he can help about that of Moses—announces his solemn faith in the existence of trees still living and life like, above 6000 years old, long anterior to the deluge, it may be to the creation itself. Such an essay could gain no attention, and confer no honour upon its author out of the southern States of America, where men have but too deep a personal interest in accommodating their opinions to their practice, and inventing arguments for perpetuating the bondage of an unhappy race.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sail from Mobile—Railway from Lake Ponchartrain to New Orleans—Society of New Orleans—The Scotch in New Orleans—Change for the better—Dying Scotch soldier—Increasing zeal and energy of Protestantism in the City—Coloured congregation—Education in New Orleans—Expense of living—Prospects of its Trade—Banks—The Mississippi—The Markets—Louisiana State—Coloured Population—Mr Macdonogh and his Negroes—The Cemetery of New Orleans—The Temperance cause—its good and evil.

I LEFT Mobile on the 20th April, taking the steamer to New Orleans, a distance of 130 miles. The navigation of the Bay of Mobile seems very difficult from the number of shoals. We got a-ground for half an hour. I felt somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of remaining on the open sea, ten miles from land, throughout the night; but at length we worked her off the shoal. Nothing but small craft can come within twenty miles of Mobile. The night is beautiful. The moon is up, and puts forth her horns. The pole star looks depressed in this southern latitude. The sky is continually illuminated by flashes of lightning, that play along the edge of the horizon, recurring every other minute. This a fellow passenger explains to be the restoration of the equilibrium between the earth and the air, after the earth has been overheated by the sun's rays through the day. The explanation has a scientific sound, and we feel a kind of satisfaction, being but fair play between the earth and air. We do not too curiously inquire the relationship between the electric fluid and heat, knowing that they are found often in company; three day's heat and a thunder-storm being as much the characteristic of this

latitude as of a Scottish summer. But a southern thunder-storm, which I have not yet seen, is something very different from a Scottish.

We arrived at New Orleans next morning about seven o'clock, landing at the terminus of the New Orleans Railway, at Lake Ponchartrain, which carries us through a swamp, covered with luxuriant trees and underwood, into the city. The forest swamp, through which we are carried, has a dejected, melancholy air, notwithstanding the magnificence of the wood, from the weeping moss that hangs from every tree, the sure sign, it is said, of a neighbourhood unpropitious to man.

The first impressions a stranger has of this city are favourable. The streets are spacious in the American, and narrow in the French part of the city. The materials are brick, and style of new buildings good. The streets thronged, like those of New York, with a busy population. The population is 130,000 souls, of whom 60,000, or one-half, are of French and Spanish descent, and the rest North Americans, negroes, and mulattoes. The number of Scotch here is not supposed to be much above 200. I learn with sorrow that not more than a tenth of their number are known to attend any church. Sabbath is a day of pleasure to most of my countrymen. Forgetful of all but present enjoyment, they shoulder their gun, and, followed by their dogs, hasten to the woods for a day of field sport and an evening of dissipation. The climate does not appear so fatal to them as is generally imagined at home. I have met with several of my countrymen, who have been nine, ten, eleven, and one who has been thirty years, and never had yellow fever; and it is remarkable that the heat of the climate does not seem at all to waste and emaciate them as it does the Americans. Those who come here with their constitutions confirmed, retain

their full and plump appearance, the emaciating effects of the climate appearing more in the second generation. I rejoice to find some of my countrymen settled and living in the bosoms of their families ; a few years ago there was no such thing as female society, except amongst the French and Spanish settlers. There, as elsewhere in the South, a happy change has begun, and the effects are visible in the return of some of our countrymen to the settled and church-going habits of their country. The fluctuating and migratory character of the population of New Orleans has hitherto retarded the moral and social improvement of the Saxon races. Multitudes come only for a few months of business in winter, and then hasten away to their families in the North. An American gentleman, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, who has been here all his life, and never had the yellow fever, says he has seen out *three* generations already, though not much beyond the middle of life. This he says is not from the mortality of the population, but from its migratory character.

I endeavoured first to interest my own countrymen in the Free Church, and to get an evening meeting with them alone. About thirty came out with their families, of the church-going, Sabbath-keeping Scotch, and some few that were not so, but had some national curiosity to hear of Scotland.

The others I tried in vain to rouse to an interest in the Church. Unlike the English, the Scotch must love the Gospel before they feel an interest in the Church. A small committee was formed of our countrymen, who laboured with right good will to awaken others more able, but less willing than themselves, to take an interest in our Scottish struggle.

New Orleans has been hitherto regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of civilization and Christian principle, the resort of the reckless adventurer and needy villain, despairing of finding

elsewhere scope for his peculiar talents, or a resting place for his foot. It was affecting to listen to the stories told by my own countrymen, and by the Americans, of depraved Scotchmen, bankrupt in fortunes and character at home, and who for a little while sustained themselves by the same deceptions under which they had sunk in Britain, but at last were found out and driven to Texas or to Mexico, persecuted by their own vices, and, like Cain, vagabonds on the earth. Some of these were literary men, who, during the short time they could controul their passions, were courted and patronised, until they returned like the dog to its vomit. I found New Orleans had even got a share of our fallen Scottish licentiates and preachers, who, producing their old certificates of character, found welcome and employment here, until they proved to be "broken vessels," and were cast even out of New Orleans. One of our licentiates, by his talents and manners, gained admission into the family of Mr Scott, the excellent pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, by the aid of certificates. Clever, and plausible, and well informed, he seemed to be an acquisition to their society, and to be well qualified to take part in the educational institutions of the city, when he brought himself into the hands of the police, and obtained a lodging in the jail. He obtained his liberty when the Texian army was recruited from the jails of the South. But even the discipline of the army could not controul the unhappy Scottish licentiate. No change of place or circumstances could effect any improvement in his habits—no misfortunes, though oft "fain to eat the husks that the swine did eat," have yet brought this poor prodigal to himself, or made him arise and return to his father's house. Who so fallen in any part of the world as the fallen Scot, who has cast behind him his principles and self-respect! He says in his heart, "There is no God," because his works are vile, and

he has done abominable things, and has left off to do good. He accommodates his creed to his conduct and character, with a facility which his education have only rendered him more ingenious in doing. Yet, at the bottom of his heart lies a chord, which touched, responds with the recollection of better feelings and happier days, and through which the heart that is madly set to do evil may, in the day of God's power, be arrested and turned from its idols.

A Presbyterian minister of the United States, American by birth, but of Scottish parentage, happening to be in the city of New Orleans, was requested to visit an old Scottish soldier who had wandered thither, and having been attacked by the yellow fever, was conveyed to the hospital in a dying state. On announcing his errand, the sick soldier told him in a surly tone that he desired none of his visits—that he knew how to die without a priest. The minister replied that he was no priest, but a Presbyterian clergyman come to read to him the Word of God, and to speak of that eternity to which he seemed drawing near. The Scot doggedly refused all conversation, and after lingering a few minutes, the minister was reluctantly compelled to take his leave. Next day, however, he called again, thinking the reflections of the man on his own rudeness might secure a better reception on a second visit. But the soldier's tone and manner were equally rude and repulsive. He turned himself in bed, with his face to the wall, as if determined to hear nothing and relent nothing. As a last effort to gain attention, he bethought himself of the hymn, well known in Scotland, the composition, it is supposed, of David Dickson of Irvine, one of the worthies of Scotland :—

“ O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ? ”

This hymn his Scottish mother had taught him to sing, when a child, to the tune of "Dundee." He began to hum his mother's hymn to his mother's tune. The soldier listened for a few moments in silence, but gradually turning himself round, his countenance relaxed, and the tear in his eye, he inquired, "Wha learned you that?" "My mother," said the minister; "And so did mine," replied the now softened and relenting soldier, whose heart was melted by the recollections of infancy, and who was now prepared to give a willing ear to the man that had found the key to his Scottish heart.

The first Presbyterian minister in New Orleans was a Mr Larned, who died of yellow fever at the age of twenty-four, after being three years in the field of his labours. Dr Breckenridge succeeded him, and died of consumption after a few years. Mr Scott, their present pastor, had the yellow fever last fall, and is just recovering from its effects. His church is crowded to overflowing, and is about to be enlarged. This church has already become the parent of a second Presbyterian church, which is gathering a congregation, and is about to give existence to a third Presbyterian church, for the erection of which it has already contributed 10,000 dollars. D'Aubigne has been written to, to send out a French Protestant missionary, or pastor, to gather the French Protestants, and labour also amongst the French Roman Catholics, who are much more accessible than the Irish Roman Catholics. Mr Scott longs to see a Scottish minister here, or missionary, who could search out and intercept his own countrymen on their arrival, and gather up the fragments of Scottish and Irish Presbyterianism into one place. The presence of an affectionate Scottish missionary, or minister, who could take a national interest in his countrymen, and feel a national right and property in them and theirs, would bring out many of the present Scotch and Scotch-Irish, who

are now becoming settlers, inured and acclimated, and prefer New Orleans by habits and connections now formed and established. The acclimating takes place generally the first year, and young men, whose constitutions unfit them for labour in Scotland, might find here health and length of useful days.

The Methodists have not got much hold in New Orleans, but are slowly advancing. They did not send their ablest men, and their first efforts were unsuccessful. They are obliged also to depart from their practice of removing periodically their pastors. After being once acclimated, and having had yellow fever, they continue them in New Orleans for life. The entire Protestant Churches of New Orleans cannot accommodate more than 10,000 souls. Yet there is Protestant life in the Presbyterian Church, which promises to multiply itself. Several of the elders appeared to me men in earnest to extend the Redeemer's kingdom in this city. Besides their church extension, the first Presbyterian congregation, under Mr Scott, contributed last year 10,000 dollars to various missionary purposes.

The Protestant churches are, two Presbyterian, one considerable Methodist congregation, two smaller ones, one coloured congregation, and two Episcopal churches. There is, besides, a church calling itself Congregational, served by the Rev. Theodore Clapp, reputed a Socinian, who was excluded, some years ago, from the Presbyterian Church. It is frequented, I am told, by not a few of the Scotch, who occasionally go to church when the weather does not permit any other indulgence. His talents as a preacher seem to be the principal attraction. There are seven Roman Catholic churches.

On the Lord's Day, New Orleans presents the aspect of a city of Sabbath breakers. Opposite the church in which I

preached, in the centre of the square, the soldiers are assembled for exercise. Drums and clarions are heard on all sides as on a holiday. Many stores are open, especially near the harbour, though fewer, I am assured, than formerly. The temperance cause is not so triumphant here as in other cities of the Union, and though I see nobody drunk, I see many open grog stores, and cigar shops. The circus and theatre are open, and the markets crowded. The American half of the city exhibits much more respect for the Sabbath than the French, who make no difference on that day—the ladies alone going to mass.

I visited, on the afternoon of Sabbath, a coloured congregation. The audience consisted wholly of negroes and a few mulattoes. The preacher was a coloured man, who, on seeing me enter with a gentleman whom he knew, stopped preaching, and sent a message requesting me to officiate, which I declined. He then resumed his discourse, at first with some difficulty and embarrassment. His text was, "Who should forbid water that these be baptised"—his subject the duty of being baptised. The discourse was rambling, with a great mixture of odd matter, but contained much Scripture narrative that was instructive. As he got on he waxed warmer and warmer, spoke fluently and hurriedly, but did not interest his audience so much as the white Methodist at Mobile, and there were fewer responses either during prayer or sermon. I was struck with the comfortable, well dressed appearance of the congregation, both men and women. I afterwards learned that most of them paid so much to their masters and mistresses per month, and were left to do as they pleased with the remainder of their earnings. There was not a meanly dressed person in the congregation. The men's clothes appeared as new and shining as those of the fashionables on Broadway, New York.

Very considerable efforts have been recently made for the education of the young in New Orleans. The city is divided into three municipalities, and these into four districts, a school being allowed to each. In the municipality to which Mr Scott belongs, there are 2000 at school by latest returns. This is the American district, and is the most school as well as church going district of the city. Taking this return as the average, and it is a high one, there are not more than 3000 at school in all New Orleans, to which add 1000 for private schools—a large allowance—and there is not above a thirtieth of the population at school in this city. I have received the Annual Report of the Municipality, No. 2, on the condition of the public schools. It is the second report that has appeared; that for 1843 being the first report of these public schools. I give some quotations, that it may be seen in this, the most favoured locality of New Orleans, what is doing and what remains to be done.

“More than 1000 additional names have been registered on the books of these useful seminaries of learning, during the year, making in the aggregate, since their first opening, 2443. The whole attendance now is 1156. In the private schools of this Municipality there are about 400! When the last census was taken in 1840, there were 1914 white persons between the ages of five and fifteen years, reported within the limits of this municipality; add to which the probable increase of 10 per cent. per annum since, makes 2487 as the probable number now; of which 1156 belong to the public, and about 400 to the private schools, leaving 931 not in attendance in any school. This accession to the public, and diminution from the private schools, is believed the most conclusive evidence of the former's superiority, and moreover, further evidences with what facility prejudices, even the most deeply rooted, are dissipated by the force of

truth and wisdom. These schools being open all the year, except in vacation during the month of August, and the scholars in both public and private continually changing, it follows that nearly every white child in the municipality, between the ages of five and fifteen, receives some education during the year. This additional attendance, coming as they do from the families of the rich and poor, is still further evidence of their increased popularity and usefulness. It has necessarily created a further demand for teachers, whose appointments have invariably been made with reference to their moral standing, intellectual attainments, and aptness to instruct. More numerous applications for situations have afforded more unlimited choice, and enabled the Council to appoint none but those experienced in teaching, and of a high standard in literary acquirements. The number of teachers now employed is twenty, four of whom are males, and sixteen females, besides a superintendent, who has the general oversight of all the schools.

“The semi-monthly meetings of the superintendent, principal and assistant teachers, to communicate their views and the result of their experience to each other, both in the matter and manner of instruction, together with the arrangements and government of their respective schools, have been regularly continued, and with advantage to the teachers and schools. The teachers have become better acquainted with their duties and one another. Their plans of instruction and modes of government have been rendered more uniform, systematic, and energetic.

“The pupils are separated into three grades, according to their attainments, passing from the two lower to a higher as they become qualified. The highest grade, termed the High School, consists of seventeen, selected from the two male schools. The next grade, termed the intermediate

schools, consists of 448 ; and the lowest, the primary school, of 691. The pupils of the last named department are taught reading and spelling, being made to understand whatever they read. Their teachers also instruct them orally in the first principles of numbers or grammar, or in any useful truths adapted to their capacity. Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, United States History, and declamation, are the principal exercises in the intermediate department."

The style of payment is as follows :

"The ordinary expenses required to support these schools during the fiscal year, terminating with the month of May, is about 18,000 dollars,—viz., principal superintendent's salary, 2500 ; one assistant do., 960 ; one do., 840 ; two do., each 800—1600 ; one do., 780 ; one do., 720 ; one do., 600 ; one ditto, 540 ; three do., each 500—1500 ; four do., each 420—1680 ; seven do., each 360—2520 ; house rent, 1800 ; books and stationery, 1500 ; contingencies, 460 ;—total, 18,000 dollars.

"To the above may be added 3000 dollars extraordinary expenses incurred towards the purchase of a lot for a school, completing and furnishing a new house, making the total expenditure 21,000 dollars, of which sum 2,000 dollars are contributed by the State, the other by the municipality.

"The average number of pupils belonging to these schools during the past year was about 1050, which, at the very moderate rate of only four dollars a-piece per month, for tuition fees under private instruction, would have cost their parents and guardians the enormous sum of 50,400 dollars, being two-thirds more than their actual cost."

The following judicious reflections are added :

"Whatever excellence these schools have obtained, or advantages they have conferred on the community, the Council

most cheerfully and fully ascribe to the wise measures and zealous and persevering exertions of the Board of Directors (composed of twelve of our most intelligent and respectable fellow-citizens, the Mayor, the Recorder, and a standing committee of the Council), to which has been confided their entire organization and management. And, what renders these arduous duties and strenuous exertions still more worthy of commendation, they have been rendered without the hope of fee or reward, save that inward reward which results from rendering gratuitously an onerous duty and important service. About one hundred and fifty volumes of appropriate books have been purchased during the year by means of voluntary contributions, by some of our generous fellow-citizens, and added to the school library. To render these seminaries useful to the extent proposed, parents and guardians must often visit them, and show the teachers and scholars they are personally interested in them.

“Republican institutions are founded on the principle that the people are qualified to govern themselves. It is, then, the duty of self-preservation on the part of the government, to provide means that all the people be taught and trained in a knowledge of the duties incumbent on them as citizens; and it might be very easily shown that many would not be, without the institution of public schools. * * * The opinion is becoming general that every individual is entitled to such an education as will enable him to participate in the pleasures of thought and knowledge, and will fit him to be a useful member of society. * * * If the rights of person or property are ever invaded, it will be when hordes of ignorant men are spread over the land, ready and willing to do the will of the demagogue.”

It is pleasing to see so good a beginning—such a beginning as promises progress. I visited one of the public

schools, and was rather pleased with the books and style of teaching. The male teachers have a salary of 1200 dollars, and the female 1000, and an assistant 500 dollars. The school fabric was well planned, ample, and airy, and the arrangements good.

The expense of living in New Orleans is almost 50 per cent. greater than in any other part of the Union. House rents are high—every thing except provisions. The services of a respectable medical man for a family cost 500 dollars a year; attendance on an individual for a fever, 100 dollars; one visit, twenty-five dollars. The salary of Mr Scott, Presbyterian minister, is 4000 dollars a year, or about £800. To induce him to remain through the sick months, his congregation have insured his life at 5000 dollars—a small inducement, if higher principles prevailed not.

New Orleans is one of the largest and most opulent, and ere long will probably be the largest and most opulent, city of the New World. It is 105 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, in 30° northern latitude, and 90° 8' west from Greenwich. It is 1203 miles from Washington city, and above 1600 from New York, 1000 miles from the mouth of the Ohio river, 1200 from the mouth of the Missouri. It has access to 20,000 miles of inland navigation by the Mississippi and its tributaries—from the Arctic circle, with its produce of furs, to the vast valley of the Mississippi, regions of grain, tobacco, cotton, and sugar, until entering the gulph of Mexico, by which it has intercourse with the West India Islands and South America. Should the Isthmus of Panama be pierced by a railway or canal, India and China would be also opened to her commerce, which would then encircle the world. The rapid increase in population and wealth of this city corresponds to these advantages. In 1830 its coloured population was 21,280; its whites, 28,530. Now

its entire population is 130,000. In 1833-4, only ten years ago, it exported only 611,026 bales of cotton. In 1842-3 it exported 1,088,870 bales. In 1833-4 it exported only 25,210 hogsheads of tobacco. In 1842-3 it exported 89,891 hogsheads. Its provision trade is becoming enormous, also of lead, copper, and iron from the mines of Missouri. Sugar is only beginning to be an extensive article of export from Louisiana to the other States. No wonder such a trade, in a city where men have sojourned hitherto but for the single object of gathering riches and carrying them elsewhere, should have intoxicated the inhabitants, and made them surpass all other cities, even New York itself, in mercantile gambling. There were sixteen banks in this city in 1839. Only three out of the sixteen have survived the trial by fire which overtook them. Their splendid edifices, reared in the day of their pride, are now converting into stores. But a year or two of prosperous trade will make all forgotten. The revolutions of its trade will probably be in proportion to the rapidity of its advances, and the speculative spirit which is engendered in a community where losses are so soon repaired, and fortunes so soon recovered.

The most impressive idea of the vast commerce of this city is to be had from the river Mississippi. At New Orleans this mighty river is not one mile broad, but its depth is from 100 to 160 feet, and that not merely in the centre of the stream, but at the banks, close to which the largest vessels unload. The first sight of this river is far from pleasing. Its foul, slimy look—its flat mud banks, or rather walls, in danger every flood of giving way—awaken disagreeable feelings, rather than any sentiments akin to the sublime. It seems to have gathered up, not the waters only, but the filth and slime of the vast regions through which it has passed, and to roll a mighty flood of filth to the Gulf of Mexico,—the

offscourings of all regions—the scavenger river of the New World. Instead of dark, or blue, or green, the colour of it is that of the foulest ditch-water, admitting no ray of light to penetrate beneath its surface, or to reflect any object but itself. I never saw any creature casting a net or fishing-rod into this river, and know not whether it abounds with fish. It appears a fit receptacle only for the finless unclean tribes, that love the swamp, and ooze, and slime, and care not to sport in clear waters. The name Mississippi signifies in the Indian language, “the father of waters.” It might have been styled more truly still, “the father of the soil” through which it flows, capriciously giving and taking what it gave, leaving nothing fixed and stable on its banks. The knowledge of the instability and fickleness of this mighty river gave me, as I crossed it in the ferry-boat, a painful feeling of the insecurity of New Orleans, and its utter powerlessness against this monster flood, whenever it rises in its strength, pursuing its sapping and mining processes on those mud walls that form its banks. At present this destroying power is directed against the banks on the side opposite to New Orleans, where the river is eating away what it gave, swallowing up entire acres at a time. So uncertain is the soil on the banks, that on the side opposite this great mart no one ventures to erect aught but a few miserable wooden houses, forming a miserable village. On our return, we saw the entire shipping of New Orleans, stretching for two miles along the bank of the river, which is more elevated and stable on the New Orleans side. The shipping of Liverpool, half hid within its docks, is not so imposing a sight as this long line of vessels, forming the picturesque breastwork of the city. First we have a long range of steamers, the only vessels that can ascend the Mississippi and its tributaries against the stream, all ark-looking in their

structure, but admirably adapted to these rivers. Then follow some thousand large flat boats, which have been floated down on the current, bringing the produce of the most distant regions thither, and which are broken up for their timber, the boatmen returning home by the steamer. These boats will bring down produce to the amount of 5000 dollars in one cargo, and are from three to six weeks in the voyage. Last of all come the ocean vessels—the ships and barques, from all parts of the world, of which above 2000 arrived in 1842-3, and which extend, in lines of four, five, six, and seven deep, along the wharfs, presenting a forest of masts. On landing, I visited one of the largest ships, and found it from Glasgow, manned by Scotch sailors, and commanded by a Scotch captain. One of the sailors was from Sutherland, another from Islay, another from Morayshire. They were glad to meet their countryman, but they knew nothing of what had occurred at home; and the swollen cheeks and blue eyes of the Sutherland man indicated that he had fallen into the pit in which so many of our countrymen perish. The level of the city is from three to nine feet below the level of the river at the highest water. To protect it from inundation, an embankment, called a *Levee*, is raised on its border, from four to ten feet high, and from twenty to forty feet broad, and in some places it has, by the river deposit, and the work of the Corporation, been extended to five or six hundred feet in breadth. This is the only security New Orleans has against being swept away by this monster river, and having every thing defaced or rooted up before it. This very season, soon after I left, by one of the greatest floods known for fifty years, the river threatened to resume its own at New Orleans.

Before leaving, I rose early one morning to visit the markets—the time when all family marketing takes place.

The ladies of the South seldom make markets or engage in any work that may expose them to any sort of fatigue—a mistaken courtesy, as the morning exercise of market-making would be salutary both to mind and body. The gentlemen, or their coloured servants, make all the markets, and in the crowd I hardly met a single lady. The scene was very lively and picturesque—the morning bright, and the sun enlivening, without scorching us with his beams. In one corner were a group of Indians squatting on the ground, men and women, a blanket wrapped round their bodies, and the children naked, selling medicinal roots and blackberries, which they had gathered in the neighbouring swamps. The sight of the brambleberry, “black as jet,”—the very *black-boys* which our Scottish children love to gather and stain their hands and cheeks with in autumn—had something of the effect of the song of “Auld Langsyne,” had I heard it in the crowd, or some other familiar strain. In another corner sat Creole girls selling flowers, in bouquets, arranged in the neatest and most tasteful style; for a very small one they charged me twenty-five cents, or a British shilling. The butcher meat looked flabby and soft, like the climate. I saw only one or two pieces that would bear comparison with the firm, well-mixed ox beef of old England. The pigs and poultry did not look as if they were liberally dealt with—too like as if they had been left to find for themselves, and, like all other creatures so left, had come from their winter quarters better fitted for feeding than being fed on. The cabbages were half the size of our largest cabbage, and the cauliflower very small; but the peas were excellent, and, with the turnips, carrots, beet root, and sweet potatoes, formed the giants of the market. I got my eye on another Scottish acquaintance, the strawberry, but small and scraggy, instead of large and juicy. This and the bramble-

berry are the first fruits of a Louisiana spring. The bramble-berry was as large as ours, and as rich in flavour. They are eaten after much the same fashion as with us, and getting a dish of each, I found them as pleasant companions as countrymen ought to be. The butter market looked better than I anticipated in this hot region. Every mass of butter was placed upon a mass of ice. When the ice is removed, it melts into oil, and becomes rancid and unwholesome. This morning the fresh butter looked as fresh and solid, and the salt as well cured as our own. The arrangements of the market were light and airy, and everything was sweet and clean. Each branch of the market had its own arcade, open on all sides, the roof sustained by pillars, and the whole swept and cooled by the current of the fresh morning air. Each arcade, at its entrance, had an elegant tea and coffee stall, to which multitudes were resorting, to get their morning draught to warm, or their tumbler of lemonade to cool them. I saw no strong drink of any kind, or stall for serving it out. The scene was lively and attractive—one of the most pleasant sights in New Orleans; and if so agreeable at this early season, it must be a rich agricultural and horticultural exhibition when the Southern summer shall have matured its productions, and fully furnished forth each department.

The city of New Orleans was begun by the French in 1717. In 1762 it was conveyed to the Spanish, who in 1800 reconveyed it to the French, and in 1803 it was purchased by the United States in the purchase of Louisiana. Here it was that, in 1815, the British forces were so miserably defeated by General Jackson, the Americans killing and wounding 3000 men; while, under the protection of a rampart of cotton bales, they received innocuous the British fire, only seven Americans being killed, and six wounded.

Since its accession to the Union, this city has risen in wealth and importance, and the Saxon race and manners, religion, and enterprise, promise ere long to prevail and change the character of its population. New Orleans is no longer the extremity of the world. Both its moral and physical pestilences are abating; and though a Scotchman, accustomed to the sweet streams and banks of the Clyde, the Tweed, or the Tay, cannot but experience some disagreeable sensations as he views her vast and capricious river rolling mud to the ocean, whose waters no swimmer cares to taste, and in whose deep ooze nothing lost can ever be found, yet he cannot but regard it as a city of boundless prospects—the centre of a world embracing commerce, destined to exercise, by the character of its inhabitants, an influence for good or evil on the destinies of a portion of the world, peopled by the descendants of Britain, and speaking the English tongue, that will one day surpass in numbers and wealth, as it does already in territory, all the nations of Europe. As a centre of missionary operations, the attention of the Protestant Churches of Christ should be directed to it. The Church of Rome has not overlooked it; but, with its usual sagacity, discerned the rising importance of New Orleans, and of the valley of the Mississippi, as the cradle of future nations. Thither it has sent its agents in great numbers, and planted its colleges and nunneries, whose inmates separate themselves from the world, not, as in the middle ages, only to nurse their own piety, but to devote themselves to the education of youth, and through the instrument of education to proselytise all to Rome. Yet it is cheering to perceive that there is life in the Protestantism of New Orleans, and that it is intending to multiply itself. A living Protestantism in this city is a fountain of life to a vast circuit of country; and with a native agency,

and no other aid from without than the means of rearing and employing that native agency, and this city would partake more fully of that new and better order of things which has arisen, under the influence of the gospel, in other cities of the Union.

Louisiana is the State, of which New Orleans is the Capital. The population of the entire State in 1840 was 352,411, of which 168,452 were slaves. It has four colleges, having 437 students. There are, besides, fifty-two academies, with 1995 students, and 179 common schools, with 3573 scholars,—making in all only some 5905 at schools of all sorts in this State, or one-thirtieth of the white population, and one-sixtieth of the whole population white and black. Whatever may be the natural resources of Louisiana, it is but too plain that as yet the portion of the mental soil under cultivation is small indeed, presenting, like its territory, only patches and skirtings of cultivation. It is pleasant, however, to believe that the means are providing for mental cultivation; and that education is *beginning* to be appreciated and desired even by the French population.

As for the coloured population, nothing in the way of education has been or can be attempted, until the present laws are repealed. The white population are quite resolved to make the culture of mind as well as of the soil a monopoly for their exclusive benefit. The most illiterate French planter knows and feels that knowledge is power, and such power in the hands of his bondsmen he durst not confide. The only act that will ever educate will be an act that will emancipate the coloured people. Until then it will be fortunate if the slave generally obtain even as much education as to be able to soothe his lot by the consolations of the gospel. Exceptions there are in every state of society; and one interesting exception I met with in a planter of Scottish Irish descent,

of the name of Macdonogh, a gentleman of large property, and larger benevolence and shrewdness, well known in New Orleans, respected for his integrity and sagacity, as well as his success in life. This gentleman lives like a patriarch in the midst of his negroes, opposite to New Orleans, on the south side of the river. He has erected for them a church, where he either officiates himself or procures the services of a preacher. He gives them the entire Sabbath to themselves, on condition of its being given to rest and religious duties; and that they may have no apology for working on that day, he allows them the half of Saturday for labouring in their own gardens and making their markets. Some years ago he began to imagine that he might turn his slaves into better workmen, raise their character and condition, and promote both their happiness and his own pecuniary interests by a plan for their gradual emancipation.

The pamphlet of Mr Macdonogh, in which he details the progress and results of his experiment, does him much credit, both as a Christian and a man of sense and sagacity. Speaking of the Sabbath work of slaves, he says, "To give you the plan which I laid down for myself, and have pursued for the last seventeen years, for the conduct and management of those I held in bondage, I have to observe, that having been at all times opposed to labouring on the Sabbath day, except in cases of actual necessity, one of my rules for their walk and guidance in life always was, that they should never work on that holy day, prohibited as we were from so doing by the Divine law. A long experience, however, convinced me of the utter impossibility of carrying it out in practice by men held in bondage, and obliged to labour for their master six full days in the week; and I saw, on reflection, much to extenuate, as to them, the offence against my rule. They were men, and stood in need of

many little necessities of life not supplied by their master, and which they could obtain in no other way but by labour on that day. I therefore had often to shut my eyes and not see the offence, though I knew my instructions on that head were not obeyed; and, in consequence, after long and fruitless exertions, continued for many years to obtain obedience to that injunction, I determined to allow them the one-half of Saturday, say from mid-day, to labour for themselves, under a penalty—well understood by them if they violated the Sabbath—of sale to some other master. From this time, which was about the year 1822, the Sabbath-day was kept holy. Church was regularly attended, forenoon and afternoon, for I had a church built expressly for them on my own plantation, in which a pious neighbour occasionally preached on the Sabbath-day, assisted by two or three of my own male slaves, who understood, preached and expounded the Scriptures passably well, and at times I read them a sermon myself. I perceived, in a very short time, a remarkable change in their manners, conduct, and life, in every respect for the better. We proceeded on in this way, happy, prosperous, and blessed in every respect by the Most High for about three years, or until 1825, when, seeing the amount of money which they gained by their Saturday afternoon's labour in the long days of summer, the men making sixty-two and a half cents a-day, and the women fifty, and the large boys and girls in proportion, I was led to calculate in what length of time by labour, economy, and perseverance in well doing, they would be enabled to purchase the remaining five and a half days of the week. I soon satisfied myself that it could be effected in the space of fourteen or fifteen years at the farthest. The next consideration was, 'Is it my interest to assist them in its accomplishment?' This also required reflection and calculation; but in a short time

I satisfied myself that it was in every point of view my interest, especially if I took into view the pleasantness and happiness of promoting the happiness of others. Satisfied it was good and worthy of trial, I assembled some ten or twelve men and women, those men and women in whom the others had confidence, and looked up to; for it is the same with the black as the white man. Assemble together, for the first time, twenty or fifty white men, and, within forty-eight hours, though strangers to each other, the great majority will fix their eyes on certain men among them, for their wisdom, courage, and virtue, to whom they will look up as leaders or chiefs. This I did when church service was over on a Sabbath afternoon."

"They gave their consent," says Mr Macdonogh, "with tears of joy, declared the confidence they entertained of my truth, honesty, and pure intentions, to do them and their children good, and their willingness and determination to be guided in all things by me, and to make my will and my interest, after the Divine will, the study and rule of their lives. On separating, I told them to communicate my proposals to their fellow-servants, male and female, and to give me their final answer on the next Sabbath in church, at the same time charging them, as they valued my affection, to keep what I had said to them in their own bosoms, and never to disclose it to a living being on earth, until they left this country for Africa, for I would not make the slaves of other plantations unhappy or discontented. This they promised and religiously kept. Next Sabbath I met them at church. They were at a loss for words to express their love and gratitude. They accepted one and all of the proposals I made, and declared their determination, with the assistance of the Most High, to live and walk in the Divine law; and to be guided in all their worldly conduct implicitly by my directions and

conduct, and to fulfil, with all the energy of their souls, the agreement they had entered into." The agreement was now concluded, the master adding, " My object is your freedom and happiness in Liberia, without loss, or the cost of a cent to myself from sending you away, and conferring that boon, as the humble instrument of the Most High, on you and your children."

He became of course their banker and manager. In less than six years the first half day, Saturday, was gained and paid for. In four years more the second day of the week was paid for, and their own. In two years and a quarter more, the third day was paid for. In fifteen months the fourth day was theirs; and it required only a year more to gain the sixth day, effecting their freedom in fourteen and a half years—five months more paid the balance due on their children, added to what the youths earned, and their freedom took place in 1840; so that, says Mr Macdonogh, " the act of my sending them away is in my case one of simple honesty alone."

The change in the character of his slaves by the prospect of emancipation, he describes " as an entire change; they were no longer apparently the same people; a sedateness, a care, an economy, an industry, took possession of them, to which there seemed to be no bounds, but in their physical strength. They were never tired of labouring, and seemed as though they could never effect enough. They became temperate, moral, religious, setting an example of innocent and unoffending lives to the world around them, which was seen and admired by all."

The following instance he records as one amongst a hundred which he could give of the effect of the hope of liberty on the life and actions of his slaves.

" Some years since, some twenty or thirty of those people

were engaged in erecting some extensive brick warehouses on Julia Street, in New Orleans (for they were excellent mechanics, of various trades, and were in the habit of making brick, purchasing shells and burning lime, sawing timber and then taking the materials when made, and building them up into fine houses on both sides of the river for their master), near to the residence of Edward E. Parker, Esq., one of our most wealthy and respectable citizens, a gentleman who was in the habit of building very extensively himself in the city. Meeting Mr Parker on a certain day in the street of New Orleans, I was accosted and asked whether I would sell him a certain black man named Jim or James (having several men of that name, I inquired which James), when he observed, the one who was at the head of the bricklayers, who were erecting those warehouses on Julia Street, near to his (Mr Parker's) residence. I replied to him, No—that I was not in the habit of selling people, that I purchased occasionally, but never sold. Mr Parker then observed, that he wished I would depart in the present instance from my general rule, and agree to sell him that man—that he was very desirous of possessing him—that, as he was erecting several buildings, the man would suit him, and that he would give a good price for him. I again said to him that the man was not for sale, and was about to leave him, when he observed, 'Could you not be tempted, sir, to sell him, I will give you 2500 dollars for him in cash.' I told Mr Parker it did not tempt me, and we separated. A week or two thereafter I met Mr Parker, and was again accosted on the same subject, with 'Do, Mr Macdonogh, sell me that man; I will give you 3000 dollars for him.' Again I made him the same answer, that he was not for sale. Again and again we met in the streets, and each time the same request, by raising the offer of price at each interview, until at last Mr Parker informed me that he would pay me 5000

dollars in cash for him. Feeling at length a little vexed at these repeated demands, I said to Mr Parker, 'Though you are a very rich man, sir, your whole fortune could not purchase that man (not that he is worth it, or worth more than any other man), or any of the others, but because he is not to be sold.' Mr Parker, finding at length, from the refusal of such a large sum of money for him, that there was no hopes of obtaining him, observed to me, 'Well, then, Mr Macdonogh, seeing now that you will not sell him at any price, tell me what kind of people are those of your's?' To which I replied, 'How so, Mr Parker, I suppose they are like other men; flesh and blood, like you and myself.' When he replied, 'Why, sir, I have never seen such people; building as they are next door to my residence, I see and have my eye on them from morning till night? You are never there, for I have never met you, or seen you once at the building; tell me, sir,' said he, 'where do those people of your's live, do they cross the river morning and night?' I informed him that they lived on the opposite side of the river, where I lived myself, and crossed it to their work when working in New Orleans, night and morning, except when stormy (which happened very seldom), when I did not permit them to cross it to endanger their lives; at such time they remained at home or in the city. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'I am an early riser, getting up before day; and do you think that I am not awake every morning of my life by the noise of their trowels at work, and their singing and noise before day; and do you suppose, sir, that they stop or leave off work at sun down? no, sir; but they work as long as they can see to lay brick, and then carry up brick and mortar for an hour or two afterwards, to be a-head of their work the next morning; and again, sir, do you think they walk at their work? no, sir, they run all day. You see, sir,' said he, 'those immensely long ladders, five storeys in height; do you sup-

pose they walk up them ? no, sir, they run up and down them like monkeys the whole day long. I never saw such people as those, sir, I do not know what to make of them. Was there a white man over them, with a whip in his hand all day, why then I should see and understand the cause of their running and incessant labour ; but I cannot comprehend it, sir ; there is something in it, sir—there is something in it. Great man, sir, that Jim—great man, sir—should like to own him, sir, should like to own him.’ After having laughed very heartily at the observations of Mr Parker, for it was all truth, every word of it, I informed him that there was a secret about it, which I would disclose to him some day, and we separated.”

With honest pride, Mr Macdonogh relates the parting scene with his emancipated slaves :

“ The ship in which they sailed for Africa lay opposite my house, in the Mississippi, at the bank of the river ; I had taken my leave of them on going on board the ship on Friday evening, the day previous to her sailing, in my house. The scene which then took place I will not attempt to describe—it can never be erased from my memory. Though standing in need on the occasion of consolation myself (in bidding a last farewell on earth to those who had so many claims on my affection, and who had been round and about me for such a long series of years), I had to administer it to them, who stood in the greater need of it. To tell them that the separation was but for a brief period of time—that we should meet again, I trusted, in a better and happier state—to charge them to gird up their loins, and play the man valiantly, in their determination to enter into their own Canaan, and to remember that there was still another and final separation from all things earthly, which they had to sustain and encounter—to meet, and be prepared for which, they must persevere in well-doing to the end—that their lamps must

be kept well trimmed and their lights a burning. On Saturday morning the Rev. Mr M'Lean, the agent of the American Colonization Society (who took a deep interest in all that concerned this people), crossed the river to despatch the ship and see them take their departure, which took place about eight o'clock in the morning of that day, the 11th of June. After seeing them off (the ship was taken in tow by a steamer), Mr M'Lean came into my house, as I was expecting him to breakfast, and on seeing him much affected in his manner (a tear standing in his eye), I inquired if any thing had taken place to give him pain; to which he replied, 'Oh, sir, it was an affecting sight to see them depart. They were all on the deck of the ship, and your servants who have not gone were on the shore bidding them farewell, when from every tongue on board the ship I heard the charge to those on shore, Fanny, take care of our master; James, take care of our master; take care of our master, as you love us and hope to meet us in heaven, take care of our beloved master.' Which ejaculations, said he, continued until they were out of hearing."

The practical application which Mr Macdonogh makes of his experiment to the general cause of emancipation, we must not omit:—

"If the planters of Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, whose lands are worn out, would entrust their slaves to the younger male branches of their families to bring here into our State, to cultivate the richest alluvian soils in the world, they would be enabled (under such an agreement with their slaves as I have pointed out above), every fifteen years (after gaining by their extra labour, the value of their entire gangs, making large revenues, and passing happy lives; for I can say with great truth, that the last sixteen years of mine, passed as they have been in peace and without anxiety, in

the midst of those people, have been among the most happy of my life ; for the very knowledge that I was surrounded by those who looked upon me in the light of a friend and father, and who would willingly at any time have periled their own lives to have saved mine, if necessary, gave peace and serenity to the mind), to send their entire gangs to Liberia without the cost of a dollar to themselves. Besides which, to bring their slaves into this State, and keep them here fifteen years, would be an act of humanity, as it would inure them to a climate very analogous to that of Africa, and they would run no risk to their health or lives when afterwards settling in Liberia. I will now state, that to carry out this plan with complete success, it is all-important that the slave has full and entire confidence in his master ; he must know and be convinced that his master is his friend and well-wisher ; that he is true, sincere, and honest ; without this confidence of the slave in his master, I at once confess, the plan could not be carried out with success. It would be in vain for a master to attempt it, whose character was known for duplicity, untruth, dishonesty, cruelty, &c., &c. —he would not succeed in it—for no one is better acquainted with the character of the master than the slave himself. To insure the success of the plan in all its parts, I will say also to such masters as feel an interest in the happiness of their black people, and will attempt to execute and carry it out, neglect not religious instruction to your people, for religion must be combined with the plan, and walk hand in hand with it. To encourage them in the execution and carrying out of their engagement, I showed them every six months, or twice a year, their accounts on my books, and informed them of its state, their success, and the sum of money they had gained, and which was in my hands, standing to the credit of their accounts. This proceeding on my part appeared to instil, as it were,

new life into them, to afford them great satisfaction ; it was a proof also to them of the interest I took and felt in their affairs. The Legislatures of our different slave States might, by the enactment of laws on the subject, greatly assist and protect the interest of the slave. I do not mean by forcing the master to make such arrangements, or to come to such an understanding with their slaves ; but in the event of misfortune or bankruptcy in the master or mistress, whose slaves had been working under such an arrangement made with them, that the master or mistress might be permitted to prove, on his or her oath, in a court of justice, that such an agreement existed between him or her, and their slaves ; and that they (the slaves) had been working under said agreement, for such or such a length of time ; that such a sum of money had been gained by them, towards their freedom, &c., &c. By which means, the slaves (if seized for debt), could only be sold for a certain time (of sufficient duration, after a legal estimation), for the purpose of paying and liquidating the balance due from them (the slaves) on themselves ; well understood, that such enactments should be made by the different Legislatures, under the express condition that the slaves were not to remain in the United States, but to remove or to be removed to Liberia in Africa, as soon as the time of service for which they were sold should have expired. If, on the other hand, the master or mistress of slaves, who had, of their own free will, entered into such an agreement with their slaves, should die previous to the slaves having acquired the right to emigrate to Liberia, under the agreement they had made to labour for their freedom, the slaves should be protected by law, and permitted to prove in a court of justice, by one or more disinterested white witnesses (who had heard it from the mouth of the master or mistress of the slaves), the amount they had already gained under the agreement,

and they should then be sold as servants for time, to pay the balance due from them, the said slaves, and then forced to emigrate to Liberia."

Mr Macdonogh is now understood to be acting towards his present slaves, whom he purchased from Virginia and the Carolinas, on the same views, and with the same success, as before—purchasing slaves to emancipate them, and selling none except for crime. As a demonstration of the effects of the hope of liberty in raising the character of this maligned race, Mr Macdonogh's experiment is invaluable. It is a practical refutation of all the medical essays that have been written on negro incapacity, and all the railing accusations that you hear in the South against this race, as if wholly unsusceptible of being actuated by those higher motives and those remoter advantages which are the springs of the white man's activity.

The narrative of Mr Macdonogh and his slaves I have given at greater length, that those at home who think there can be nothing good at New Orleans, or amongst slave-holders, may learn that a slave-holder in Louisiana may live amongst his bond-servants, in 1844, as Abraham of old did amongst the 300 bondsmen that were born in his own house. When we remember that the existence of American slavery is our own act in colonial times, and that it is not, as West India slavery was to Britain, a colonial and distant evil, but incorporated with the entire framework of society, and bound up with the feelings, and fears, and interests, real or imaginary, of the South, we ought to be afraid of proscribing a whole people because they do not see as we do and feel as we do, seeing it is only *ten* short years since the British nation emancipated its West India slaves.

At the same time, we are free to confess, that, as a mode of solving effectually the great problem of emancipation, we

have little value for the experiment of Mr Macdonogh. As well attempt to bottle off the Mississippi as it flows past New Orleans, as to carry off in successive detachments the negroes of North America. The present negro race is above three millions. The annual increase of such a population is nearly 100,000 a year, more than double the number ever known to emigrate in any one year from the shores of Great Britain to America, and yet the removal of 100,000 annually would only keep down the coloured race to its present numbers.

It were more hopeless still to turn all the planters into Macdonoghs, and impart to men bred up in the *brevi manu* appliances and corporal remedies of the slave system, the patience and forbearance, the steadiness of purpose, and the gentle firmness, by which this Christian planter inspired confidence into his slaves, and made himself at once feared and loved. I have not been able to learn that Mr Macdonogh's experiment, though now some years before the slave-holding world, has induced any imitators. The other planters look wise, shake their heads, and pronounce Macdonogh "an odd fellow."

But a more solemn view of the effect of such a scheme of emancipation as Mr Macdonogh's will readily occur to any one at all acquainted with the subject of slavery. The greater demand for slaves from the South, created by such a system of buying and emancipating, would only hasten the result, at present but too obvious, of converting the old slave States of Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, from slave working to slave breeding States. The demand for the human animal, like the demand for any other kind of live stock, would multiply the race, and increase the physical care of the negro, as of any other valuable breed, and degrade the planters of the old States into breeders of human stock for the sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana, Mississippi,

Arkansas, and the vast cotton region of Texas, now opening to American enterprise. Men would be raised instead of tobacco; for the human crop would be found the most remunerating. This is going on at present, and would be the result, more extensively still, of any plan of emancipation of which the emigration or removal of the negro formed an essential part.

Before leaving New Orleans, I visited its Roman Catholic Cemetery, formed after the model of the celebrated Parisian one. It extends over several acres, which have once been a swamp, and which, a few feet below the surface, become a pool. The dead are not committed to the earth, but to a shell of brick or stone, constructed so as to hold one or more bodies. This is the place, not of graves, but of sepulchres. The inscriptions were numerous, and very sentimental. Some eulogium on the dead, or some proclamation of the grief of the living, was on almost every sepulchre. A few only had the name and a text of Scripture, expressive of the hope of the resurrection. The French taste for flowers and shrubs appears here to great advantage, and the newly dead might be discovered in the state of the flowers and shrubbery that surround their tomb. These living tributes to the departed give a sweet solemnity to this place of the dead, which I felt more in accordance with the Christian's hope than the gloom and desolation of so many of the churchyards of the Old World. Under the Old Testament Church, before life and immortality had been fully brought to light in the gospel, we find Job dwelling on the terrors of death and the grave. Images of mortality and corruption predominate. On one occasion, indeed, Job breaks forth into that memorable expression of his hope, which he desired engraven on the rock with a pen of iron—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." But his general tone in speaking of death, as well as of the Old Tes-

tament writers, is melancholy and depressing, connected chiefly with its physical circumstances; whilst, in the New Testament, Christ and his Apostles never once detain us by descriptions of the agonies of dissolution, or of the corruption to which flesh is heir. They delight rather to carry us across the horrors of the middle passage; and while they make little of the loss of this world, and the body's decay and fall, they present before our eyes the glories of the unseen world, dwelling with unfeigned sorrow and gloomy description only on the loss of the soul and the horrors of that "second death," from which there is no future resurrection.

Though I did not see one drunk person during my ten days' stay in New Orleans, I saw abundance of grog stores and gaming shops. Though gamblers have received a severe check within these few years, by the summary justice that Judge Lynch inflicted on some of the fraternity in Vicksburgh and Natchez, yet they still abound, and this trade is inferior only to the trade in cotton. While I was there, a Mr Hunt, a minister of the old school Presbyterian Church, came to advocate the cause of temperance—in other words, of abstinence societies. His style of arguing his cause was strained and inconclusive, maintaining, in the most dogmatical tone, the absolute sin of using strong drink or wine, or fermented liquors of any sort, unless medicinally. But though he weakened his cause by not taking the apostolic ground of Christian expediency, and came nigh to putting a fool's cap on the whole matter, yet he drew a graphic and heart-affecting picture of the social miseries of intemperance, that might well have moved many to unite, for the sake of others as well as for their own, against this common enemy. The drinking habits of the States had evidently been both more outrageous and more solitary than those of Scotland; more

like the opium eater who indulges himself with or without companions. The nation had fallen into a wretched custom of drinking brandy and water at all hours of the day—in summer, by way of making the water safe as a cooler; in winter, by way of keeping out the cold. In every house, and at all hours, the brandy bottle was presented, and the national taste became habituated to strong as well as to frequent potations. The reaction has been all the greater the stronger the feeling and perception that all reflecting men had of individual, domestic, and national ruin approaching. The fear now is, that this reaction may be short lived, and lead to another, in the opposite extreme; and that these oscillations from one extreme to another are not likely to work out permanently the cause of Christian moderation and temperance. Did I not hope that there is a prospect of the return of my own countrymen to better habits, in a way more in accordance with the national character, and more likely to produce a permanent reformation of our national habits, I should feel no hesitation in joining an abstinence league, “never to taste strong drink,” rather than witness the continuance of the present social habits of the working classes of Scotland. The change that has already taken place in the habits of the upper, and which is now visibly descending to the middle classes, and improving their habits, encourages the hope that the Scottish workman, as well as the Scottish gentleman, will work off this vice from his class, and that ere another generation is out, we may see a better state of habits and manners prevail, without having recourse to the perilous extreme of attempting to bind a people to abstinence from the lawful in order to keep them from the unlawful.

Mr Hunt, in his interesting, though not very convincing addresses, gave us several anecdotes of the severe opposi-

tion the ministers of the gospel, who began the cause of abstinence societies, had encountered. In his own congregation he found this member sold spirits, and so would be offended ; another man's father sold them, or his wife's father ; multitudes had brothers or cousins ; all friends or acquaintances, who sold them, and those who had none could not bear to be deprived of their comforts. He was perplexed how to begin without hurting the interest, or wounding the feelings in turn of almost every member of his congregation ; but remembering the story of the ancient Egyptians, who, devoted to the worship of their beastly idols, thought to defend themselves against the Roman army by placing their sacred dogs and cats in the front ranks, like the Roman general, instead of being hindered by this stratagem, he was only roused to assault, with greater courage, both the beastly idols and their degraded worshippers.

The following statistics of the Protestant churches of the city, and of the operations of the Bible Society, is from the *New Orleans Protestant* :—

| | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| Methodist,..... | 3 |
| Presbyterian,..... | 2 |
| Episcopal,..... | 2 |
| German Reformed,..... | 2 |
| Rev. Mr Clapp's,..... | 1 |
| Baptist,..... | none ! |

“ There is a numerous and respectable congregation of Baptists in the city, but their place of worship is temporary.

“ The New Orleans Bible Society commenced the systematic distribution of the Bible in April 1843. The ‘ Ladies’ Bible Society’ was organized in December last, and, immediately after, commenced to co-operate with the New Orleans Bible Society. From May 1843, to July last, 1844 (fourteen months), there have been distributed in the first, second,

and third municipalities, on the levee, on up-country steam-boats, among the shipping and flatboats, in the jail (once a month), charity hospital, United States marine hospital, and hotels—

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|------|---|
| 638 French Bibles, | of which 311 were sold. | | |
| 1029 French Testaments, | " | 381 | " |
| 818 English Bibles, | " | 524 | " |
| 856 English Testaments, | " | 395 | " |
| 25 Spanish Bibles, | " | 22 | " |
| 188 Spanish Testaments, | " | 73 | " |
| 405 German Testaments, | " | 261 | " |
| 269 German Bibles, | " | 214 | " |
| 3 Italian Bibles, | " | 3 | " |
| 23 Italian Testaments, | " | 16 | " |
| 1 Portuguese Testament, | " | 1 | " |
| <hr/> | | | |
| 4255 copies of the Scriptures, | | 2201 | " |

"The distribution is carried on by Mr Maher, agent for the New Orleans Bible Society, assisted by Mr Morel (a Swiss), who labours here, especially among the French part of our population, in the service of the American Tract Society."

CHAPTER IX.

Leaving New Orleans—Appearance of the Mississippi—Sugar Plantations—
 Various climates on this River—Natchez—Liberality of the Presbyterian
 Church—Gamblers—Lynch Law—Vicksburgh—Monotony of the Banks
 —Memphis—Squatters—Passengers of Steamer—Beauty of the Banks
 near St Louis—Cape Gerardo—Chester—no Money—St Louis.

I LEFT New Orleans by steamer on the evening of the 27th April. The evening was a lovely one, and the shipping along the right bank of the river looked truly magnificent. The Mississippi does not give the eye a just conception of its own greatness. It is not quite a mile in breadth. What it wants in breadth it makes up however in the volume of its waters. It has dug for itself a channel, in some places 200 feet in depth, and maintains almost the same depth on the edge of the bank as in the centre of the stream. Its banks, were its present channel abandoned for some other, would form vast mud precipices instead of gentle slopes. What you see not of this river is more impressive than what you see; and though somewhat disappointed with the first sight of it, yet on leaving New Orleans, having my imagination filled with its innumerable tributaries, and its course of two thousand four hundred miles from the Rocky mountains, and its unknown depths, I could feel the sublimity of this mighty flood, though bearing in its bosom the offscourings of a continent. "It is not what I see," said Hyder Ali, "of the British in India that I dread, but what I see not—their mysterious and inexhaustible strength across the ocean." It is not what

you see of the Mississippi, but what you see not, that impresses the imagination with awe, not unmixed at times with loathing and aversion—such blended feelings as those with which you regard the Satan of Milton, or the giants of the antediluvian world, whose long life, like this mighty river, only rolled a mightier flood of iniquity into the ocean of eternity.

The soil, for 150 miles, is not unpleasing. The land on all sides is as flat as your hand, but studded on both banks with sugar and cotton plantations. The houses of the planters are neat and villa-looking—the sugar-works and negro-houses stand, at some distance, apart. A few old massive trees are still left to mark where the ancient forest stood. The grass is as green at this season as on the banks of the Thames in May. The trees are just so numerous as to form a woodland scene, intermingled with green fields and opening glades, like our English parks. Here a flock of sheep is pasturing—there is the sugar cane, planted in rows, like to a potato field. Each side of the river has artificial levees or dikes, to protect the plantations against the floods; yet, in spite of these, such was the height to which the river rose about two months after my visit, that the *Louisiana Intelligencer* estimates the loss this year, by inundation, at 6,627,000 dollars.

The sugar cane of Louisiana is not so productive as in the West Indies. The crop is also more precarious. The frost of a night will sometimes destroy the hopes of the planter. The soil is sufficiently rich and strong,—so much so, that in some parts of the neighbourhood of New Orleans it has been yielding nearly fifty years without manure; but this taking without giving back to the soil will have an end, and leave the soil in the same state as in Virginia, where the vegetable matter has been entirely exhausted by incessant

cropping. The sugar region extends only 150 miles along the banks. As we enter a more northerly latitude we come to the region of cotton. In our cabin hangs an interesting map of the river, published at Cincinnati, dividing the river, up to St Louis, into so many regions or climates, according to its productions—first, from New Orleans to Natchez, the region of sugar and cotton; second, from Natchez to Columbia, the region of cotton and corn; third, from Columbia to Cairo, cotton, corn, and tobacco. At Cairo, where the Ohio, one of the largest of its tributaries, meets the Mississippi, the map terminates. Ascending to St Louis, we enter the region of tobacco and corn alone; and higher up still, above its junction with the Missouri, a river rivalling it in breadth and volume of waters, we enter the region of corn alone, until you reach its source amongst the Rocky Mountains, bordering on the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its produce of furs, gathered from the arctic circle. No other river in the world presents you with such a variety of climate from its source to its mouth, and such a variety of products. It reminds one of a lofty mountain in the tropics, whose top is covered with eternal snow, and inhabited by arctic animals—whose girdle is covered with flocks, and valleys with corn—and whose foot is clothed with the productions of the tropics—presenting, in one mountain, all the climates of the world.

As we ascend the Mississippi, the banks occasionally appear more elevated. We pass many river craft lazily floating down the current without any sail, seldom even rowing, unless to avoid the eddies of the river. Three steamers passed us the first evening on their way to New Orleans. The passengers in our steamer are numerous, most of the men long, lean, and lank, as if each man had been placed under one of their cotton presses to be squeezed

long and thin. These men of Louisiana and Mississippi oft remind me of Falstaff's comparison of Justice Shallow to a forked radish. There is still no drinking at table, but there is a crowd of drinkers after dinner at the bar, soliciting, from time to time, their brandy and water. Drinking is not as with us, a *social*, but a *solitary* habit. In eating there seems just as little sociality. Every man feeds silently and swiftly, and goes his way to drink, or smoke, or spit, or do all the three. Though no one has aught to do, yet no man stays at table a moment beyond the time absolutely necessary to swallow. One man rises and quits the table in the midst of a story his neighbour has been attempting to tell; nothing can detain any man after he has despatched his share of the good things at table.

The banks of the river, ere we reach Natchez, become quite monotonous, wooded to the water edge. The cultivated land is inland, away from the banks, which are swampy, and covered with cotton wood. On the 29th we arrived at Natchez. I landed on Sabbath morning early, and called for Mr Stratton, Presbyterian minister, who introduced me to the descendant of a Scotchman from Glasgow, Mr Thomas Henderson, banker in Natchez, whose family have honourably maintained the reputation of their country for worth and integrity. Mr T. Henderson, whose hospitality I enjoyed while in Natchez, would be esteemed one of the best examples of an elder even in Scotland; calm, serious, and thoughtful, well versed in his Bible, having his house in order after a godly manner, and taking his part in the public duties of the church steadily and perseveringly, ready for every good work. He superintends the congregational Sabbath-school, which meets on the Sabbath morning, and which I had much pleasure in visiting. It was conducted in much the same way as congregational

Sabbath-schools in Scotland. The superintendent opening with praise and prayer, when the classes arranged themselves under their several teachers, male and female. I was pleased to observe that not a few of the most respectable young gentlemen and ladies of the congregation were engaged in this good work. In putting questions, both on the Shorter Catechism and on the Scripture Lesson, all the teachers used books of Scripture Questions, published by the American Sabbath School Union—a practice which, while it relieves the teacher from exercising his own mind, and may aid the indifferent teacher, puts all on the same level, incumbering the active and energetic. To this questioning by book, there lie the same objections as praying by book, that the teacher is apt to make no effort of thought, either to screw in or screw out the meaning of a passage, or to adapt his questions to the varying character and intelligence of his children. I should think it generally more advisable for the teachers to meet together before hand, and examine the passage under their superintendent or pastor, and, having become well acquainted with its meaning, and entered into its spirit, to trust to the moment for the fitting queries, by which to draw out its sense and spirit. There is something too servile in the teacher being put so much in leading strings, and having nothing to do but read some written questions, which imply no previous process of thought in the teacher, or adaptation of the question to what the teacher may have observed of the state of thought or feeling in the child.

Of the Presbyterian church of Natchez, Dr Potts, now of New York, was sometime minister. Just before the recent mercantile disasters, they contributed 25,000 dollars to purchase a parsonage for the minister, of which they laid out 16,000 on his present residence. A tornado, two years ago,

lifted off the roof of their church, and carried it, along with the spire, into the middle of the street. These damages they have repaired, and subscribed also money towards the purchase of an organ. Their contributions to the cause of the missions of the Presbyterian church do them still greater honour. Mr Henderson, the treasurer of the church, allowed me to copy from the treasurer's books the following statement of the gifts of this church to the Presbyterian missions within the last *five* years :—

| Years | 1838-9 | 1840 | 1841 | 1842 | 1843 |
|-------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. |
| To Foreign Missions... | 2500 | 1300 | 946 | 805 | 1048 |
| Home do. | 2050 | 1700 | 1975 | 610 | 741 |
| Board of Education | 800 | 300 | 609 | 215 | 427 |
| Board of Publication .. | 400 | 3600 | 111 | 187 | — |
| | <u>5750</u> | <u>6900</u> | <u>3641</u> | <u>1817</u> | <u>2216</u> |

The decrease since 1840 is due to the mercantile disasters of that and succeeding years, which reduced the fortunes of all, and totally ruined many families. All the banks of Natchez failed, and none of them has yet resumed business. The style of giving amongst the members of the Presbyterian Church seems to be liberal. Several of the wealthier members contribute regularly to each scheme of the General Assembly 100 dollars. In better times, one individual would put in his 300 dollar bill into the collecting bag at a time. In the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, there are not above *eight* Presbyterian Churches supplied with pastors. To these may be added a few preaching stations. This is, therefore, a missionary region, where the efforts of Protestantism are in their infancy. There is a College at Port Gibson, not many miles from Natchez, one of the Professors of which, the Rev. Mr Chamberlain, I had the pleasure of meeting.

Natchez contains a population of 3000 souls, and has

not increased much of late ; yet, surrounded as it is by a fertile region, it will in all probability be a great city. The principal parts of the town are situated about a mile from the landing place. A few miserable wooden houses standing in the midst of a swamp, disfigure the landing place, and make you admire how human beings could live in dwellings surrounded by the exhalations of these stagnant waters. Here formerly resided the gamblers of Natchez, until their insolence and outrages provoked their expulsion. The species of wild justice of Judge Lynch, had the excuse of the slowness of legal justice, in laying hold of the vilest crew that ever preyed on any community—who were corrupting the young men of the best families, and in the open streets appearing with arms, and menacing all that were known to be hostile to them. At Vicksburgh, a town further up the river, the inhabitants gave them warning to leave the city before rising against them. They refused to go, and only became more insolent, parading the streets, and shooting one of the citizens who was opposed to them. This produced a general combination of all the well-disposed, who were waiting some such opportunity, with all who were galled by their recent losses at the gambling table. The gamblers, unfortunately for themselves, had also threatened to aid the slaves in an insurrection, if they were driven into exile. This threat precipitated their ruin. The citizens rose in a body, attacked them in their quarters, hung *three* of the ringleaders, and dispersed the rest. The citizens of Vicksburgh sent down a deputation to Natchez, where a public meeting was held. The Natchez people ordered the gamblers to depart, under pain of the same summary justice. They were seized with terror, and obeyed ; and though gambling is by no means extinct, it is pursued more secretly, and the open and daring insolence of former times is unknown.

The river Mississippi is as uncertain here as in any part of its course. The father of my host originally settled on a spot over which the river now flows. The plantations are all of cotton. The largest plantation in this neighbourhood yields about 4300 bags per annum. The high price of cotton is a great enemy to the cultivation of the soil—even as the rage for cultivating the gold and silver mines of South America, and the diamond mines of Brazil, was fatal to the wealth of Spanish America, by diverting attention from the real source of wealth. There is a beautiful old forest, half cut down, in the neighbourhood of Natchez, occupied with planters' villas, who live within easy distances of each other, apart from their plantations and negroes—visiting and being visited. One or two of their villas I called at, and met a crowd of gay visitors who had called in their carriages, and who were received in apartments furnished in the handsomest style, and so spacious as to occupy the whole width of a large house. The rooms were well darkened, and in the heat of the day felt delightfully cool. These villas looked very stately and pleasant retreats, surrounded by the pomegranate, orange, and fig-tree.

When the soil in this neighbourhood is left without trees or shrubs, or is not preserved by regular cropping, it is liable to be broken and torn up in a remarkable way by the heavy rains, which in an inconceivably short time plough up a neglected field into a deep ravine, as if some fierce tornado or water-spout had descended upon it. Entire miles of soil, thus ploughed up, we passed in our drive, giving an unsightly and savage appearance to the fields. Every family of any means keeps a carriage and pair of horses—walking being out of the question in the hot season. The ladies complain that the gentlemen give them little of their society in Natchez, spending their time, except during the short busi-

ness season, very idly, talking politics and smoking in their stores. Business coming all of a heap and at one season, like the inundation of the river, contributes to form a habit of hurry-skurry, as if all the twelve months they were equally beset. Those who are regularly kept up to their full working power, get a habit of doing their business so regularly and timeously, that they seldom appear to make haste.

In Natchez there is one Presbyterian and one Episcopalian Church; a splendid Roman Catholic one is now erecting. The Roman Catholic Church has a large seminary for young ladies, to which too many nominal Protestants send their daughters, for the frivolous accomplishments which it imparts. The advertisements of the seminary intimate to the public that they must send "silver forks" with the pupils, that they may learn to eat with the "silver fork"—an accomplishment apparently as distinguished as eating rice with chop-sticks amongst the Chinese, for their ignorance of which custom of the Celestial Empire, our British officers awaken the compassion of the Chinese fashionables.

On the evening of the 1st May, I left Natchez, in a steamer called "The Harry of the West," having the prospect of a river voyage of a thousand miles to St Louis, in the State of Missouri. The Mississippi, like other great objects, grows upon me. What a burden of waters it bears along—still a mile in breadth, and in depth proportionable, though I have already ascended 400 miles! The moon is at the full, making our way plain before us. At the present height of the river, the best for navigating it, and in "The Harry of the West," reputed one of the best steamers on the Mississippi, the dangers of steaming up this river disappear. Snags, which are little to be feared in the present state of the water, shew their tops peering above the water, and give the helmsman timely warning of their existence. It is when covered over

like sunken rocks, in a higher state of the river, that they pierce the sides of the unsuspecting steamer, and arrest its voyage. The river, under moon-light, looks like a sheet of silver, with a border of ebony on each side. Here and there are clearings on the banks, with a log-house and *other* signs of man and his works—always pleasant, but most of all in the wilderness. An opening in the wooded banks and a log-house, as the evening advances, become more rare, and form quite an incident. However soft and sweet this margin of foliage, a few miles of such a sight, by day or by night, is enough. I can quite sympathise with the feelings of the Orkney lady, visiting in the south of Scotland, who complained that the trees were dull, and had no *expression*, and longed for the ocean. Expression they have, and a very sweet one, but no variety—an insipid softness and sweetness that soon palls—beauty without animation. You see nothing to blame, yet nothing to interest or awaken the fatigued attention. One may feel, for a little, the romance of sailing almost within arm's length of the foliage on the banks of this mighty river, so many thousand miles from home, in this delicious evening, and amidst this flood of silver light, that combines in one scene such depths of light and shadow; yet an hour or two of it exhausts the romantic, and fain would the eye catch the sight of some rock or precipice—some remote valley or village spire, or distant city. In the presence of man and his works, the Book of Nature acquires a ten-fold interest; when you can pass at pleasure from man to nature, and from nature back again to man, toiling or enjoying himself on land or water. No living thing now appears on the waters, nothing moves except the drift wood that appears and disappears with the steamer's waves. Islands occur in the channel, dividing it into two channels for several miles—the narrowest being generally preferred.

How different will this scene be a century hence! the woods cleared, the banks covered with smiling villages and populous towns, and the coloured people, now poor, degraded, oppressed bondsmen, become the free black peasantry, cultivating the soil for themselves and their children, in common with the whites. The changes in this region since 1819, when steamers began, have been wonderful. Before that period, great flat boats were the only conveyance downward. The planters sold both their produce and boats at New Orleans, and purchasing a horse, returned to their settlements, their servants following them on foot, and taking three weeks to travel through the woods to St Louis, instead of the four or five days in which the 1200 miles are now traversed.

Next day we reached Vicksburgh, about 150 miles from Natchez. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, belonging to a range called "Walnut Hills." Hills we certainly should not call them in Scotland; yet do they furnish a healthy and pleasant site for the town, and secure it against the incursions of the river. The town looks thriving, and is a place of considerable trade.

I was more struck than ever on the second day, with the monotonous softness and sombreneess of the forests. Mounting the hurricane deck, I saw nothing on every side but a sea of foliage, bounded by the distant horison. The same thing, however pleasing, cannot be always gazed at. Very flat! very flat! exclaimed Dr Paley, when the good Bishop of Carlisle gravely informed him that his lady and he had lived full twenty years together without *one breeze* between them. The eye wanders up the river vainly expecting that each new bend of the stream will disclose some variety of scene; but having seen one turn of the river, you have seen all, and may sleep the rest, if you can. Nought appears fer

four days but a vast wall on each side of forest, unvisited by human foot except in a few more favoured spots, and these not generally on the river banks. The foliage, which with us would adorn, here conceals the landscape, like some great snow-storm, that smothers all in its winding sheet. The want of variety in the voyage throws the passengers on their resources, but most of them seem to have none save smoking and gambling.

At first the deep laborious snorting of the high-pressure engines of our steamer awakens an uneasy feeling. You are never permitted to forget for a moment the presence of the monster power that bears you along. His efforts are proclaimed by his laborious breathing, and the sound of his presence and power is also the sign of danger, should his breath be stopped for a moment, or should he take a longer or stronger breath than the strength of his prison-house will bear. Not getting a berth near the stern, I was obliged to sleep over the high-pressure engine, and not only heard, as I awoke from short slumbers, his mighty pantings, but was every now and then startled by the letting off the steam, when we touched at any landing-place, or paused to escape some snag or drift-wood. I did not feel quite pleasant at the thought of being over this volcano, yet after a little was more troubled by the heat than by the sense of danger, and most of all by the mosquitoes. We learn to forget the presence of dangers which we cannot, by much thought, avert.

No river is more capricious in its course than the Mississippi, winding sometimes a circuit of thirty miles—in one instance sixty miles—which would be saved by cutting a new channel for the waters. Some short cuts have already been made, others the river is making for itself, and others are only prevented by the proprietors on the banks of the

present channel, whose interest it is to preserve the river in their neighbourhood. So tortuous is its course, that the distance would probably be shorter by one third, in a direct line, from St Louis to New Orleans. The soil which the river makes this year it takes away next. Every year's flood produces new changes; and the simple removal of some drift-wood has given a new direction to the course of the stream, and dissipated the formation of ages, with all its burden of woods, engulfing the gathered soil and its treasures into the devouring stream. The freaks of the river are not unlike those of the settlers on its banks, who, rioting in the abundance of new soil, choose to-day a spot to cultivate, and, after a few years' cropping, throw it up to return to the wilderness. The process of island formation in the Mississippi is very common. On some rafters or logs, or some of those forests that occasionally slip into the stream, with all their honours, a mud deposit is rapidly formed, and raises gradually its head above the ooze—first an island of slime, bound together by the roots and branches of trees, but ere long covered with verdure. A growth of under-wood then succeeds, and by and bye of larger trees, until the island of slime is transformed, to the eye, into a paradise, but to the foot it is long after a miserable swamp—a retreat only for the alligator. These islands of verdure are a pleasing sight to passengers, who have nothing more than a sight of them, varying the monotony of the sail from a broad to a narrow channel, over which the foliage of the trees hangs pendant on each side. Thus does nature do and undo her work—waste and repair by turns. The island that it forms to-day it dissolves next year into its parent stream, unlike to our rivers, which, having once made their way through their mountain passes, and formed their rock-bound channels, for ever keep their course, as if

conscious of the difficulty of cutting a new one in their Alpine journey. The Mississippi, like the settlers in this new country, familiar with chance and change, cares little about its old bed, when it can so easily make a new one as it rolls along. In a few years many of the estates, now marked on the map of the Mississippi, will be found far from the river side, some deep ravine, covered with brushwood, marking where once the monster ploughed his way.

On the 3d May, we reached the town of Columbia, in the State of Arkansas, on the west bank, an insignificant place, having a court-house and a few dwellings. The scenery on the banks is still one and the same. For aught the eye could detect, we might have been where we were last night at sunset, instead of 160 miles beyond it. The captain has learned to save time. He does not stop to take in wood. The wood is chopped on the banks, and put into a flat boat, which is attached to the steamer in a few minutes, which goes on her way while the hands unload the wood-boat, and, when empty, let her drop down the stream on her return.

My companion in my berth is civil, and disposed to be obliging. He says he is a Scotchman by the mother's side, and likes the Scotch, because they defend the Bible. The last Scotchman he met in the steamer gave an excellent answer to the captain, who was railing at the Bible at table. As a proof of the folly of the Bible, he instanced the command in the Mosaic law, that if any man did violence to a woman, he must pay so many shekels to her father, and marry her. "This," said the captain, "is encouraging him to the deed." The Scotchman, after a pause, replied, "Would you, captain, like to marry any woman you had so injured?"

Such are the kind of objections that are afloat in this region in the mouths of Infidels, such as Voltaire and Volney and Paine started last century, and which still form the

current coin amongst the uneducated. Unable and unwilling to enter into those speculative views which sometimes detain more thinking and intelligent minds in unbelief, they soothe their consciences in rejecting the claims of the Gospel over them, by a series of small criticisms and fault-findings, which raise the dust of controversy, and keep at a distance those Scriptural doctrines which carry their own evidence along with them.

My companion, seeing me taking notes, good-humouredly quotes Burns—

“ A chield’s amang us takin’ notes,
An’ faith! he’ll prent it.”

The greater part of the company, about sixty in number, are young men, who are incessantly engaged in card-playing at one end of the cabin. The only books I see in their hands are Byron’s Works, and *Mysteries of Paris*, a recent French novel, just imported. One man I see with his Bible. There are eight ladies in the ladies’ apartment in the cabin, whose folding doors are sometimes thrown open, but where they are at a safe distance from the oaths and gambling and smoking at the opposite extremity. Both passengers and crew seem equally rough, seldom speaking without an oath. The captain gives a bad example, going about with his coat off, swearing at the crew. The clerk has a little office by himself; but, when asked a question, does not think it his duty to answer. Although things are not quite so bad as they were represented in New York, to deter me from travelling this way, yet the moral atmosphere on board breathes fouler every day, and I long to be on shore. My chief relief is in my berth, taking notes. The talk of a race creates some excitement on board. I got out, and found

the more prudent remonstrating with the captain against attempting to overtake a steamer that had six hours' start. The younger spirits long for some sport; but the captain is reminded that one of his boilers is weak, and that one of them burst before, and he acquiesces. Through the day we passed a place called Helena, situated in the side of a bold bluff, with a beautiful meadow stretching in front towards the river. The meadow seems destined, however, to be speedily washed away by the current. Helena is a place of yesterday. As the day closes, the drift-wood increases and darkens the river. The banks are hardly elevated above the river—a mud deposit. Not a rock, nor stone, nor pebble, have I seen for hundreds of miles. Even the boldest bluffs are nothing but accumulations of river mud, thrown up or left by the river in its former meanderings. We arrived at Memphis, a town of 4000 souls, about eight o'clock in the evening. The town is at some distance from the landing-place, on the east side of the Mississippi, in the State of Tennessee. Its commerce is equal to that of any other town between New Orleans and St Louis. It contains four churches,—one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one Methodist, and one Roman Catholic—and three printing-presses, each issuing a weekly newspaper.

We have now sailed 800 miles, in three days and three hours. The trees on the banks are almost all cotton-wood, so called from the white cottony colour and appearance of one side of the leaf, and because it bears a fruit which opens like the cotton pod, and throws out a downy substance along with its seeds, the down forming the wings of the seed, as in many other plants. I feel as if nothing would tempt me to settle on the banks of this most capricious of rivers, which gives and resumes again so wantonly. How melancholy to a planter the sight of fields mouldering away

under the hand of this ruthless enemy, when it changes its mood towards him, and begins to re-encroach and re-appropriate! The whole scene around, far as the eye can reach from the hurricane deck, but for the soft and verdant foliage that covers it, would be a vile swamp. I hear an argument on the subject of the windings of the river. One gentleman maintains, with much force of reason, that if the tortuosities of the Mississippi were destroyed, and its course made straight, the current would be so great as to render it innavigable.

On the morning of the 4th, I awoke after a sound and refreshing sleep at five o'clock, and got on deck. The air is cold. We have got into a new climate. New Orleans is 30° north lat. Sailing between the States of Arkansas and Tennessee, we are in 37°. A few degrees makes a greater difference here than in Europe. The air is bracing. The morning bright, and sky without a cloud. The river looks just as it has looked all the way from New Orleans, now 900 miles, as slimy as ever, covered with the wrecks of forests, contracted somewhat in its breadth, but rolling apparently more impetuously—not unlike what I have seen the Clyde at Glasgow in one of its highest floods. We are now beyond both the sugar and cotton region, and have entered the region of tobacco and grain crops, where slave labour cannot be rendered so profitable, and where present profit is more on the side of freedom. The banks are rich, soft, and full fledged. Islands appear every now and then in the channel, clothed with masses of the softest and richest and most vivid green, in the first dew of spring. Still the prospect is limited and walled in by forests. You long for some mountain to flee to, and get a prospect more expansive.

I got into conversation with the mate of our steamer, and a group soon gathered around us. He swears and quotes

Scripture at the same time. He was educated for the church, he says, but broke loose, having a love of adventure from his youth. He had been several voyages to South America. He found as much difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant countries as between the slave and free States of the Union. He has no doubt the Protestant religion is better than the Roman Catholic, but cannot say what is truth ! He has some religious or superstitious feelings like most sailors ; but seems sadly bewildered in his views. An evil conscience pricking a man is, in his opinion, a sufficient hell, were there no other ; yet he will not say there is no other. As for purgatory, which the priests can pray us out of, he cannot believe that. He misapplied one or two texts of Scripture. I was glad to find some of the other passengers readily take him up, and show him he did not understand what he quoted. Two gentlemen from the Eastern States, discovering that I am a minister of the gospel, have requested me to preach on board to-morrow, which is Sabbath, should we not land before breakfast. The captain's consent is obtained, and matters are arranged for a service on board.

Several settlers, technically called squatters, appear along the banks. They are the pioneers of this wilderness. If they settle on Government property, they have the first offer of the land. Indeed, it is as unsafe to dispossess them as in Ireland to take the land over the head of an old tenant. The Government gets a dollar and a half per acre, and the settler gets a full title. Since steamers multiplied, these squatters have been diverted from cultivating the land to chopping wood for the steam-boats, which brings an immediate return of ready money, more tempting to this class of men than any more remote advantages. They put up miserable log huts, which they never improve, sometimes possess one or two negroes, but oftener none at all, cultivate a few acres for a

few years, and then abandon them, or are driven from them by the incursions of the river. Plenty of oxen they have for their labour. Their cattle wander in the woods, and find for themselves or perish. They in general look thin and sickly, and a more wretched state of existence for a European can hardly be conceived. Yet what will man not endure, yea grow to love and prefer! The unbounded freedom of life in the woods, and the excitement of pursuing the game abounding in them, are dear to the squatter's heart, and relieve the monotony of his existence.

The fourth day of our voyage is the most splendid of days. The air transparent and cool, yet the sun bright. The foliage that lines the margin of the stream looks softness itself, and the Mississippi, with its muddy waters, flows between islets of verdure, rivalling some of our lake scenes. The enchantment of light and shade takes off all appearance of the curse from the earth, and makes all things smile as if they were still "very good."

I went below to see the deck passengers, and found that, though the steamer professed to have no steerage, a considerable number were stowed in the lower deck, along with the engine, which was not boxed or fenced off in a place by itself; the machinery stood displayed, along with heaps of fire-wood, and mattresses for the deck passengers to sleep on. The cabin passengers pay for their passage from New Orleans fifteen dollars, and the steerage three dollars, agreeing to help the crew in taking in wood, and in loading and unloading during the voyage. Not a few of them were boatmen returning home, after having conveyed their flat boats and goods to New Orleans.

At dinner I overheard one rough swearing fellow say to his companion, that there was no getting on now at St Louis, society was become so aristocratic. The people all go to

church, and you are thought nothing of unless you go. This speaks well for the progress of this city of the Far West. Along this route, a few years ago, the worst characters prowled, those who had been driven, by their crimes, from civilized society. Here they lurked for the River boats, which they plundered of their goods and provisions. This is now at an end. St Louis was wont to be the resort of such characters, who carried thither their spoil. Another passenger, a keen gambler, says, "There is no doing as you please now at St Louis unless you are rich. If a man is poor, the devil take him if he has any sin. St Louis is become quite an aristocratic place. Unless one grows pious, and become a hypocrite, you can't get along." Such is the revenge of the worthless, when society can no longer bear them that are evil, and rises up against the wickedness at which it once winked.

About half-past seven o'clock we reached the mouth of the Ohio, "La Belle Riviere" of the French, which here unites its purer stream to the muddy waters of the Mississippi. This noble river has a navigable course of above 1000 miles, through the States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, the most prosperous States in the Union, and one day to be the most populous and powerful. Here the steamers for Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh leave the waters of the Mississippi. At this point three of the Great States of the West meet, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri. On the neck of land, forming the extreme point of Illinois, a great city was projected some years ago, to be called Cairo, from some associations, I suppose, this alluvial land suggested with the Delta of the Nile. The meeting of two such rivers was supposed a sure indication that Cairo would prove a great speculation, but the speculators had not observed that it is hardly raised a few inches above the usual level of the waters,

and that these parent streams must yield a more generous deposit of soil and drift-wood, ere any considerable number of human beings could risk their lives on such a swamp. The hotel where passengers wait for the steamers, and the landing place, are almost the only marks yet of its future greatness; and such is the unwholesomeness of this spot, that with difficulty can even its present population be sustained. Yet out of as miserable a swamp, Venice arose, in the middle ages, to be the mart of the commerce of Europe; and He who has reduced Tyre to naked rocks, on which fishermen dry their nets, may yet raise this place of the meeting of the waters to be the emporium of the commerce of these rising States of the Union.

Through the night I awoke in my berth, and, looking up, beheld a church spire glancing in the moonlight. So unexpected a sight in this solitude brought me to my feet, for church or spire had not been seen on the banks of the Mississippi; most of the towns we had passed lying a mile or two inland. Here I saw a sweet little town, on a rising ground, called Cape Gerardo, one of the oldest French towns on the river. Getting on deck, about five o'clock in the morning, I was no less surprised at the sight of a rock rising out of the water, not indeed equal to Dumbarton or Ailsa Rock, or even to the Bass, but still a rock of very respectable height and breadth. On the opposite side appeared another of like form and dimensions,—the one called "The Great Rock," and the other "The Oven," from some fancied resemblance to an oven. The banks of the river are now loftier, and the river flows in a narrower channel, and presents sweet retiring vales and openings on both sides. The insipidity of the landscape is fast disappearing, and hill and dale—the abrupt and the rugged—are mingling with all the softness of the richest foliage and most vivid

verdure. By six o'clock in the morning, we came literally to the hill country, on which log huts were clustered like Highland clachans, surrounded by aged trees, which no longer smothered, but adorned the landscape—a park-like, instead of a forest scene. The meadows in the fore-ground, lying along the river, are sown with oats, which are just peeping above ground. The rocks here and there stand with their bare sides to the river, as if the soil had got time to harden into the bones of manhood—an old instead of a new world. These high banks and this sweet scenery is at first wholly on the Missouri side, or western bank of the river. By and bye, however, both sides assume the same character, and we pause for a little at a town thoroughly English in name, and, I am told, in population—Chester. It is Sabbath morning, and the stores are all shut. The people have umbrellas under their arm, and wear their Sabbath clothes. I see the children gathering for a morning Sabbath-school. The older children leading the younger ones by the hand, like home! sweet home!

After breakfast we had divine service in the ladies' cabin. The one-half of the passengers came, but neither the captain nor crew appeared. I was enabled to conduct the service with some feeling and freedom, and all were attentive; but it seemed rather an attention of novelty than of intelligent interest and sympathy with what was said.

We are still forty-two miles from St Louis, which we hope, however, to reach sometime before sun-down. The high-ground is again on the Missouri or western side. High clefts of limestone rock hang over the river, having a peaked or triangular form. Into such triangular limestone cliffs the banks are broken for many miles, having a most picturesque effect, and giving you every now and then a peep into some sweet vale, thinly wooded with trees, forming a kind of

woodland prairie—spots as inviting as the imagination could conceive for a retreat from the world. A more exquisite river border could not be imagined, except that a Scotchman would always add a back-ground of higher, and sterner, and more rugged mountain peaks, to give the beauties of the foreground still greater beauty by contrast. These cliffs form the termination of a vast level of prairie country behind; and one day these banks will form the choice retreat of the rich families of Missouri and Illinois.

This region was originally occupied by the French, who called it Louisiana, and the chief city St Louis. The names of the other towns indicate also a French, not an English origin, such as Cairo, Memphis, Herculanum—names which our countrymen would not have thought of.

About three o'clock P.M. we passed a lovely spot, which Jefferson, during his presidency, selected for a barracks, as sweet a slope of wood and lawn as the eye could desire, flanked at each extremity by a tall limestone cliff that hangs like a battlement over the river—a pastoral scene more suited to flocks and herds, and the occupations of the shepherd, than for the soldier's trade.

On passing Jefferson barracks, a town appeared in sight, which we mistook at first for St Louis, but which was discovered to be an old French settlement, nick-named "No-money," because the French inhabitants long continued the system of barter, and replied to the Americans in answer to every demand—"No money!" these being the only English words they had got hold of. On the hill, a Roman Catholic church is distinguished by its cross; and near it is a large seminary for female education.

St Louis appeared as we passed this French settlement. The city of the "Far West," which steam-boats have brought nigh, making the far west to recede still farther up the Mis-

issippi. It is situated on a noble eminence, and from a bend the river takes, seems to be at the termination of the river where it winds into the appearance of a lake of a crescent shape. The eminence on which the city stands is beautifully variegated on each side of the city with wood and lawn of the liveliest and brightest green, far surpassing in vividness the banks of any British river. The city has an imposing appearance as you approach—fresh and fair as if not many suns had yet shone on it, or many winters blanched it! The sun is setting, and church spires and spacious dome, and regular streets, in such a quarter of the world, and after steaming through the wilderness, look like a scene of enchantment. You look for the sailing vessels in its port, but no forest of masts is to be seen, for no sails avail in the Mississippi—but not less than forty steamers may be counted along its wharfs. St Louis is another point for the “meeting of the waters,” a few miles above which the Missouri, its rival, if not superior stream, joins the Mississippi.

CHAPTER X.

St Louis—Surprise of the Traveller—The Church of Rome—Hospital—Sisters of Charity—Sisters of the Sacred Heart—Jesuit College—Library—Luther—Popular Schools of the Jesuits—Protestant Churches—Roman Catholic—School Statistics—Fur Company—Temperance Cause—Meeting of the Missouri and Mississippi—Farm of a Scotchman—An Irish Family—Mormonites—Mineral Treasures of Missouri—French Population—Anecdotes—State of Religion in St Louis—Revivals.

THE city of St Louis, which formed the extreme western point of my journey, will one day be the mistress of western America, that is to say if the Mississippi do not desert it in one of its freaks. Originally a French settlement, St Louis remained unknown and insignificant, until it fell into the hands of the United States, when the superiority of the Saxon race, in energy and enterprise, quickly appeared in the rise of the city from 3000 to 32,000 souls, employing 100 large steamers in its trade, by which it has a river navigation stretching towards the Pacific on the one side, and the Atlantic on the other. The sight of any city, after steaming five days through endless forests, would have been agreeable; but a city of churches and spires, and spacious streets of brick and stone, with architectural neatness and elegance of design, and a harbour filled with vessels indicating a thriving trade, was a sight as surprising as it was agreeable.

In one thing only have the Saxon race, as yet, failed fully to assert its superiority. The most energetic of the agents of Rome have chosen St Louis as their centre of operations on the valley of the Mississippi, and here they are in greater force than even in New Orleans. Out of

32,000 souls, they claim full 16,000 of the population. Rome presents her Church in St Louis most gracefully to the whole community. By her charities to the sick, and her educational institutions, she has maintained her ascendancy in Missouri. The Jesuits have erected a spacious hospital for the sick, which they supply with nurses from an order of nuns called "The Sisters of Charity." These nuns are not like other nuns, devotees for life, though many of them continue in the order for life, but renew their vows annually. Their vow is to chastity, obedience, and poverty, and they serve either in the wards of the hospital, or, dividing the city into districts, minister to the sick at their own houses, waiting on them as nurses. The Hospital is entirely the property and under the management of the Church of Rome; yet the Corporation of the city, under the persuasion of its advantages, allow so much per day for every patient they admit. Any thing neater and better than the arrangements of this Hospital cannot be conceived. The gentle manner and self sacrificing spirit of these Sisters, have secured for them throughout the valley of the Mississippi, from New Orleans upwards, an affectionate respect which is reflected back on the Church to which they devote their services. I visited the Hospital with a party of American ladies. The Sister who was assigned to us as our guide was gentle and courteous, and showed in her patience and forbearance, notwithstanding all our foolish queries, and the trouble our party gave her, that she had not been disciplining herself in vain in self-restraint and self-denial. She appeared to grudge no pains to satisfy us, readily giving every information. I inquired who took the menial work of the Hospital? "The Sisters do all," was the reply, "except that we get aid sometimes for the insane." I remarked that the menial work in such an hospital must be hard service. She replied, "We serve

a good master, and shall have a great reward"—a good reply. "Yet it had been better still," said a good lady on hearing me repeat it, "had she said, 'Christ's service was harder!'" I was sorry to observe the insane confined in dark cells in the part of the Hospital below ground. I expressed my surprise that they should be burdened with the insane. She replied, not without a dash of affectation in her tone and manner, "How I love the dear creatures, they are so easily managed! I love none so much as the idiot and maniac" And as a proof of her interest and intimacy with them, she began to talk to a miserable idiot through his grating, who grinned to her in return and chattered without meaning. Conducting us to the little chapel of the Hospital, she knelt as she entered, and, rising, conducted the ladies playfully to the Confessional. "Is it here you sit," I inquired. "Yes," was the reply. "You don't tell all." "It is of no use coming here unless we do so." "Tell all to God," I said. "Through his minister," was her prompt reply. The Sisters in the Hospital are twelve in number. Their present superior is a Scotch lady of the name of Miss Kennedy. The Sisters are chiefly French women, with one or two American and English ladies. They are dressed in flowing gowns of black cloth, with wide sleeves and cape. A small snow-white linen collar is turned over the cape, and gives an air of cleanliness and neatness to their appearance. A rosary and cross hang at the breast, and the head is covered with a hood of the same cloth and colour as the gowns.

Another day I visited the convent of the nuns of the Sacred Heart, devotees for life, twenty-eight in number. These ladies are separated from the world, not to give themselves to meditation and prayer only, but to active duties in behalf of the world and the Church. This convent is,

in truth, a large seminary for the education of the young ladies of St Louis, and of the Missouri. They have sixty boarders who pay five dollars a-week. The day on which I visited, with a party, seemed quite a levee day. Although no gentleman was present but myself, the sisters made no objections, and laughed and chatted like any other boarding-school ladies with their visitors. One class of the nuns wore white veils: These are the noviciates, and do the menial work. The others wore black veils. It was the black veils that received us; but I confess they did not look much like devotees. Their veils were gracefully cast behind, as the ornament, not the disguise of the person. Iron gratings I saw none. We sat on chairs face to face, like any other honest people. The young sister opposite to whom I was placed, seemed quite disposed to please and be pleased. Her complexion had more of the rose than of the lily, and she seemed quite a buxom Scotch beauty, to whom penance was made easy. The older sister looked a little grave, when she saw us laughing—put on some airs, and cut short our conversation. Their dress was much less simple and becoming, and manners less winning, than those of the "Sisters of Charity." Perhaps I was more disposed to be critical, or the "Sisters of Charity" exhausted the little charity I have for institutions so seducing to the imagination, yet so contrary to God's will and God's institutions; and here the strong props of "the man of sin." The conventual system, like the entire system of Rome, is a beautiful theory, and were it limited to annual vows, like the vows of the "Sisters of Charity," there could be less objection to such sisterhoods in the Christian Church; but devoteeship for life, which is the favourite system of Rome, has always had, and ever will have, an end and issue as miserable as its beginning is fair and promising. The conventual system in America as yet

has exhibited only the beauty and freshness of its second spring. By and bye it will bear its bitter fruits. In the devotion of our Protestant sisters to aged parents and relatives, younger brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and of the more gifted and enterprising to missionary work, in those regions of the world where female services are most available, the sacrifice of self may be offered, without the evils which an unnatural system of seclusion, and separation, and life-devoteeship brings in its train. In addition to the twenty-eight ladies of the "Sacred Heart," a new order is daily expected in St Louis from Georgetown, in the neighbourhood of Washington city, whose object in settling here is also as educationists.

The Jesuits have seized with equal success on the education of the future statesmen and legislators of Missouri, in a large college, over which six professors and ten tutors preside. On visiting the college, I was shewn the museum and library, which last contains above 9000 volumes, chiefly classical, with the works of the fathers, and the divines of the French Roman Catholic Church. On one shelf I found side by side, Bolingbroke, Bossuet, and *John Newton*. Alighting on a vast tome, lying on the library floor, on opening it, I found it to be Luther's German Bible, a splendid edition, with the broad honest face of the Reformer on the frontispiece. I expressed my surprise at seeing the heretic in such a place, when the tutor, who conducted me, said, with a grave smile, "That he had strayed out of his place. They had a retirement (pointing to a recess in the wall) for such books, which they call *Hell*; but, on the arrival of some new comers, the place had been found too small for him." By some such stray Bible was Luther himself introduced, in his monastery library, to an acquaintance with St Paul's Epistles, and the doctrine of Justification by

Faith. Besides these seminaries, the Jesuits and Sisters of Charity have begun popular schools, in which they give gratuitous instruction to above 800 boys and girls. Two of these popular schools I visited. Their schools have a larger attendance than all the common schools of the city, so excellent is their organization, and so extensive their influence. The institution of these common schools is the more instructive, as the Church of Rome has succeeded in extinguishing religious instruction in the government schools of St Louis, excluding even the Bible. Their aim is to destroy the common school system altogether, or so to disgust Protestants with it as to make it comparatively useless. While destroying the Protestantism of the common schools, they have been busily building up their own system of proselytising schools. The press of St Louis is so thoroughly in bondage, that, instead of checking these efforts, it seconds them ; and, indeed, hitherto the Romanists have enjoyed the undivided merit of being the only educationists of St Louis, for the Protestants have not a school of any sort, and are compelled to send their female children to the Roman Catholic schools, or let them go without education.

The Jesuits having laid these plans for securing the rising, they have set, in good earnest, to provide more adequately for the risen generation, and are, at this moment, erecting not less than *five* churches in St Louis in addition to *four* already open. Any thing more admirable for wisdom, energy, and untiring zeal, I have never heard of. No common men have devised and are presiding over these measures. They seem to feel that they have to do with a nation on the potter's wheel, and have boldly seized on the wheel to shape the vessel as they please, choosing the right instrument, the right time, and the right place, neglecting no age, no class of society, and no advantages that present themselves.

I rejoice, however, to state that the Protestant denominations are beginning to feel that a movement must be made for Protestant education. A meeting was held for this purpose, of the ministers of various denominations, when I was there. Dr Potts, of the Second Presbyterian Church, is likely to begin the good work, and his example will produce imitators.

Church extension has been as much overdone in St Louis, by the Protestants, as in any other city of the Union; and denominational and congregational rivalry has done it here, as elsewhere. The following is the extraordinary result of my inquiries respecting the Protestant churches of St Louis.

| | Sittings. | Members. | Stipend. |
|----------------------------------------|--------------|------------|--------------|
| First Pres. Church (Old School), | 800 | 300 | 1500 Dols. |
| Second " " | 1200 | 460 | 2000 |
| Third " " | 400 | 150 | 600 |
| Fourth " (New School), | 300 | 33 | Unknown. |
| Presbyterian Preaching Station,... | 500 | 70 | Unknown. |
| Reformed Presbyterian Church,... | 800 | 150 | 600 |
| Fourth Street Methodist,..... | 800 | 400 | 1000 |
| Centenary Methodist Church, | 800 | 300 | 800 |
| Mound Methodist Church,..... | 200 | 70 | 500 |
| South St Louis Methodist Church, | 150 | 50 | 500 |
| African Methodist,..... | 500 | 300 | 500 |
| African Methodist Episcopal, | 300 | 100 | 200* |
| Baptist African Church,..... | 800 | 300 | 500* |
| Baptist Church, | 400 | 250 | 1000 |
| North Baptist Church, | 300 | 50 | Vacant. |
| Episcopal Christ's Church, | 800 | 300 | 2300 |
| St John's Episcopal Church,..... | 300 | 60 | 600 |
| Unitarian Church, | 700 | 200 | 1000 |
| Universalist Church, | 300 | 100 | Unknown. |
| Campbellite Church, | 250 | 100 | Unknown. |
| Lutheran Church, | 400 | 300 | 400 |
| German Reformed Church, | 900 | 300 | 500 |
| Evangelical Reformed Church, ... | 300 | 100 | 300 |
| North German Methodist,..... | 300 | 70 | 300 |
| South German Methodist,..... | 300 | 50 | 300 |
| | <hr/> 12,800 | <hr/> 4563 | <hr/> 15,400 |

* Coloured ministers.

In all twenty-five Protestant churches, to a Protestant population of 16,000 souls, or a total population of 32,000, being one church and pastor to every 1230 of the whole population, or to 615 of the professedly Protestant population—a very striking result of Christian enterprise and rivalry—denominational, congregational, and, we may add, of national rivalry—the population of St Louis being gathered from all nations. The evils attending on such a mongrel church system are obvious. Churches are put down, not where they are most needed to do good, but to gratify individual caprice or individual pique, and to carry out congregational schisms, and gratify personal quarrels. The getting up and maintaining a church becomes a kind of scramble between congregation and congregation, minister and minister. There is no common system, and few common interests and sympathies. The clergy are indifferently sustained. Congregations rapidly and capriciously change their ministers; and, if the number of churches and pastors in St Louis be great, I should doubt whether the quality and efficiency be equal to the quantity. Still the result is a remarkable one. Much good has been done, and is now doing. St Louis on Sabbath has every appearance of a church-going city.

The following are the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church—

| | Sittings. | Priests. |
|--------------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Cathedral, | 1000 | 3 |
| St Xavier's,..... | 1000 | 10* |
| Convent Church, | 600 | 1 |
| St Paul's Vincent,..... | 500 | 1 |
| St Patrick's, | 800 | 1 |
| North St Martin's, | 500 | 1 |
| | | — |
| | | 17 priests. |

* The Jesuits act as priests as well as professors in the College.

The school statistics of St Louis are as follows—

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------|------------|
| Jesuits' Free Schools,—1 containing 230 boys. | |
| 1 " 270 girls. | |
| 1 " 150 boys. | |
| 1 " 80 girls. | |
| | <hr/> 780 |
| Jesuits' College, | 200 |
| Convent Scholars, | 60 |
| Orphans, | 16 |
| | <hr/> 1056 |

The common schools of the city are sustained by a common fund. They are eight in number, but have only about 500 scholars in attendance. Under private teachers there may be 600 children more, making in all, under instruction in St Louis, 2156,—giving a *fourteenth* of the population under education in this remote city, a result chiefly brought about by the exertions of the Church of Rome, now working by this powerful instrument. Of the quality of education given in the Roman Catholic schools I am unable to speak. The books used are those published at Philadelphia by the Brothers of Christian Doctrine. In the girls' schools, a praiseworthy attention seemed given by the Sisters to the cultivation of personal neatness and tidiness, and of good manners. Every thing was in the best order. They seemed to value themselves more on their pupils' accomplishments in needle-work than on their intelligence.

I received much kindness from a young medical man in St Louis, a Dr Marshall, originally from Paisley. Missouri he describes as more the country for making money than raising a family. One-third of the children die in infancy. They thrive the first year, but in teething time go off by inflammation of the brain. A European thinks himself fortunate who brings up two or three of his children. A family of six children is a rare thing. Mercury is used for almost

every disease, and sometimes in spoonfuls, undisguised. It is the great remedy in the bilious fevers of the country. When the patient salivates, he is considered as saved; but a man, after being once or twice salivated, is never himself again. The teeth, of course, are spoiled early in life, and the name of dentist, like that of attorney, is to be seen on every other door in the principal streets. The medical profession seems very amply supplied. Every family has its surgeon, who gets from ten to forty dollars a-year. The yellow fever is unknown, and, in the sickly season at New Orleans, many resort to St. Louis for a more bracing air. My friend, the doctor, introduced me to a master joiner, or house carpenter, an elder in one of the Presbyterian Churches, who informed me that a journeyman wright gets a dollar and a half per day, or about forty shillings a week. Two or three years ago, higher wages could be had, but this is the present rate. His workmen are principally Americans. A female servant gets eight dollars a month, or ninety-six dollars a-year, about £25. The female servants here are principally Germans. Servant men would get fifteen dollars a month, or £3, 7s. 6d. Servants are all hired by the month, and the general complaint, as may be anticipated, where their numbers are so limited compared to the demand, is, that there is no getting good servants. They are all impatient to be mistresses, and serve grudgingly until they have saved enough to marry and settle. Provisions are abundantly cheap. Eggs threepence per dozen, sometimes twopence. Fowls may be had for threepence a-piece; and a turkey for 1s. 6d. to 2s. of our money, and other things proportionably. Almost every comfort may be had that the cities of Europe furnish. The streets are spacious and airy, causewayed, and foot paths paved. It is difficult to believe, from the elegance and style around you, that you are in the city

of the Far West. I ordered, on my arrival, a hack, and there appeared in a few minutes a very handsome carriage and pair. The streets abound with these luxuries in a degree not found in the second rate towns of Scotland.

No water is used in drinking but that of the Mississippi. At first I shrunk from using water so muddy, but gradually began to do as others. I paid, however, the usual penalty which strangers pay on first drinking the waters of the Mississippi. The presence of some alkali in the waters affects all strangers, but this ceases in a few days, and the water is then drunk with impunity. Such is the power of custom, that those that have been long familiar with the foul appearance of the waters of the Mississippi and Missouri, dislike the transparent appearance of spring-water.

Dr Potts is the leading Presbyterian minister of the old school—a man of worth and intelligence, whose hospitalities, and those of his lady, I enjoyed when in St Louis. One day we took a drive to the neighbourhood to see a prairie. It was interspersed with just sufficient wood to give it a park-like look. The soil was beautifully undulating, and nothing could be more grateful to the eye than the verdure of the herbage that covered the prairie. This prairie land is now of great value, and will ere long be covered with villas, by the citizens of St Louis, for which, by its undulations, it is well suited. A cow, pastured on its grass in spring, will yield two gallons of milk per day—filling the milk pail twice.

Another day I went to see the stores of the American Fur Company, but found that it was not the season for seeing them to perfection. The skins begin to come in from the Upper Mississippi and Missouri only in the months of July and August. The skins I saw were chiefly of the buffalo, wolf, wild cat, bear, deer, and martin, a few otter and racoon skins,

and some few beavers and sables. The slaughter by this Company of wild animals for their skins for the last thirty years, must have been enormous, and has produced that scarcity which is now experienced, and which is rendering this trade less lucrative. The Company has forts so far up as where the Yellow Stone River falls into the Missouri, a distance of 2600 miles from St Louis. The banks of the Missouri, which joins the Mississippi ten miles above St Louis, are described as one continued prairie of grass, with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the banks of the river, which are often covered with a luxuriant growth of timber. These prairies are the resort of the vast herds of buffaloes and deer from which the Company annually replenishes its stores. Buffaloes are not now to be seen in large herds within 600 miles of St Louis; wolves are more common; also bears and panthers, of which I saw some skins. The hunters are the pioneers of the wilderness, who cannot settle to the cultivation of the ground, and to whose existence the excitement of the chase, and the ready money the Company gives for their skins, is an irresistible temptation. One man, with only one leg, brings in 500 otters' skins every year, getting about fifty or sixty cents for each, about 5s. British money. The Company has a steamer, which proceeds annually so far as the Yellow Stone to gather the skins accumulated at the several forts, which may have been brought from the Rocky Mountains, bordering on the territories of the Hudson Bay Company, their rivals in the fur market. The hunters of the Company are almost all Americans; but the superintendent is a Mr Mackenzie, a Scotchman, who used to reside at the Yellow Stone; but who, wearied of a life of adventure, and having made a handsome competency, has terminated his roamings, by lately marrying and settling at St Louis. It is an interest-

ing fact, that while this Company, acting by its agents as the pioneer of civilization, has driven back the wild animals like the Indians to remoter and still remoter regions, and prepared the way for the regular settler—the honey bee, though not a native of America, has preceded the steps of the pioneer; and, though unknown in former times, is now so abundant in the prairies, that the title of bee-hunter is the nick-name of a class of idlers, who, averse to all regular employment, gather honey in the woods, and bring it for sale to St Louis. The mocking-bird follows the pioneer, and wherever he erects his log house and plants his peach tree or rose bush, there he is to be heard serenading the settler by night, the constant companion of man and the cheerer of his solitude; but where man settles not he is seldom to be found.

The temperance movement has reached so far as St Louis. I did not see, during more than ten days' residence, a single drunk person on the streets. The only intoxicated persons I saw in St Louis were two of my countrymen, whose hearts being warmed with drink, on a Saturday night, resolved to shake hands with their countryman. They pressed into the Church at the close of the evening service, and struggling through the crowd, made their way up to the foot of the desk, declaring they wanted to see the Scotch minister. On seeing some noise and confusion, I inquired the cause, and learned that two Scotchmen desired to see me. On coming down, two countrymen from Arbroath pressed up to shake hands, but were in such a state that they could hardly speak, and I was fain to persuade them to retire as rapidly as possible, and to call some other time. These are the only instances of drunkenness I have yet seen in the States, and it is humiliating to find that they have been Scotchmen, whose national character was wont to be a guarantee for sobriety as well as intelligence. Yet, striking as is the contrast between my own

countrymen and the Americans in this particular, I am not prepared to take up the American remedy, successful though it has hitherto been. Every nation has its own way of correcting its own evil customs when they come to a head, and I have no doubt ours will be corrected without having recourse to the American extreme, which is not unlikely one day to lead to another. One American in St Louis, speaking on this subject, said, "The Devil tries to keep us from all reasonable reforms; but when at length he sees he cannot wholly prevail, he suddenly encourages us to go a-head, and run into some opposite absurdity, that the improvement may be all the shorter lived." The extravagance of the American temperance movement is not unlikely to produce, if it has not already produced, a reaction as dangerous and desperate. The abstinence from strong drink may account for the extraordinary use of tobacco in all its forms of smoking and chewing, after meals and before meals, morning, noon, and night—to keep warm and to keep cool, to prevent the feeling of hunger, and to promote digestion. Gentlemen were pointed out to me who did not spend less than 500 dollars a year on the article of tobacco alone for their personal use. I should deem it a more hopeful thing for Scotland to see that change which has so strikingly taken place in the social habits of the upper and middle classes gradually descending to the classes beneath. If that evil which has grown in Scotland by *social habits* and *customs* goes out by the same road, and the next generation rises with other associations and customs than the past, we shall not fail to see a reform more likely to be permanent in the national character and customs, without the destruction of those innocent social pleasures which are necessary to man's present happiness and social well-being, and the absence of which does not seem to have improved the American character. The wisdom that cometh from above directs us

not to eradicate or destroy any part of our nature, but to regulate it, "Be angry and sin not!" Anger is lawful, if used lawfully, not to be destroyed. The Word directs us to the control of all our desires and the extinction of none; and that wisdom which aims higher, aims at what is beyond human nature, and must prove in the end to be folly, leading only to an exchange of vices and follies. The abstinence movement in America, like the conventual system of Rome, in seeking to screw human nature too high, is every moment in danger of letting down human nature, at the next turn, too low. Let us be wise and good, up to what is written, and according to what is written. All else, under whatever goodly pretence, will turn, like the apples of Sodom and grapes of Gomorrah, into ashes in our hands. I love the Christian wisdom that breathes in the opening hymn of Keble's Christian Year, the favourite hymn-book of the Puseyites. Would that the "Christian year" had always so sung!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Oh could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest dreariest walk!

While at St Louis I spent a day with some of my countrymen in visiting the river Missouri in its junction with the Mississippi, about ten miles above the city. The road to the place of junction is through a very pleasing undulating

prairie, with masses of underwood springing up here and there, of recent growth. The name Missouri means *mad*, so called from its impetuosity and capriciousness, continually tearing away its banks and changing its channel. It is rather larger than the Mississippi, and ought to have given its name to the united stream; but the Missouri has its revenge for losing its name by giving its colour to the waters of the Mississippi, which it preserves henceforth, until it reaches the ocean. At the spot from which we viewed the junction of these great rivers, the Missouri is divided into two channels by an island, so that we do not see, in one view, the entire volume of the stream. We stood on a high bluff, overlooking both rivers, called Belfontaine, from a spring at the foot of the bluff, which the Missouri, in one of its mad fits, has swallowed up, the place of it being still discoverable by the bubbling up of the purer waters near the river brink. The ride to this spot through the prairies and forest was one of the most pleasant I enjoyed in the States. Not far from it is settled a Scotchman of the name of Dr Gibson, who has an excellent farm of 300 acres, which he contrives to cultivate along with his profession. I was sorry to observe that he used slave labour in the cultivation of his grain crops. He has two slaves, and his excuse was, that he could not use free labour from its high price. He defended slavery, but not angrily. In admitting Missouri into the Union, slavery was allowed under certain restrictions. The slaves are by no means numerous, yet slavery and its vices are unhappily not extinct. In the way to Dr Gibson's farm of Forest Home I saw hundreds of spots, which in Scotland would have been esteemed, by their secluded and embowered look, the choicest sites for villas. I could have supposed myself wandering in some of the loveliest lawns and policies of a British nobleman's seat, so undulating were the hills, and

verdant the pastures, and so pleasantly interspersed with wood. The farm of Dr Gibson is estimated to be worth twenty-five dollars per acre. He gave *five* dollars per acre for it nine years ago. Some farms in this neighbourhood are still to be had for ten and fifteen dollars per acre. One at the spot called Belfontaine, whence we gazed on the junction of the rivers, may be had for ten dollars per acre, and was for sale. It is a beautiful spot, but the Missouri is encroaching on the lower part of it, and that the most fertile, and its fine spring of water is already swallowed up. Descending to the water edge from the bluff, we passed through a sweet bank of underwood, and fell in with a log-cabin in which was an Irishwoman and two children. A more miserable dwelling could not be conceived, equal to any of the mud cabins of Old Ireland, and every thing looking as neglected and forlorn. Her husband laboured in the steam-boats on the Mississippi, gave her three or four dollars a-week, and drank the rest. He seldom came home to her unless on Sundays. He did not intend settling there. She and her children were never free from fever and ague. They were going up the Missouri, where they were told the land was better. This woman was born in Kentucky, of Irish parents, and seemed to retain all the faults of her country unaltered. She had wandered thither from Kentucky, one of the finest States of the Union, chosen the most unhealthy part of this whole neighbourhood, instead of the high grounds, for her log-cabin; and wherever she and her wretched partner go—destitute of that power of thought and perseverance by which the Americans subdue the wilderness, and make plenty and comfort follow their steps—they will find disease and misery dog their steps. She was a Roman Catholic, and had no desire for the instruction of herself or her children. On our return we dined at Forest Home, the table being spread

under the portico in front of the house. Every thing except the coffee and sugar on the table was home produce,—the wheaten bread, the Indian corn bread, and the potatoes, being all from the farm ; also the lamb, bacon, apples, plums, and cherries. The Doctor's family, including domestics, consisted of twenty-two persons. He has 200 acres under cultivation, and, after subsisting himself and family, can make from 1000 to 1200 dollars a year from his farm, or 5 per cent. on the value of farm and capital stock ; but some of his neighbours are improving at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. He shewed me seventy sheep, and seven acres of rising orchard. On parting, he presented me with a hickory staff cut from the banks above Belfontaine, from whence in the distance appear the two rivers mingling their waters in a country yet resigned to wilderness, disturbed only by the snorting of the occasional steamers that ascend to the settlements above St Louis.

I regretted I did not take a few days, when at St Louis, to visit the Mormon settlement, which is 200 miles higher up the Mississippi, at Nauvoo, in the State of Illinois, on the eastern bank of that river. I heard such contradictory accounts of Joe Smith's mode of life that I did not know which to credit. One account represented him as not only an arch impostor, but an utter profligate. This I could not receive. No man was ever yet a successful impostor upon the common people who openly indulged in the licentiousness which is ascribed to him. Of the 16,000 followers assembled at Nauvoo, 10,000 are said to be from England, about 3000 from New England, and the rest Germans and Scotch. One woman from Glasgow called on Dr Potts, on her way to Nauvoo, intelligent on all other points but the Mormonite delusion, on which she seemed crazed. She conceived Nauvoo to be the Paradise from which our first parents were expelled.

Nauvoo, at this extremity of the world, acts as a kind of receptacle for all the odd and fantastic minds, not only of America, but of Great Britain. There their enthusiasm works less dangerously than in the midst of crowded cities. The beauty and fertility of the location which Joe Smith has selected has been favourable to the imposture; and he had the craft to obtain a legal jurisdiction from the State, which put him beyond the law, and enabled him to protect criminals of his own party from justice. This power, which in the beginning was strength and reputation, has in the end proved his destruction, and brought down upon the impostor's head that wild justice which sooner or later redresses not only the wrongs that law is too weak to remedy, but passes the limits of a righteous vengeance.

The State of Missouri, of which St Louis is the Capital, is about 287 miles long, and 230 broad. The population in 1840 was 383,702 souls, of which 58,240 were slaves. When I was at St Louis, Professor Silliman was on a visit to the mines of Missouri, and its mineral treasures were the object of his admiration. Lead is to be found over a district nearly a hundred miles long by forty broad. The ore is of the richest kind, sufficient to supply the demand of the whole United States. The iron mines are said to be not less remarkable. In one district there is a mountain of oxide of iron, which yields about 80 per cent. of pure metal. The mountain is 300 feet in height, and a mile and a half across its summit; a few miles off occurs another mountain of the same rich ore. With such mineral treasures, and such a soil for grain crops, and with such water navigation, the prospects of Missouri are bright, and the rapid increase of population corresponds to her resources. Between 1830 and 1840 the population rose from 140,074 to 383,702. The first trade was the Fur trade. St Louis supplied, in the

earlier years of its existence, only the wants of the agents of the American Fur Company. The trappers prepared the way for settlers, by diffusing a knowledge of the country beyond St Louis, tempting, by their description, more civilized successors. The leaders of these trappers were principally Scotchmen,—a Campbell, a Lamond, and lastly, a Mackenzie. On their steps followed the settler, with his axe and plough and log-house—the village—the church and school—the town-house and the regular government—and, last of all, unlike the order in South America, the mineral treasures were sought out when agriculture had supplied the means of a permanent prosperity; and now the fur trade is falling into the sere and yellow leaf.

The French still form a very large part of the population, almost one half, but by no means the most enterprising half. They are a simple, unambitious, and uneducated people, not unlike their countrymen in Lower Canada, strongly attached to their old modes and customs, from which, however, the Americans are fast driving them. A passenger landed from one of the steam-boats that had grounded in the bar of the river, off the town, and meeting a French settler conveying a load of wood to market, asked, “How much will your load of wood bring you at St Louis?” “Seventy-five cents,” was the reply, that is three quarters of a dollar. “I will give you a dollar,” said the American, “if you unload your wood and convey me and my baggage to St Louis.” The villager declined the offer, saying, “My father has always carried wood to market, I do the same thing, good day, Monsieur!” One morning I asked a milkman to sell me a drink of milk, for which I would pay what he asked. His reply was, “I don’t sell milk to drink!”

In taking leave of St Louis, this city of churches, my readers may desire to know whether it is my impression that

the cause of the Gospel has prospered in any degree proportionate to the multiplication of churches and sects. I regret to say that my impressions are much the reverse. The tendency of these divisions and sub-divisions of sects and congregations, and this spirit of rivalry, has been to lower the tone of ministerial feeling, to vulgarize and secularize the churches of Christ, and to diminish the moral weight and influence of the ministers of the Gospel. Much excitement, touching the verge of fanaticism, seems the system in St Louis, succeeded by cold fits. The warmth of religious feeling is expended in paroxysms, which leave the minister and members of the church weaker and more apathetic for months after, until the religious paroxysm is again renewed. The temperament of pastor and people over the year is cold, and style of preaching phlegmatic, until the necessity is felt for a new effort, or the alternative is presented of an empty church; and that zeal and energy which, if spread over the services of the entire year, would be healthful and invigorating, is dissipated from time to time in a month or six weeks of daily sermons and church meetings, until so many are converted or added to the church, or until exhausted nature can bear no longer. One of the most intelligent Christians I met with, lamented this system as one of weakness and ultimate imbecility to the Church, but declared that such was the power of sympathy, that unless he had recourse to the same method from time to time, his congregation would desert him, and he might be represented as unfavourable to the revival of genuine piety. Such periodical fits in a community, whose Scriptural knowledge is very slender, and without any advantages of early school training from the Word of God, renders the permanence of the present state of religious feeling in St Louis very precarious, and loudly calls for the wise and good laying

deeper and stronger the foundations of Christian truth in the minds of their people, by early Scriptural education, and by devoting a portion of each Sabbath to lecturing. Excitement is safe, and has always its regulator at hand where the full and clear light of Bible principle shines upon the mind—otherwise it is little better than the blaze of brushwood, “the crackling of thorns under a pot.” A great revival of the religion, both of principle and feeling, has taken place in Scotland within the last thirty years; but that revival was preceded by an increasing fulness of Scriptural doctrine in our pulpits, and an increasing warmth and energy and devotedness, in all public duties, in the ministers of religion; not by fitful efforts, succeeded by cold and phlegmatic months, but by the steady, warm, and constant pressure of divine things on the attention of congregations—by men feeling an increasing life and spirit in themselves, manifesting itself from the beginning to the end of the year, and from year to year. That blaze of zeal, which in America is apt to exhaust itself in a little month of high feverish excitement, was spread in general warmth over the entire year. Congregations felt the same increase of light and life which their pastors felt, and the strength of principle and religious feeling which led to the Disruption, was undoubtedly the fruit of a revival not confined to any one locality, or coming with observation at any one time, but spread over the quarter of a century. The exceptions to the contrary in Kilsyth, Dundee, and the Highlands, do not affect the great fact, that a far greater work has been going on in Scotland, unaccompanied with any outward excitement, and which, at this day, presents its fruits in revived missionary zeal, and which on the altar of a revived faith, was enabled to lay the sacrifice of its worldly goods. This greater revival shewed itself in individuals, in hearts softened and penitent rather than alarmed, in increasing

desire for instruction, in greater tenderness of conscience, stronger attachment to principle, and more ready sacrifices for the cause of the Redeemer, and, I trust, is still preparing the Church for doing or suffering the will of God. I hope I shall never see the Free Church, in its impatience for fruit, resorting to the American method of "getting up a revival," which, by a sure law of our nature, leaves ultimate weakness and imbecility. Hitherto the cause of Christ has prospered mainly by the steady, persevering, well directed, and enlightened efforts of men, whose spiritual light is equal to their spiritual life, who have clear heads as well as warm hearts, and who, by the diligent instruction of their flocks in Christian doctrine and persevering application to the young, strive to lay deep and broad in the youthful heart the foundations of evangelical truth. The fruits of any other revivals, however genuine, have been but as the gleaning of the grapes to the full vintage. The revival that took place in the congregation of our late beloved brother, Mr M'Cheyne, was *toto cælo* different from the revivals got up in this part of the world. The congregation of St Peter's enjoyed for some years the ministry of a faithful, affectionate, enlightening, and softening ministry. The withdrawal, by ill-health, of the pastor tended still more to deepen that impression, and made former lessons more memorable; when his successor appeared—so different, and yet so searching and solemnizing, the effect already produced was still farther deepened. The pride and obstinacy of many hearts gave way under the pressure of things unseen and eternal brought so close to them, and a real work of awakening and conversion appeared, in a way that had as little of mere animal excitement about it as probably any work of divine grace in this country. Still, from all I have yet seen in America, I feel more than ever dis-

posed to thank the Great Head of the Church more for the great revival over Scotland, which has stretched over the last thirty years, that came not with observation, than for the local revivals to which every eye was for a little turned : just as we are called to bless God more for a general harvest and general plenty over all the land, than for the plenty of any one spot, however favoured.

CHAPTER XI.

Leaving St Louis—The Prairies of Illinois—Passengers—Indiana—Louisville
—General Assembly—Revival Preacher—Missionary Sermon—Sabbath
School Meeting.

I LEFT St Louis on the 15th May by stage for Louisville in Kentucky. I might have gone by steamer; but anxious to see the prairies of Illinois, I determined rather to encounter the fatigue of three days and three nights staging to an uninteresting voyage in which I should have seen nothing but interminable forests and a mud river. We crossed the Mississippi from St Louis to Illinois in the ferry steamer, with four stage passengers, who accompanied me to Belleville, fourteen miles from the ferry. One of my fellow passengers was a Prussian settler, who had a farm on the high grounds in the neighbourhood. He said the Prussian Government was a horrible one, else he would have been in Prussia still, and would return to-morrow did Prussia receive a constitution. He went home two years ago to visit his brothers and sisters, and to bring them here; but they were content with things as they are, and would not come, not having known better, was his self-complaisant reflection. He was a hearty Dutch-looking figure, who understood live and let live. The other male passenger was a mercer from St Louis, travelling, he said, partly for pleasure and partly for business. He seemed to know every one on the road, naming every passer by, and nodding familiarly, as if anxious to convince all that he

knew them and expected a call when they came to St Louis. The other passengers were a negro woman and a young miss going to Belleville. The mercer questioned her well, and pressed her so close with queries, who, and whence, and whither, that I felt ashamed, and thought of coming to her rescue, but the young lady contrived to give such answers as left him very much in the dark. At Belleville I was left alone to enjoy the scenery of the road. The first few miles after leaving the Mississippi form the rich alluvial land of the river called the American bottom, which is covered by every flood of the river. The soil is as black as coal, and has a greasy look when turned up. The plain along the banks is covered with herbage of the liveliest green; and here and there a gardener has fenced off a portion of the rich meadow to rear vegetables for the market of St Louis. A few miles farther on, the ground rises into hills, whose slopes are covered with comfortable-looking farm houses, one of which is possessed by our Prussian friend, who expects on his hill side by and bye to rear the vine, and supply himself with wine equal to his favourite Rhenish. Passing the hill country, we came to an ancient forest, the only ancient forest I saw in Illinois. In the centre of this forest, at a little distance from the wood, was pointed out an opening, the scene of a revival encampment, and a little wooden chapel, the fruit of revival meetings held here. A more romantic spot could not have been chosen. The only antiquity that is to be seen in the New World, the antiquity of the woods, was to be seen in perfection in the venerable patriarchs that shaded without concealing the grassy verdure beneath. The preacher's platform and the seats of the hearers in front were still standing, and at a little distance from the encampment stood the little chapel, deeply interesting in such circumstances, though indebted to no Camden Society

for its architecture. Such a spot as this is well fitted to be the scene of solemn thoughts of eternity and light thoughts of time. Men gathered to this forest worship from a circuit of fifty miles, hearing the voice of prayer and praise, after the lapse of many years, and beholding their feelings reflected in the faces of all around them, cannot fail to be powerfully moved, and to be brought into the most favourable state of mind for hearing the doctrines of salvation. On such occasions the most hardened settlers, to whose bosom remorse had been long a stranger, and whose eyes were unused to tears, weep like children, and are surprised into a strange and unwonted tenderness of spirit. In such a state, awakened to an unwonted sense and feeling of sin, and to a strange consciousness of their misery in the prospect of eternity, they are prepared to hear, and welcome when they hear, of Him who is the sinner's friend. The gospel sounds good news from a far country, like cold water to a thirsty soul, and though their first knowledge of the way of redemption is confused and mixed up with much error, yet when the heart is divinely awakened, by the instrumentality of however small a portion of the truth, there is the beginning of a new character and the dawn of a new life in the soul. The Methodist or Baptist revival encampment has seldom passed away without leaving some memorial of its presence and power in the erection of the forest chapel by its side, to satisfy the new desires that have been awakened in its neighbourhood, and to be a well of water springing up to everlasting life. The church is followed by the school; and those new and better tastes, which the Methodists and Baptists, the Christian pioneers of these regions, have had the honour of awakening, the Presbyterians, following in their footsteps, more fully gratify and maintain, by a more systematic course of instruction, and a more complete presentation of divine truth.

We now entered those vast meadows, for which our language has no name, because England has no example—the *prairies*. They stretch before the eye a verdant ocean, bounded on all sides by the sky, lying in silent, simple, and serene beauty, as if the ocean, in his gentlest mood, had suddenly stood still, fixed and motionless. Here, as in the forest, you feel that the hand of man has had no part; yet how different! All is open and undisguised as the face of heaven, and the view is bounded, as on the mountain top, only by the powers of vision; yet the forest does not look more solitary, nor can imagination conceive any situation more lonely, than that of a traveller making his way on foot across these boundless meadows, without track, or tree, or grassy mound to mark his progress, or to break the monotony of this desert of verdure. How beautiful the name the Indians give to these plains! “The meadows of the Great Spirit.” They irresistibly lift the heart to him who has preserved them from being overrun with gloomy forests like the rest of this continent, and whose hand has adorned their green carpet with innumerable floral beauties. A prairie at sunset is the sublime of the beautiful, and impresses the heart with a sweet solemnity, such as you feel in gazing on the ocean at rest, or on the evening sky. The Indians have long since abandoned these prairies for scenes remote from the white man, where the buffalo and beaver still linger; yet these solitudes are full of life. The prairie chicken and partridge continually cross your path. The meadow lark, not soaring and singing, but poising himself on his wings, on the stalks of grass, keeps up his evening song. The turtle-dove flies cooing on all sides, enhancing, by the softest of notes, the gentleness of the scene. The graceful deer are seen in the distance, and the meadows are instinct with insect life. Here the mischievous greenhead attacks

the traveller, and sometimes dismounts him. But the Creator, maintaining the balance amidst his works, has provided the prairie with another fly, called "the horse guards," the scourge of the prairies, who seizes the green-head, whilst gorging himself on the traveller's horse, and carries him to his den in the ground. The bee, though not a native, but a European emigrant, has here preceded the colonist, attracted by the wild flowers that adorn these gardens of the wilderness. Of this circumstance Bryant, the American poet, has happily availed himself—

" I listen long
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multitude,
 Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
 Blends, with the rustling of the heavy grain,
 Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
 And I am in the wilderness alone."

The settlement of these prairies, beautiful as they are, and large as are the returns to the cultivator, is still distant. The skirts of the prairies alone are settled, forming the high grounds which terminate each prairie, and which furnish the settler with fuel from the young woods that begin to clothe them. A few sheep and large cattle feed on pastures that might sustain hundreds of thousands. I was surprised to learn that a great part of them is in the hands of government, and to be had for a dollar and a half per acre, or in those of large speculators in land. These healthier spots the better class of settlers have chosen, having their dwellings and arable land on these slopes, and their pasture ground on the meadow. One pleasing settlement was pointed out to me, belonging to

an enterprising coloured man, who had settled a few years ago in Illinois, which is a free State. He had surpassed all his white neighbours in the spirit of improvement. But the present settlers on these meadows seem only pioneers. They are content with log houses of the lowest order, and having no outlet for their produce, soon cease to cultivate beyond what is necessary for their own subsistence. If all the settlers in the twelve prairies through which I passed were to abandon them to-morrow, they would leave very few traces of their industry or skill. A few years ago, there was a rage for settling on prairies; their rich black mould, and their treeless plains, attracted thousands who had hitherto been content slowly to fell the woods; but it was soon found that the soil was moist and damp, and required draining; that these meadows were the abode of fever and ague as much, if not more, than the forests; and that, though they could rear plenty of food, they were far from market; and improvement had no object when bare subsistence was attained. I rejoice to learn that one individual is on his way to these prairies with 4000 sheep, and that he considers Illinois the finest country in the world for sheep pasture. If the wool does not degenerate in this climate, these meadows are more likely to be occupied by shepherds, like the plains of Australia, than by husbandmen, until canals and railways have rendered the interior of Illinois more accessible to the markets of the Mississippi.

The freedom of these meadows from trees has been a subject of much speculation. Whatever may have been the cause, it is evidently no longer in operation, as the line of forest is gradually extending over them, and trees planted in the heart of them are found to grow sufficiently well. The most common opinion is, that the prairies have arisen from the practice of the Indians annually firing the herbage

and destroying the growing timber, aided by the vast herds of buffaloes, deers, elks, and other wild animals that roamed across the land when thus cleared, and who exterminated the young plants as they came up.

The first day, toward sun-set, we were overtaken by a thunder storm. The air grew dark as midnight, and the rain fell in torrents. The road, if road it could be called, through the prairie, was flooded, and the horses walked through the water splashing and spluttering as in a river. Left alone in the stage, I thanked God that I was not left to wander in the pathless wilderness without a guide, and resigned myself to grateful thoughts, and by and bye to such sleep as I could snatch. The entire night journey was through a pool of water. Next day I passed through other prairies, bordered with wood, and called the Looking Glass Prairie—the Sugar Creek Prairie—the Shoal Creek Prairie—the St Louis Prairie—the Dumb Prairie, and the Macquires Prairie—names given them by the first settlers. As we drew nearer to the borders of the prairies, the quality of the settlers and their settlements improved. Little orchards of the peach, the nectarine, and the apple, surrounded the settlement, and sometimes the log-house was converted into a frame house, and in the villages into a brick house. At one of the prairie towns, of 300 inhabitants, I found they had a newspaper, by name "The Truth Teller." At one loungeer at the door of the hotel where we stopped to change horses, I asked how many inhabitants were in the town. He answered, "Twenty-five, I guess." Another loungeer, with a cigar in his mouth, said, "I wager it is double that." A third, who proved to be the landlord, said "Ten years ago it was ascertained to have 250 inhabitants, and it has since increased." One store opposite the hotel had on it, "New Store." "Are not all the stores new here?" I enquired. "These two," point-

ing to two opposite each other, "are rivals, and they don't contain a wheel-barrow of goods between them," was the reply. The hotel was not much superior to the stores. The whirlwind of abstinence has reached across the prairies, and both wine and spirits of all sorts have disappeared. Unfortunately nothing palatable has yet been substituted in their room—none of those drinks which the Americans are so ingenious in compounding, and which are so refreshing to the traveller. I am quietly told that if I want spirits I may get them out of a private bottle, as a peculiar favour, but decline the distinction.

For two days I travelled almost alone, from prairie to prairie, until I both grew tired of myself and the never-ending never-shifting scenery of green meadows and blue sky. On the second evening we arrived at Laurenceville, with a tolerable hotel, and most obliging landlord. Starting again at four in the morning, we arrived at seven o'clock at Vincennes, in the State of Indiana, crossing the river Wabash, which divides the two States. Learning that there was no steamer waiting, I took my place again in the stage through Indiana to Louisville, though somewhat fatigued with staging, and alarmed with the report of the bad and hilly roads of Indiana. The prairie country is now past. The soil is no longer a deep dark vegetable mould; the young woods are now changed into old forests, and, as in the Carolinas, you may again see all ages and generations mingling together in wild disorder. The stage received its full complement of passengers—one gentleman in charge of specie, an Indiana Judge, and two young men, lawyer's clerks. The Judge was not oppressed with a sense of his office, unbent himself to the full, and made himself free and easy with all. He and a Scotch Irish gentleman who joined us after passing Vincennes, entertained us with stories, illustrative of the savage manners

of the early settlers in this country, the frequent use of the bowie knife, the number of bullies who were the terror of these neighbourhoods, and the mutilations and deadly conflicts that occurred. According to their account of matters, in their early days every one had to carry a short knife, called a bowie knife, and when this fatal weapon was wrested from the hands of the bully, he never failed to have recourse to his teeth, biting off the nose of his adversary, or punching out his eyes, or using other dishonourable means of fight. Among other stories, one was told by the Judge, of a horrible fight in a dark chamber, between two naked ruffians, who searched for each other in the dark, as a cat does for his prey, and butchered one another without remorse, with their bowie knives. One of these ruffians once came to him to ask him to explain how it was that in a fight he had succeeded twice in punching out his enemies' eyes, but as often they started back into their sockets. The Judge was on his way, as a political delegate, to the Baltimore convention for the election of a President, and did not hesitate to declare that if he were not a politician he should not long be a Judge. He proved an amusing and lively companion, but did not seem to be troubled with any fixed religious principles. He belonged originally to the Eastern States, and had enjoyed in his youth an education, in the College of which Dwight was President. He admired his early instructor, but seemed to have no other fixed principle than that religion is a good thing, and should be maintained. He says he is a Protestant, but to keep well with all parties he has a pew in the Roman Catholic Church, where he occasionally hears an excellent sermon. He sends his daughters to the Roman Catholic nunnery, and has no fear of their turning Roman Catholics. The convents of Indiana alone give any female education worth the name.

He gave a singular instance of the court the Roman Catholic Church is now making to all persons of any influence in the States. He had delivered an essay before a literary society, upon the fine arts, in which he had complimented the Church of Rome, on its munificent patronage of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. Next day the Roman Catholic Bishop called, and in the warmest terms thanked him for the way in which he had expressed himself towards the Church of Rome. Six months after, the same Bishop called again, and presented him with a letter, beautifully written in Latin, on vellum, with the sign-manual of the Pope, acknowledging his services. Such are the arts of Rome to bring the larger flies into her net. This man, having really no religious principle, is likely enough, when he awakens to any concern about eternity, to find himself unconsciously drawn into the meshes of Rome. The late Bishop of Vincennes was a man of talent and influence. His successor is a Frenchman, just come over, who cannot speak English, and as yet has acquired little influence. The present Bishop and one of his clergy coming into the stage, as one or two of the passengers left us, I lost the opportunity of getting farther information respecting the Roman Catholic Church of Indiana. Though the Bishop could not speak English, he evidently understood it, and we changed the conversation on his entrance. One characteristic of the taste of the backwoodsmen in preaching, which he gave, reminded me of the strong feelings of our own countryfolks. He got a very sensible and serious backwoodsman to go and hear a young preacher of the Presbyterian Church, who read them a neat discourse. He saw by his manner during service that he did not like him. On coming out, he asked him the reason, when he replied, "I don't like a sportsman that cannot take aim without a *rest* to his gun!"

About five in the morning we came to a hotel, glad to get quit, for a few minutes, of each other's company and the jolting of the stage. A more unpleasant night, or a more unpleasant road, I never passed. We could not sleep a moment, and at one spot the jolting was so violent as to injure one of our wheels. In the midst of a pass in the mountains of Indiana, we were obliged to get out about midnight—one of the passengers holding the light, and the others helping to repair the injury. The strokes of our hammer were intermingled with the cry of the bull-frog—a sound, in the solitude and darkness of a midnight without moon or stars, that I felt to be sublime. That misfortune repaired, we met no other, except the difficulty of adjusting ourselves, and yet doing justice to one another, a difficulty that increased the longer we kept each other company, and the more sleepy and irritable we grew. On landing in the morning, weary and woe-begone, our first work was to wash. The Judge instantly threw off his coat, and performed his ablutions in the open air, after the free and easy American fashion, and I followed his example. I whispered to the Judge, "Will the Bishop take the American way of it?" The Judge answered, "He may do worse;" but the Frenchman preferred, with the priest, his companion, to stand at the door with arms folded, in all his unwashed dignity, and did not even join us at the breakfast table.

In the afternoon we arrived in Louisville. The first person I met, on landing at Galt's Hotel, was Dr Spring of New York, just arrived to attend the General Assembly, which for the first time meets in Louisville, to accommodate the Presbyterianism of the West. From him I learned with sorrow that all my Scotch letters were waiting me at New York. Soon after I called on Dr William Breckenridge, where I met his brother, Dr R. Breckenridge of Baltimore—

a shrewd, vigorous, sarcastic man, not very amiable or interesting, but acute, logical, and pertinaciously fond of an argument, with a strong tendency, like a keen sportsman, to break his neck rather than lose the hare of his own starting. He was not a member of Assembly, but had got an appeal case by the hand, which was like to make much ado about nothing. He says that the population of Kentucky, in which State we now are, is above 500,000 souls; that out of this population the Presbyterian Church has not above 12,000 members, and ninety churches, numbering, on an average, about 300 sitters or hearers; yet the great preponderance of the talent, education, and wealth of Kentucky is Presbyterian. The number of Scotch and Scotch Irish settlers in this State, and in Tennessee and Ohio, seems to be very great. This class of settlers generally thrive, and rise into wealth and influence. When they and their families think of joining themselves to a Christian Church, it is natural they should prefer the Presbyterian. The number of places called Knoxville bear witness to the same national partialities; and it was in the State of Kentucky that Mr Cretingden, when we were in Washington, good-humouredly expressed a desire that the Free Church should settle in a body, and form a *New Scotland* in the West. To cherish these Presbyterian predilections, the General Assembly appointed its meeting for 1844 in Louisville.

Dr R. Breckenridge did not seem to have been much gratified by the recital my colleague, Dr Burns, had given in Philadelphia and Baltimore, of the good deeds their ancestors had received at the hands of Scotland in ancient days. "He forgot," said Dr Breckenridge, to add, "that Dr Wither-
spoon, after the revolution, went over to plead for a college, and instead of welcoming him, they called him rebel, refused to receive him into their pulpits, and sent him home empty."

We found there was no wisdom in appealing to the sense of gratitude; that we must cast ourselves on their sympathy and common principles to open their hearts. A graphic illustration of this I had before leaving New York. I was introduced to a Scotch Irish gentleman on the street. "Your colleague," naming one of our deputation, "has quite spoiled your cause in Philadelphia." "How so," I replied. "Why, he told us so much of what Scotland had done for American Presbyterianism in former days, reading a list of debts due to Scotland as long as your arm." "Is it not natural," I said enquiringly, "that the mother should remind the daughter, when she falls into distress, of early benefits?" "Even the mother, when she becomes poor," said the Scotch Irishman, "must speak lowly."

I went in the evening to hear one of the ministers of the Assembly, it being the custom for morning and evening sermons to be preached daily in one or more churches during the sederunt of Assembly, by members appointed for that purpose at the opening of the court. The preacher was a Virginian, and his text, "The carnal mind is enmity against God." The doctrinal exposition was sound and sufficiently discriminating, but his illustrations and exemplifications of this enmity wanted that simplicity and discernment of spiritual things which commends itself to every man's conscience. They seemed selected rather to strike the imagination than to convince of sin and awaken the conscience. The manner was by turns stiff, sluggish, and apathetic, and loud, boisterous, and fierce. There were not wanting in the discourse good thoughts, well and pointedly said, but the whole had too much the air of a man acting a part. The audience looked by turns surprised and stunned, rather than solemnised or edified.

Next day, the 17th May, I attended the Assembly, and

was introduced by Dr Spring of New York, when one of the members moved that the documents which I presented might be referred to a commission to make arrangements for hearing the deputation from Scotland. Having ascertained that my colleague, Mr Chalmers, was at Pittsburgh, and would not arrive for two days, I requested that some days might elapse, if it were convenient to the Assembly, before fixing the day. This was readily acceded to, and I was invited to sit as a corresponding member, and to take part in the deliberations of the Assembly. What struck me most in the Assembly, is just what strikes every European at first sight; the absence of those salutary forms and distinctions which we cannot help thinking somewhat necessary to body forth to the eye a great civil or ecclesiastical assembly. The members, spectators, ladies, and gentlemen, sat all confusedly huddled together, without any separation being attempted. Every one sat where he pleased, and as he pleased. The moderator, Dr Junkins, president of one of the Colleges, a most respectable man, beyond the middle of life, wore neither gown, nor bands, nor any badge of office, except a white neckcloth, which, as almost no one wore but himself, formed some distinction. There did not appear to be any space marked off even for the officials of the Assembly, the clerks only sitting as near as possible to the moderator. Next day I heard a discussion on the question whether the Assembly should officially take up the subject of Church Extension, and commit the matter to one great committee to raise common funds; to prosecute it as a common object. Very many spoke to the question, but no one seemed to have taken charge of the subject, or had come prepared to inform and guide the house. It was more a desultory talk than a discussion. Dr Hodge of Columbia, Ohio, a venerable minister, spoke repeatedly with much weight and judgment, but with great

length and tediousness. The matter seemed to have come recommended principally from the East—from the Princeton men, whose overture it was. I avoided taking any part in the discussion, because, from what I had seen of the Presbyterian Churches of the States, I felt the greatest doubt whether a scheme which had worked well in a little country like Scotland, and under such an organization as the Church of Scotland enjoyed, would work successfully in a country and church whose congregations are so dispersed as those of the Presbyterian Church in the States, and whose interests are so varied. A Church Extension Committee for every Synod or State, these two things being generally commensurate, seemed a more practicable scheme; even a Sustentation Fund for the maintenance of the ministry in each Synod or State does not seem wholly impracticable. Unwilling to discourage an experiment which is not unlikely to end in synodical or State efforts, I was silent, and rejoiced to find the Assembly agree to the committee, and make a selection of her most efficient men to carry out the object. The principal objection of those opposed to the committee was the danger of vesting so much power in any one body; others dwelt with more judgment on the peculiarities of a new country, which demanded rather an extension of ministers than of stone and lime churches. The getting up a church is by far the easiest matter in the States. The getting of a minister, and maintaining him adequately, is quite another and more serious thing—a remark that reminded me of the difficulty experienced at home of procuring young men qualified for occupying our Church Extension churches. Long before we reached our limits of Church Extension, we began to feel that we had exhausted the men able and zealous enough to use the new churches efficiently for the purposes of their erection.

In the evening I went to hear a Kentucky revival preacher. His bodily presence did much honour to his country breeding, being a man of the largest size, with a stentorian voice, and a good humoured countenance. Any one of his strokes on the Bible, when he waxed warm, would have felled most of our Scotch divines to the ground. His text was "I stand at the door and knock." Among other figures of speech, he imitated knocking, clapped his hands slowly, and lastly rapped his powerful knuckles on the boards of the Bible. Then he paused, and bade all join in prayer, that Christ might be formed in the unconverted. He continued two minutes with his eyes shut in the attitude of prayer, when he exclaimed, "Christ is very near ! very near !" All this was done before he had wrought up his audience to any corresponding state of feeling, and therefore passed off with a very slight sensation of surprise and curiosity on the part of the audience. There was a rude vigour about the preacher, which would tell at a revival encampment on the settlers of the backwoods.

Another day I heard another preacher, a Southern, for almost all the preachers, out of compliment to the place of meeting, were selected either from the States of the West or South. The discourse contained many good and striking thoughts, but was interlarded with anecdotes strung together like beads, having little relation. One anecdote stuck to my memory, and interested me as coming from the lips of a minister of a slave state. A slave, an overseer on an estate, was taken one day by his master to assist him in purchasing a gang of field labourers. The slave, who was much in his master's confidence, said to his master, "Do, master, purchase that old man," pointing to the oldest and most infirm of a gang exposed for sale. Without asking the slave why, he asked the seller what he would sell the old man at ? The seller replied, "I will give him to

the bargain if you will purchase the other sixteen." The other sixteen suiting him, he purchased them, and gave the old man in charge to his faithful overseer, who took him home to his hut, and fed him at his own table, watching over him in sickness until he died. His master one day asked him why he took so much interest in the old slave? He replied, "Master, I am trying to be a Christian, and that old man, when I was a boy, took me captive and sold me to slavery on the coast of Africa."

The highest style of preaching which I heard when in Louisville, was from Dr Young, Professor of Theology in the College of Danville, Kentucky. The sermon was a missionary one, delivered before the whole Assembly, on a Sabbath evening, and designed to rouse the members of Assembly to increased zeal, liberality, and efforts in behalf of missions. "It is more blessed to give than to receive" was the text. He began remarking that the reverse was generally felt to be true. Men loved to receive gifts, and waited long and anxiously to receive them, courting those who could bestow them, and subjecting themselves to much self-denial, in order to obtain some share in the future inheritance of one they loved not. Again, most felt it to be any thing but blessed to *give*; for they gave not what they *could*, but what they *must*—what was decent rather than what was suitable to their fortunes—what they thought would buy off, as if were, certain claims on their character or rank—as if, so far from being a pleasure, it were a positive pain to give—a thing from which they shrunk. How different the view of the Apostle, "It is more blessed to give." The apostolic sentiment he illustrated thus:—*First*—Giving is always in our own power, whereas receiving is in the power of another; like two keys to two store-houses, one of which is at our own disposal, but the

other, at the command of another party, to be used only when he chose. *Second*—The pleasures of life arise more from our emotions than our sensations. The pleasures of sensation are transient, for a moment only, and soon cease altogether; those of emotion are permanent, and gather strength with indulgence. This is the case with the pleasures of ambition, of avarice, and of fame, much more than with those of benevolence—use neither wasting nor impairing the pleasures of benevolence, but multiplying and enhancing them. *Third*—Giving is more like to God than receiving. It is imitating his love, who finds his delight in the gifts of creation, providence, and especially of redemption, and who seeks no reward but the emotions of his own loving and compassionate nature, in doing good to the unworthy and undeserving. *Fourth*—The luxury of doing good is within the reach of all, of the widow, the *poor* widow with her two mites. Why should one that has more need to receive than to give, part with her two mites? We should have stopped her hand in the act of dropping her contribution, reproved her profuse liberality, and discouraged her heart; but Christ would not deprive her of the pleasure of contributing to the support of the temple worship. He would have all ranks and classes to taste this luxury, and all may taste it by doing what they can. *Fifth*—Such was the pleasure Christ enjoyed in his work on earth. It was the pleasure of giving, “For the joy set before him” of redeeming souls, the joy of doing good, he gave all, and endured all patiently. *Sixth*—Because no good act will ever lose its reward, not even a cup of cold water. We shall get to heaven by grace alone, and when there will wonder how creatures so vile should be there at all. Yet Christ has declared that our place there shall be fixed by our works here, and we shall lose the high measure of our future blessing if we bring not forth the present fruits of a lively

faith, and loving heart to Christ. How few, he exclaimed in conclusion, believe in this text ! How few Christians even have any lively faith in it ! They do not, it is true, contradict it, because they find it in the Word. But they do not practically believe it, else they would act on it. They would systematically seek their greatest earthly and heavenly happiness by deliberately pursuing it. One believer here and there acts upon it—sometimes by impulses rather than by any principle or exercise of faith—a benevolence more of constitutional feeling and kindness than of Christian faith and love. How few, said Dr Young, in this church yet believe in this text ? We number 2100 congregations, and 174,000 members, and yet we have only forty missionaries employed in the whole world, and raise about 60,000 dollars, not on an average thirty-two cents (or one shilling and threepence) to each member of our church, and hundreds of churches as yet contribute nothing. He concluded by urging on his fathers and brethren to press the duty of giving more frequently, fervently, and importunately on their flocks, presenting the highest motives to their attention, and affording them frequent opportunities of exercising the grace of liberality to all the objects of Christian charity, both to the souls and bodies of men.

The train of thought was fine and impressive. Every thing was said in the best and most pointed language, and though the manner was rather lounging and careless, and did not justice to his thoughts, I have very seldom heard a discourse, to which an assembly of educated men could listen with more interest and impression.

I listened afterwards to hear the criticisms of members. The ladies thought the discourse dull, and were surprised at the warmth of my praises. It had no points of attraction. As for the clergy, I could not learn their opinion. It seems

a part of good manners to make no remarks on discourses, and especially to forbear praises that may come to the ears of the parties they concern. As to praising a man in General Assembly, as we praise one another in our Assemblies, they express their astonishment that we can either give or receive it. Nothing surprised them so much as the never-ending praises we bestowed on Dr Chalmers at the time of the disruption. On this topic I was assailed more than once, and defended our practice with an indifferent grace, because I felt it the more indefensible the more they called my attention to it. Yet I cannot help having some uncharitable thoughts of this remarkable abstinence from adulation of public men. Democracy is jealous of all superiors, even of the aristocracy of nature and grace, as the Athenian democrat, when asked his reason for putting in a black ball against Aristides, exclaimed, "I am wearied hearing him always called 'the Just.'" That something of this abstinence from praising their great men to their face—so great a contrast to British adulation of talent—is due in part to this feature of American, as well as of all other kinds of democracy, I have no doubt; yet the practice is good in itself, and much more in harmony with apostolic simplicity and Scriptural example, which narrates the doings and sufferings of saints and martyrs, and leaves the simple unembellished narrative to make its own impression on the mind of the reader.

The chief subject that has occupied the Assembly for three whole days, has been the appeal of Dr Robert Breckenridge. The subject which Dr B. was so anxious to have re-discussed was, whether elders are entitled to lay hands in the ordination of a pastor; and second, whether a Presbytery can be constituted without the presence of elders? One member said privately all that can well be said on these topics—"Ruling elders can confer what they have got themselves,

—viz., ruling power, and their ordination goes thus far. As to the second point, the greater office includes the less—the pastor that of the elder; and therefore a Church court may be constituted by pastors alone.” Unfortunately, however, the Presbyterian Church of America has adopted and embodied in its Church standards the democratic and unscriptural doctrine that the eldership are the representatives of the people; and therefore no Church court, says Dr Breckenridge, can be constituted without their presence. The American Church has unfortunately inferred, from their election by the people, that they are in some peculiar sense their representatives. As well might it be maintained that the pastor also is the representative of the people, because he is chosen by them. The mode of election cannot decide the nature of the office, which has its authority and its work alone from Christ, the head of the Church, to whom and to his fellow office-bearers, and not to the people, the elder is responsible. These notions of Church government are the natural effects of a state of civil society that is jealous to extreme of all authority, can ill brook any superior in Church or State, which tends in the State to the lowest democracy, and in the Church to congregationalism. The last General Assembly had decided against Dr Breckenridge; but Dr B., the more the difficulty of carrying his points increased, seemed to attach the greater value to them, and had circulated among the brethren in the eldership appeals, drawn up in a strain not very judicious, insinuating that the former decision overlooked or degraded their office. Most of the Assembly, elders as well as ministers, seemed to consider the matter not worth the contention, even those who agreed with him, and were anxious to get quit of the appeal, on the score of its informality. This matter occupied three weary days, which might, one would

have thought, have been despatched in fewer hours. No speaker, however dull or foolish, is ever put down, unless you can call him to order. Wise and foolish—dull and lively—young and old—must be heard with equal patience. The summary termination that a British audience would put, by shuffling, speaking, or ironical cheers, to a prosy speaker, would here be deemed the height of rudeness—a violation, I suppose, of equality of rights and privileges; so that men had much need, in the States, of the gift of seeing themselves as others see them.

I went one evening to a Sabbath-school, where Dr Spring spoke with his usual calmness, sense, and solemnity. Mr Hunt, the temperance lecturer, took part, and told a good story of General Harrison, the late President of the United States, whose unexpected death gave Tyler the Presidency. He was much troubled by the boys in his neighbourhood on Sabbath, plundering his garden in the country. His gardener advised him to have some of the boys apprehended. The General replied, "Better, John, get up a Sabbath-school and teach it yourself, and that will both keep them out of the jail and out of my garden." Dr Plumer spoke with effect, and had several touches of tenderness and power. The praises of Sabbath-schools were, however, in the usual forced and exaggerated strain. Before visiting America, I had a growing feeling that the time was past for these high eulogies on the imperfect and superficial religious education the Sabbath-school furnishes, even where they are wholly devoted to religious instruction. That they have been a great and blessed instrument in reviving religion, especially in England and America, I fully believe, but they are rather the instrument of a transition state of the church than desirable as the permanent instrument of the religious instruction of the young. It is time now that we contrast the good to

be done by a religious education on the *seventh* day only, with a religious education *every day* in the week. A scriptural education our *daily* schools ought to furnish. The Scriptures ought to be the daily, and not the Sabbath food only of the young; and if our Sabbath-schools have been blessed as an instrument in reviving religion within the last forty years, how much more effective, with the blessing of God, will the establishment of a system of scriptural schools in connection with all the churches of Christ in Britain and America prove, where the Word of God, from the first dawn of reason, is made the vehicle of instruction day by day, week by week, and year by year, throughout the entire school life of our youth. This is the "more excellent way," to which it is high time all the churches of Christ were directing their thoughts. What Sabbath-schools can do they have done. We have talked long enough of their doings. Let us go forward to other and higher work, laying the foundations of a system of universal education, of which the facts, doctrines, and hopes of Christianity shall be the pervading lessons. Thus, by God's blessing, shall we prepare a generation better rooted in the faith than can be expected from Sabbath-schools, which have neither *time* nor *hands* skilful enough to prepare a people that shall stand the trials of the latter day of the Church, and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

CHAPTER XII.

Deputation heard by the Assembly—Fate of the Slavery Question in the Assembly—Reflections on the General Assembly—Missionary Contributions of its Churches—Preachers—Church Statistics of *Louisville*—State of Religion—Factories—Jeffersonville—Sail on the Ohio to Cincinnati—Cumberland Presbyterians—City of Cincinnati—its Churches—Schools—Rapid Rise—a Free State.

My colleague, the Rev. Mr Chalmers of Dailly, having arrived, the Assembly appointed the forenoon sitting of 24th May for hearing our deputation. It was arranged between ourselves that Mr Chalmers should speak to the facts, and give a narrative of the disruption and subsequent efforts to re-construct the Free Church, and that I should confine myself more especially to the principles and previous struggle which had led to our separation from the Establishment. We occupied the attention of the house about two hours and a half, and were heard with deep and solemn attention. It is not the custom of ecclesiastical courts in the States to express audibly either approbation or disapprobation of a speaker. The deep silence and earnest looks of your audience are the evidence that you are heard with interest and sympathy—evidences of interest more affecting and solemnizing, though less exhilarating, than the more noisy demonstrations of feeling which in these later days have grown to be the manner of our Church Courts in Scotland. Yet, in spite of custom, the members of Assembly were unable wholly to restrain their feelings within the customary limits ;

and when Mr Chalmers gave a short and simple narrative of the affecting events of our disruption, and the faithfulness and attachment of our ministers and people, both in doing and suffering, the Assembly gave vent to its feelings after the British fashion. In addressing the Assembly, we felt we were addressing those that were neither ignorant of our principles nor strangers to those sacrifices and sufferings which in times past have engraven our principles on the page of history. The Apostle of the Gentiles, standing before King Agrippa, could say to that prince, without flattery, "I know thee, O King Agrippa! to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." Of our fathers and brethren in the Assembly we could as truly say, that they were not only expert in all our customs and questions, but that they were, so to speak, of the very race of the Jews. Our customs and questions were their customs and questions; our fathers and founders were theirs also; and our martyrs were their martyrs. We presented to the Moderator, at the close of our addresses, copies of the Protest and Deed of Separation, and a series of the pamphlets containing the briefest exposition of the questions in controversy, with a larger assortment for the use of the members of Assembly. The Moderator then rose and addressed the House with much feeling. The Rev. Dr Spring of New York followed, in a short and cordial speech, and moved the thanks of the Assembly to the Scottish brethren, and the reference of the matter to a committee to report, before the rising of the Assembly, what steps should be taken in sympathy and aid of the Free Church of Scotland. Dr Boardman of Philadelphia seconded the motion in a hearty speech.

As much as our hearts were gladdened by this kindly welcome, so much more were we cast down by the recep-

tion which the Assembly gave to the question of slavery. An overture came up from some of the Presbyteries of the free States, and an attempt was made to bring on a discussion; but the discussion was refused by a majority of 117 to 69. The Southern members, when they heard of the intention of bringing the matter forward, gave notice in open Assembly that they would hold a *caucus*, the name given in the States to an extraordinary political meeting, in the gallery, after the Assembly dismissed. So strong is the feeling on the part of the Southern ministers, that one of them, the most popular preacher in the slave States, declared privately to a friend, that if slavery were abolished he would go to Texas—for what purpose, unless to enjoy the luxury of being served by slaves?—a singular proof of the attachment in the slave States to slavery, when a minister of the gospel could thus speak to a brother minister. To one of the members of Assembly, a man of great ability and candour, I said in private, “Do not the State Governments, in forbidding you, under severe penalties, to teach the negro to read, as much interfere with your liberties as a Church of Christ, as the British Government did with ours in its recent attempts to coerce the Church of Scotland?” He replied, “It is too true. We are not in this matter a Free Church, but we cannot presently help ourselves.” “There can be but one mind amongst you,” I said, “as to the duty of teaching the negro how to obey the command, ‘Search the Scriptures!’ The Government has plainly invaded your province as a Church, and that too without the plea of your being a State paid Church. In the sight of God and all good men, you are called to tell the civil power to go back to its own place.” “At present we must be content,” he replied, “to acquit our consciences by disobeying privately, and doing our duty as it were in a

corner, even as your fathers held their meetings in private, when conventicles and field preachings were forbidden. The Assembly is not itself prepared for speaking out. Our people are still less prepared, and our hearts are terrified by the consequences of a separation from the churches of the South, and the breaking up of the Union."

These were the sentiments of one of the most enlightened men I met with at the Assembly—another proof, if proof were wanting, that the destruction of slavery in the South will not be gradually accomplished, and that the dissolution of the Union must, in all probability, precede it. The hand of violence will alone accomplish the ejection of this great national evil. The state of sentiment in the Assembly, and the sale, at the door, of an elaborate speech of the Moderator, Dr Junkins, delivered before the Assembly of last year, gave me a melancholy presentiment of the convulsions which must rend both the civil and ecclesiastical body in the United States ere the devil of slavery be expelled from his strong possession.

On two occasions, before the arrival of my colleague, I was called to address the Assembly,—on one to preach before it, and on the other to address it on the subject of missions. I attended, for almost ten days in succession, the sittings of Assembly, certainly with less interest than I anticipated. The mode of conducting its business did not seem worthy of imitation. Every thing appeared left to everybody, and if in the multitude of counsellors there was safety, there was also wearisome delay. Matters progressed slowly, occupying as many hours as they should have done minutes. The debates were conducted, not, as with us, by the leading minds, who had got something to say and could say it to purpose, and whose conflicting views elicited intellectual vigour and awakened interest in the house, but each speaker

gave forth his views at a length totally disproportioned to his claims on the attention of the house; and when the matter was closing, some new speaker started some new chase, and the house, like patience on a monument, sat out the new infliction, unmindful that *one* man was wasting, by this polite sufferance, the time of *hundreds* wiser than himself, and more able to give counsel. This is surely a nuisance that ought to be abated, though at the expense of some courtesy. When a man is done and does not know it, the house should give its feelings their natural vent, and shuffle down the inflicter. This forbearance is too costly.

The Assembly, strange to tell, was without any question of interest, the slavery one being *tabooed*. In defect of any great and exciting question, there was a disposition to magnify small questions into inordinate importance, as if, for want of real grievances, some of the more active spirits seemed glad to exaggerate into consequence, and to whet themselves in contending about some of the humblest points of Presbyterian Church order. The time is coming when the choice spirits in the General Assembly will not want questions more worthy of their talents and ardour. One of these lies already at the door. The present common school system of the States from New England to the Far West, and which is the theme of all American orators, has been established at the expense of the Christianity of the nation. By a succession of efforts in which Christians have unwittingly joined, they have built up a national system of education, if not *anti-christian*, yet as *un-christian* as imagination could devise. To recover education into the hands of Christian men, and to Christianise the national schools of the United States, or erect Bible schools in their room, is a work worthy of the Presbyterian Church, and the struggle to accomplish which will kindle a hallowed fire, and diffuse a warmer life

through the body of American Presbyterianism. This question, and that of slavery, will try, and perhaps break in pieces American Presbyterianism; but the nobler spirits of that Church will rise above themselves, and the tone of American Presbyterianism will be elevated. While bestirring themselves to obtain freedom for the slave, and a Bible education for the young, greater freedom and enlargement will be experienced in their own hearts, and the agitation of these questions will prove spiritual health in the latter end.

I had very many opportunities, both morning and evening, during the sitting of the Assembly, of hearing their preachers. The preachers of Kentucky and Ohio do not, like those of the Eastern and Central States, read their discourses. Like the Scotch people, the settlers in these countries cannot bear the preacher that, in sportsman phrase, needs a *rest* to his gun. The style of preaching seems more animated and lively than in the Northern States. Still, there was wanting the simplicity, warmth, and energy that we anticipated. The "take it or leave it" style surprised me much. Surely this is the remains of the period of chill and indifference, miscalled the age of philosophy, which passed over this Church in common with our own, from which it has not wholly recovered—perhaps fostered by the desire to be as far removed from the extravagancies into which some other Christian denominations in the States have fallen. This low temperature and want of genial glow of feeling naturally create a craving among both ministers and people for revivals, which as naturally end again in cold fits. The gradual improvement of the tone and warmth of ministerial services throughout the Presbyterian Church, such as has taken place in Scotland within the last thirty years, would indicate a far healthier spiritual state, and save the Church from a succession of most dangerous pa-

roxysms. May the Holy Spirit grant that this interesting branch of Christ's Church may yet be distinguished as much by the genial glow and warmth of its services as by the intelligence and attainments of its clergy! It was by spiritual light and life combined, that the wonders of the Reformation were accomplished, and Europe awoke from its long sleep; and it is by a warm Christian ministry, as well as by an enlightened one, that every great and good and permanent work of well-doing is to be accomplished either in Europe or America. The system of lecturing in the forenoon of Sabbath, now revived in Scotland, and so well fitted to build up congregations in Scriptural knowledge, and imbue them with the love of the Word of God, has not yet been revived in the States. I did not hear one lecture in my journeys. In lieu of this, however, though by no means of equal value, it is usual for congregations to have an evening meeting through the week, which is called "the Lecture," or "the Exercise;" and with a view to this, almost every Church has annexed to it a large hall, which is devoted to the purpose of the congregational meeting, and to the Sabbath-schools of the congregation. This meeting is, however, attended in ordinary circumstances only by a small number of the congregation.

The contributions of the General Assembly this past year to Foreign Missions has been about 60,000 dollars, or £13,500 of British money. The contributions to Domestic Missions was 40,000 dollars, or £9000; and to the Board of Publication between 5000 and 6000 dollars. The Board of Education, which is intended chiefly for aiding students at College for the ministry, has an income this year of 33,000 dollars, making in all 139,000, or £31,275 a-year for all its Christian objects from 2100 churches, or £15 from each church. This is independent of what is raised among the New School Presby-

terians,* who give their missionary contributions wholly to the "American Board of Missions," whose centre is the New England States, and which raises its funds chiefly from the congregational churches. The income of the American Board of Missions, the oldest in the States, was in the past year 244,371 dollars, or £54,983, about half the income of the London Missionary Society.

In Louisville there are—

- 3 Presbyterian Churches.
- 2 Episcopalian.
- 3 Baptist Churches.
- 4 Methodist.
- 2 African.
- 2 Roman Catholic.
- 1 Unitarian.
- 1 Universalist.
- 1 Lutheran.
- 1 Dutch Church.

20

To a population of 28,000 souls,—another proof of the amazing effects in America of the multiplication of sects, and of the denominational rivalry and zeal which their divisions have excited. Whatever may be the evils, either present or prospective, of these subdivisions in the Church of Christ, it is obvious that no national interposition would have done what these various denominations have effected, by their unaided efforts, in the cities of the New World; and, though this church extension may not have been planned in the best possible way, or arisen from the highest motives, "What then? Notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice,

* This was one of the subjects of dispute between the New and Old School Presbyterians on which they separated. The Old School Presbyterians thought the time come for the Presbyterian Church to take up the cause of missions as a Church.

yea, and will rejoice." If the gospel loses somewhat of its purity, elevation, and spirituality in this strife of sects, even while it multiplies its churches, yet what comparison can there be between the present state of things and the heathenism or Romanism in which, but for such rivalry, the great majority of American cities would have been sunk? From this evil God has educed much good, and will use this imperfect instrumentality until a higher and purer and more enlarged zeal shall animate his Church—when Ephraim shall no longer envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim.

Notwithstanding the multitude of churches in Louisville, the majority of the leading merchants of the city belong to no church, and make their speculation, and sometimes their jest, out of the divisions in the Christian camp—answering the question, "Why don't you join the Church?" by the reply, "Why don't you agree amongst yourselves?" Generally, their ladies belong to some church; and to the hospitalities of one of the most respectable families of Louisville I was assigned on my arrival, in the hope that the Scotch minister might influence for good the "unbelieving lord." My host proved an intelligent, good-natured, and kind-hearted person, who, like thousands, enjoying no sufficient means of religious instruction in youth, and in after life too busy, and too careless about the matter, to think much about the gospel, had yet talked and argued himself into the most strange and confused jumble and chaos of religious ideas. Some reverence and respect for the Bible he seemed to have, but not sufficient to make him submit to its teaching, and renounce his own speculations. His religious views were therefore a strange compound of fancies of his own, garnished with Scripture truths, or semblances of Scripture truths. By a tithe of the application to his Bible which this shrewd man of the world had given to any of his

business concerns, the religious darkness of his mind would have been scattered, and his views settled ; but unless God sobers and saddens our hearts by some affliction, we go on dreaming and speculating, fixing and unfixing, believing and doubting by turns, until death closes the scene.

When in Louisville, I visited several factories—one cotton and several hemp factories. The factories were miserably dirty and ill kept, and the factory girls looked quite as untidy and uncomfortable as at home. A little girl of nine, makes a dollar and a half per week ; a grown girl, from three to five dollars ; an engineer, eight dollars. The hours are longer than with us—from half-past five o'clock in the morning to half-past six o'clock, the workers breakfasting before they come, and having no interval until dinner, when they have an hour. One hemp factory, with 150 hands, was in a filthier state than any factory I ever saw in Great Britain. As yet, in the factories of Louisville, there is no appearance of that system and style of management which have made the New England factories models of cleanliness and good order. The hours are excessive. The work, in itself dirty, is made as disagreeable as possible. In no one circumstance have they the advantage over our factories, except in the higher price of labour, which, as these factories multiply, will, I trust, yet compel the establishment of a better factory system.

An intelligent Scotch gentleman, who has settled in Louisville, tells me that all the rich men in Louisville are self-made, of the present generation. They have had little time to think of religion, which in their youth was less attended to than now. Most of those above forty-five are Infidels. There is more religious observance than there was ten years ago, when he came here, and more respect to the Sabbath ; but the rising generation of young men

the sons of the wealthier merchants, are very loose and profligate. The clergy are made to feel very dependent, afraid to offend their members, and their salaries are small and insufficient. When he first came to Louisville, his sense of clerical propriety was sadly shocked by seeing a reverend Doctor cast himself back upon his seat in the preaching-desk, with his feet elevated on the benches towards his congregation. The usual furniture of the preaching-desk is a sofa, a fan, two boxes for expectoration, and a tumbler of water. My Scottish informant thinks Kentucky will, in ten years more, be rid of slavery. The slaves in Louisville are about 6000. There is a strong disposition to pass a law for the prospective emancipation of all born from the present time.*

The attendance at the common schools of the city are about 1800, and there may be about 200 more at private schools,—making in all 2000 out of 22,000 whites, or one in *twenty-two* at school. Living appears to be expensive here. My informant declares that £300 a year with us is as good as £500 a year here, from the high price of clothing, houses, and all the second necessities and comforts of life.

I was much gratified to learn that one of my countrymen, at Lexington, in this State, had made the name of Scotchman honourable, by the use he had made of prosperity. A gentleman of the name of Brandt, from Dundee, being unfortunate in business at home, came hither and established a factory for Dundee bagging. His industry was blessed, and he returned, paid his creditors in full, and in this country of his adoption now enjoys, in an honourable old

* Kentucky was within one vote, in its House of Representatives, of requiring a Convention to be called to alter the constitution of the State, to put an end to slavery.

age, the wealth which he has acquired, an example of high-minded integrity, which, I trust, will not be without its good effect in the States.

My Scottish friend introduced me to another Dundee man, a stone mason, who was working at the erection of the New Jail of Louisville. I asked him if he had learned what had occurred in Scotland? He said he had. I asked him to come and hear his countrymen next day. He replied, that he had his work to attend to. "Cannot you spare the half of one day," said his employer? "No!" was his surly reply. "He must be a poor Scotchman that cannot spare two hours for such a purpose, but he has been drinking all week, and, like all other drunkards, he has no time to spare at the end of the week," said his employer. When he looked up, he shewed the face and eye of an old toper.

One day I crossed to Jeffersonville, on the other side of the Ohio. The banks of the river are more picturesque and varied than those of the Mississippi—pleasant meadows with sloping hills, intermingled with woods and open glades, gave a new character to the scenery, wholly different from that of any American river on which I have yet sailed. My companion was a Mr Christie, the agent of a society called "The Calvinistic Book Society," in the State of Ohio, which has already published a series of excellent Theological works, and proposes reprinting the volumes of the Calvin Translation Society as they appear in Edinburgh. The limestone rocks at the falls of Ohio, near Jeffersonville, were full of fossil remains of shells and fish. I never saw so many fine specimens of fossil fish. The rocks seemed to be a conglomeration of fossils. The bed is 300 feet thick, and wherever it has been penetrated, exhibits the same richness of fossil remains. The falls of Ohio, or rather rapids, are sufficient to render the navigation dangerous, but add little

to the picturesque effect of the river. A canal has been recently constructed to avoid the dangers of the navigation.

On the 25th May, I left Louisville in the steamer for Cincinnati. The first person I recognised on board was a Mr Smith, whom I had met for a few moments at New Orleans. I found he was a Scotchman from Glasgow, had been a clerk in the West India House of Haggart and Smith some years ago, and, at that time, was an Infidel. Here he **has** become a champion for Christ, and the cause he ridiculed in Glasgow, he defends with intrepidity in the States. A madman in the **South**, finding his oath refused in a Court of Justice, on the ground that he **avowed** himself an Atheist, swore that he would devote his life to the **extirpation** of Christianity in the Southern States. He was a man of some talent and plausibility, and had picked up all the current objections, which he retailed with abundance of buffoonery, passing from city to city. Mr Smith resolved to follow, to expose his statements and reply to his objections. At length he challenged him to meet him in the town of Columbia, in the State of Mississippi, and, for fifteen successive nights, three hours each night, they contended, until the poor Infidel lost his reason in the excitement of the conflict, and was obliged to be put under restraint. The chairman, chosen by the meeting, was at first an Infidel, but before the contest was terminated, declared on the side of the gospel. The controversy, Mr Smith has gathered up into two large octavo volumes, of which he obligingly presented me with a copy. Mr Smith, though not enjoying the advantages of a classical education, has yet made excellent use of an excellent Scottish education, and of all the best works that have recently appeared. After this controversy, his heart became so much interested in the spread of the gospel, that he joined the

Cumberland Presbyterians, a branch of the Presbyterian Church, which was cut off from the General Assembly, because they refused to submit to the regulations of the Church respecting the licensing of preachers, and proceeded to license uneducated and unqualified persons. This body Mr Smith joined, because he despaired of being able to qualify himself according to the requirements of the General Assembly. He now regrets having done so, as dangerous errors are springing up within the bosom of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and they are falling out among themselves. This sect is principally to be found amongst the mountains of Kentucky and in Tennessee. Mr Smith edited their newspaper, called *The Nashville*. They number above 500 pastors, are a very hearty, zealous people, that seem to have sprung from a desire amongst the Presbyterians of these new States, for a warmer and more affectionate ministry than was the characteristic of the Old School Presbyterians. But left to themselves, and without learning or intellectual ability amongst them, they are going astray. They want to omit in the Confession of Faith the doctrine of Election, along with some other changes. The most judicious of them will probably return to the bosom of the church they have left, and the rest will be scattered. The more I inquired into this schism of the Cumberland Presbyterians, the more I have reason to suspect that it originated in the Old School Presbyterians laying their plans too much with a eye to the rich, and too little to the poor. The General Assembly became on this account unpopular amongst the lower classes, to whom a warmer and heartier style of preaching would have commended itself. They form the largest body of Presbyterians in these two States, and in their style of public address bear a closer resemblance to the Methodists than to their old friends.

As we approached Cincinnati, the scenery on the Ohio improved—the hills rising from the river to a considerable height, and breaking into pleasant valleys. Some recesses in the hills reminded me of the lovely hill on the Tay, on which Kinfauns Castle is erected, and from which it looks down so magnificently on the river. We arrived at Cincinnati on the evening of Saturday. The city is finely situated, lying in a vale, surrounded by pastoral hills. It is a wonderful city in the rapidity of its rise. Dr Wilson, the first Presbyterian minister, came here thirty-six years ago, when it contained only 1500 inhabitants. Now it contains above 70,000. Louisville is the older city, but has been far outstripped by this Queen of the West. I preached on Sabbath for Dr Wilson, the patriarch of the city, and a young Presbyterian minister, bearing the respectable Highland name of Macdonald, who is gathering a congregation here. I made no collections in this place, but announced a meeting for the ensuing week, which my colleague, Mr Chalmers, had agreed to attend. Dr Wilson gave me the following Church statistics of Cincinnati:—

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|------------------------------------|---|
| Old School Presbyterian,..... | 3 |
| New School Presbyterian,..... | 5 |
| Covenanting, | 1 |
| Associate Reformed,..... | 1 |
| Episcopal, | 5 |
| Regular Baptists, | 3 |
| Campbellites,..... | 3 |
| Universalist, | 1 |
| Episcopal Methodist, | 6 |
| Reformed Methodist, | 1 |
| Welsh Calvinistic Methodist, | 1 |
| Restoration Church,..... | 1 |
| Unitarian, | 1 |
| Lutheran, | 3 |
| German Reformed, | 1 |
| Swedenborgians, | 2 |

38 Protestant Churches:

Besides these, there are three Roman Catholic Churches, namely, two cathedrals and a chapel, one synagogue—in all forty-two churches, to 70,000 souls, of whom 15,000 are estimated to be Roman Catholics. There are ten district schools, attended each by about 400 scholars, or 4000 in all, indicating that one in *fifteen* are at school, out of the whole population. The Bible is admitted in these city schools, but no explanation is allowed. The district school which I visited had four apartments—two for boys, and two for girls. The boys were taught by male, and the girls by female teachers, which is the practice all over the States, with a few exceptions. Female branches of industry did not appear to be taught in the female department. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, were the only branches. The male teachers have forty-five dollars a month, or 500 dollars a year—the female twenty-five dollars. The rooms of the school were not fitted up in the best style, nor well ventilated, but were greatly superior to two-thirds of our old parish schools.

I got a buggy, and visited Mount Adam, the best point from which to view the city, about a mile from town. The road to the hill winds by a steep ascent, and as you climb it the city appears, occupying a valley about twelve miles in circuit, and embosomed, on all sides but one, amidst hills. The river Ohio appears winding along on one side. The harbour makes no appearance, from the absence of rigged vessels, and the city appears very dispersed, having, like most other American cities, anticipated its future growth.

Another day Dr Wilson drove me to the retreat of the wealthier citizens a few miles from town—a pleasant undulating country, adorned already with many pleasant villas, surrounded by groves of trees and cultivated fields.

Cincinnati gives you the idea more of a plebeian city than

either St Louis or Louisville. Everybody looks comfortable and well to do, rather than rich. The women dress gaily, and the trade of the milliner is one of the most profitable that a female can drive. Not a few husbands live by the heads and hands of their clever wives. The women seem to shrink less from public gaze than in most American towns—walking along the streets towards evening uncovered, and clustering at house doors or street windows, dressed in their gayest style, just as our ladies would do in a retired watering-place of a summer evening. This is, I suppose, a German fashion. The number of Germans here is very great, being estimated at nearly 14,000. They are chiefly of the lower class, employed as servants and labourers, but are very frugal, and, so soon as they have saved a little, settle on a small farm of their own, or set up stores. In 1840, there were ascertained to be 360 of Scottish birth, 786 of English, and 742 of Irish birth. Ohio is a Free State by its constitution; and its rapid rise—now the third State in the Union, although one of the youngest—is an example to the slave States, by which they may profit. As may be supposed, the feeling towards the slave is more favourable here; and the Presbytery and Synod of Cincinnati have generally overtured the Assembly on the subject. The Synod, at its meeting in September, since my return, adopted the following very cautious resolutions—

“Whereas the subject of slavery has been frequently presented to this Synod, and discussed, and acted upon at different periods; and whereas it appears evident, from remarks of brethren, that still there is a misunderstanding among some of our churches as to the views of the Synod regarding it; and consequently we deem it a duty in these circumstances to express ourselves as clearly as possible; therefore

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That the system of slavery, as it exists in several States of this Union, including those unequal and unjust laws which authorize the master to separate families, and make merchandise of his slaves for gain, is manifestly contrary to the principles of the gospel, and therefore sinful.

“ ‘ 2. That while we hold and declare this sentiment, nevertheless it is our view that there are individuals in our church who stand in the relation of masters to slaves, who are for a time under such peculiar circumstances, that they cannot be justly charged with sin, merely because of this relation.’

“ The first resolution was adopted—yeas, 69 ; nays, 4. The second was also adopted—yeas, 65 ; nays, 7. Several members had left Synod, and a few declined voting.

“ S. STEEL, *Stated Clerk*.”

Before leaving Cincinnati, several of my countrymen waited on me. They have still a lingering look homeward, yet acknowledge that, in a worldly view, they were never so well off. One of them presented me with a poetical address, expressive of his sympathy with the Free Church in her struggles.

CHAPTER XIII.

Stage to Pittsburgh—Interior of Ohio—Columbus—Zanesville—Wheeling—Coal Region—Decay of Trade in Wheeling—the Ohio—Beautiful Farms—Floods on the Mississippi—Approach to Pittsburgh—Opinions of the South—the two Rivers—Pittsburgh—Seceders—Missions—a Roasted Lady—Leaving Pittsburgh—Fellow Passengers—Methodist Preaching—Bankruptcies of America—Pennsylvania—Lake Erie—Town of Erie—Buffalo—Niagara River—The Falls of Niagara—Last Look—Lord Morpeth.

DESIROUS of seeing the interior of so thriving a State, I resolved to take the stage to Pittsburgh through the heart of Ohio. The mail stage was advertised to leave at ten o'clock, and came at the hour to the Broadway Hotel, but spent until eleven o'clock in gathering up the rest of the passengers—a costly civility at the expense of the time and patience of all the other passengers—well enough when Cincinnati was a village of 1500 inhabitants. The streets of Cincinnati being ill laid with round, water-worn stones, and full of ruts, into which the wheels were continually sliding and jarring, added to the tedium of our perambulations round the city, and made us glad to see the city behind us, and a pleasant and cultivated country before us. The little towns through which we passed had Scripture names, indicating probably British or New England settlers—Sharon, Palmyra, Lebanon—a pleasant variety after being tired by the Columbias, Washingtons, Jeffersonvilles, Franklinvilles, &c., that occur in every State. The country through which we passed the first day had more

than patches of cultivation or skirtings by the road-side. In many parts it was laid open so far as the eye could reach, and the valleys and slopes were dotted with farm houses, within half a mile of each other, indicating population and comfort. The crops are wheat, barley, rye, and Indian corn. The clover is luxurious, and every farm-house is surrounded with its orchard of fruit trees. Everything in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati indicates a superior class of settlers. The hotel at which we dined, on the way-side, was very different from those of Illinois and Indiana, exhibiting the plenty and variety of a cultivated country. The soil is undulating, hill and dale, sometimes opening into a large valley, bounded by gentle slopes. The meadows appeared very fertile, with sufficient inclination for drainage; and the hills, though not wholly disforested, were sufficiently cleared to their tops to admit the light and air upon the soil, and to allow the herbage underneath to spring up. The shade of the trees is said to preserve the grass, in the heat of summer, better than if the entire wood were removed. The price of cleared land in the first day's route was said to be twenty to twenty-five dollars, and would yield from eighteen to twenty bushels of wheat per acre. The richest land will yield from thirty to forty bushels. The country, after passing Lebanon, twenty miles from Cincinnati, looks less settled and cultivated, and the forest closes around. Openings, a mile or two in extent, appear in more favoured spots. In the evening we arrived at Xenia, a considerable town with about 2000 inhabitants. In this neighbourhood is the Calvinistic Book Society, which is doing good service by circulating amongst the settlers good old divinity, and supplying them with family libraries. The sun set as we left Xenia, and put an end to sight-seeing for the evening. The moon is up, and journeying is safe. About seven in the morning we

arrived at Columbus, after passing a restless night on bad roads, and with snail-slow progress. Columbus is the capital of Ohio, the seat of Government, and has 6000 souls. It is a spirited place. The hotel was excellent. The city possesses a deaf and dumb asylum, an asylum for the blind, a lunatic asylum, and a penitentiary. It is in the geographical centre of the State, but not the centre of population. Leaving Columbus, after a few miles, the country presents only cultivated spots; yet the soil appears a rich vegetable mould, especially along the banks of the river Scio. Here there is room enough and to spare for human industry. The journey of the second day presented much the same kind of scenery as the first, a country which man had begun to subdue, and which promised to reward his toil. My fellow-travellers proved to be two bragging Americans, and a John Bull from Warwickshire, now settled in Ohio, who seemed ashamed of England. The only thing, he says, to complain of in Ohio, is the filth and nastiness of the settlers. He cannot take a bed with the country folks, without catching a disease that, in Dr Johnson's time, was better known, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, than it happily is in our day. He could wish all their housewives a twelvemonths' training under the dames of Warwickshire.

If there be plenty of room in American soil, it is not so in American stages, when they receive what they call their complement. The complement inside was declared to be nine, but eight was distressing—a press but not a free one—yet quite as free as the American press, or any other press, can be, under the pressure of its customers. We had all, indeed, equal rights, yet no true liberty. The country grew more fertile as we approached Zanesville, a considerable town. We there entered the coal region, the fields and road sides indicating the coal formation. We arrived at Wheeling, on

the Ohio, at five o'clock in the morning, dark and dingy like any well-smoked town in the old country. This town lies on the Ohio, where it is divided by an island into two branches, called "The forks of Ohio." The town contained 12,000 souls a few years ago, but by decay of trade has fallen to 8000. Trade was so over done a few years since, that almost every merchant in the city failed. Only one steamer lay at the river wharf besides the ferry-boat. The stores are numerous, but the streets are silent, and impress you with the idea of a decayed city. This, however, will pass away in a year or two, and Wheeling be more populous than ever. Its founderies, glass-work, and paper-manufactories, will revive, and its coal mines will be re-opened. The Ohio lies beautifully embosomed within its wooded banks. The hills are not rugged, but varied and picturesque in their forms, and full of coal, to be got in some places ten feet from the surface. The pit I visited was a horizontal shaft, pierced into the hill side on the river bank. In Wheeling I entered a shoe-store to refit myself; unlike my New York barber, the shoemaker, who seemed the owner of the shop, came forward, offered me a seat, and not only fitted on the new, but put on my old shoes, and tied on my leather straps with a courtesy I had not received before in my travels. Trade had declined in Wheeling. It was the dull time of the year, and they were glad to see a customer. I found three book stores, but their literary treasures were very limited. Here I was presented for the first time with a favourite American drink, called mint julep—a compound of brandy, spirits, sugar, mint, water, and ice. I did not much relish the compound, but was amused with the device for prolonging the pleasure of the potation. Each toper is presented with a straw in his tumbler, through which he slowly imbibes its contents. The cold sensation is thus slowly diffused over the palate, and is

said more thoroughly to quench the thirst and cool the body. This is one of those cooling drinks in the use of which a man may almost unconsciously acquire the taste for strong drink, under pretence always of only cooling himself. It is a remarkable thing, and the reverse of the prevailing opinion at home, that the drinking of cold water is perfectly safe in the hottest day and in the warmest state of the body. At New Orleans and Mobile, where the thermometer was 78° and 80° in the shade, you were presented frequently with a tumbler of water, with nothing but a mass of ice in it. Nothing could be more grateful, and after I got courage to drink it, I found it always innocent. The distinction the medical men of the South draw is this, that to drink ice cold water in the warmest day is safe if you are merely warm; but if you are also fatigued, and have been heated by violent exercise of any kind, it is dangerous. In that case they recommend only a sip, or the use of a straw imbiber, such as the mint julep toppers use.

The River Ohio is well entitled to the name of "La Belle Riviere," the name the French give it. Not that its waters are pure and bright, or dark brown, like our mountain streams. It still preserves the clay colour of the southern rivers, though not so slimy, but it flows amidst much lovely scenery, encroaches little on its banks, and furnishes a navigable course of nearly 1100 miles. On the Ohio we again embarked in a steamer for Pittsburgh, the Iron City of America. We speedily entered the hill country, the hills rising up precipitously on each side, as close as the hills at the upper end of Loch Lomond, where it narrows to a river. On each side the banks are pierced with coal mines, and ridged with slides, for conveying the coal to the margin of the river. Every village and town that we pass looks dark and dingy, reminding you of the villages of Durham, or

those of the iron works in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. They appear very seldom to white-wash, remembering, I suppose, that they will not keep white-washed.

After passing Steubenville there are many lovely spots on the banks, which occasionally open and discover a fertile and cultivated country behind. Sometimes the hills recede, leaving a terrace of rich land stretching along the river, with hills rising behind, on which the settler's house is planted, presenting the most pleasing combinations for the farmer, the grazier, and the vine-dresser, who would make the Ohio another Rhine. The Carse of Gowrie and Lothians have no more favoured spots for making an earthly paradise of peace and plenty than the banks of the Ohio from Wheeling to Pittsburgh. But these spots are long since appropriated and prized at their just value by the old and wealthy settlers of Pennsylvania, men who have had the wit every where to choose the best portions of the land, and to enrich themselves and their families, though they have not the honesty to pay the debts of their State.

We are still on the Ohio, steaming upwards, detained last night by a deluge of rain and wind. I have just heard of the rise of the Mississippi. The floods of April have this year been transferred to the end of May, which is usually a dry month. But the April of this year has been warm as June, and May is proving as cold as April; so that, after passing through summer at New Orleans, I am again returning to spring, and feel cold and chill, and have recourse once more to winter clothing. The Missouri and Mississippi are reported to have burst their bounds since I left St Louis. The City Levee is under water, and the stores on the Levee are flooded. The citizens are seriously alarmed lest the river change its channel, and leave St Louis an inland town. When I left, the river was not above three quarters of a mile in

breadth. It is now said to be eight or nine miles across, overflowing the whole flat country of Illinois through which I travelled. Such are the inconveniences of the American bottoms. With all their fertility, they are the seat of inundation, disease, and death.

We are now sailing in Pennsylvannia, which, though one of the oldest States of the Union, looks only half settled. Pennsylvania is almost as extensive as all England, yet does not contain more than 2,000,000 of population. Favoured spots are cleared and cultivated. The mountains are still covered with their native forests, thinned here and there, and forming glades and openings. Nothing can be nobler than the scenery as you draw near to Pittsburgh. The country alternately breaks into hill and valley, closing you within high banks, and then expanding into an open and lovely landscape of meadow and terrace; reminding me of the vale of the Clyde on passing Erskine Ferry.

A family from the South travels with us, and we get into conversation on slavery. Two of the young gentlemen have studied at Yale College, Connecticut; yet they have all the feelings and prejudices of Southerners. They regard all abolitionists as bad men. They look on slavery as a blessing to the slave, and that they never can or ought to be freed. The Englishman, from Warwickshire, quite agrees with them, and abuses England for emancipating her West India negroes. Like other settlers, he probably first pitied, then despised, then hated, and now cannot bear them, because they have black skins, and complain of oppression. John Bull declares he cannot comprehend what should interest Englishmen in this matter, and expresses his thankfulness that America is no longer a colony of Great Britain. In arguing the matter, the Southerners first declared that the slaves would not take the gift of freedom; and then that

they would all run away from their present masters, lest they should be enslaved again—the one declaration being true probably of the domestic slaves, and the other of the field slaves. They also declare that they make the most faithful and the most wretched of servants. Their affectionate nature makes them the one; and the want of the spring of hope often makes them the other. All these contradictions are natural and true, under a state of slavery.

The waters of the Alleghany, within a few miles of Pittsburgh, appear flowing on one side, and those of the Monongahela on the other. Both streams unite at Pittsburgh, and their union forms the Ohio. The waters of the Alleghany are muddy, like those of the Missouri. Those of the Monongahela are clear as any of our mountain streams. It is interesting to mark the two streams keeping their distinctive colours, on different sides of the Ohio, for several miles, before they are lost in each other—the foulest stream prevailing, as might be anticipated, and giving its own bad colour to the united stream, which it preserves until lost in the Mississippi. Leaving behind us a lovely pastoral vale, a bend of the river reveals Pittsburgh, lying in a deep valley, vomiting forth fire and smoke—the surrounding hills darkened by the refuse of coal. Vulcan has chosen to deform a most beautiful landscape with his workshop. One bridge crosses the Monongahela, dividing Pittsburgh from the village of Birmingham. Another bridge crosses the Alleghany, and the city stands on a peninsula between the two rivers at the point of their junction, looking as dark and dirty as its trade—named Pittsburgh, not, however, from the number of pits that perforate its hills, but from the first William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

We landed in Pittsburgh in the forenoon of the 1st of June. I found quarters at the Monongahela Hotel—a vast

building, containing apartments sufficient to accommodate a regiment. The company at meals exceeded 100. This is the style all over America; yet how disagreeable to an Englishman, accustomed to be alone, or with those only he would choose to associate with. Here you are never permitted to be alone a moment, unless you go to your bed-room. Even there you are haunted by continual noises until ten o'clock at night, when most are still,—early to bed and early to rise being the wise practice in the States. Whether you will or no, you are rung up at half-past five o'clock, and rung again to breakfast at seven o'clock, with a party of 100 persons, none of whom speak to you, or you to them, but feed with amazing rapidity, and depart wiping their mouths, and picking their teeth.

The labourers in the iron works are chiefly Welsh and Irish. They make three to four dollars a day. Some of them save money and buy land, or build houses; but most of them until lately drunk hard, and died off rapidly. The pitmen do not make so high wages. Their work is not so hard as with us, the coal being more easily wrought. The coal pits, or rather caves, present in the hill side a singular appearance. The foundries lie at the foot of the hill on the river margin, and the cave, out of which the coal is dug, is near the top of the hill; a horizontal shaft and a slide very conveniently conveys the coal almost to the very mouth of the furnaces. This hill belongs to a great number of small proprietors, and is said to be worth 2000 dollars per acre. The coal sells for four cents, or 2d. per bushel. There are sixteen bushels to a cart, which makes the cart 2s. 4d. of our money, which is cheap considering the high price of labour. A barrel of flour sells at three dollars and fifty cents, or 14s.; butter is from 4d. to 5d. per lb.; and beef from 2d. to 3d. per lb.

While in Pittsburgh I experienced much kindness from Dr Heron, the oldest Presbyterian minister in Pittsburgh, one of the patriarchs of the city, who had the high honour of originating some years ago the Foreign missions of the General Assembly, and of making the first collection in his church for missions. He invited me most kindly to his house, which I declined from the shortness of my stay; but agreed to preach for him on the Sabbath, and to announce Mr Chalmers, who was to follow and hold a public meeting. He gave me the following as the Church statistics of Pittsburgh:—

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|-----------------------------|---|
| Presbyterian Churches,..... | 5 |
| Methodist, | 8 |
| Baptist Churches, | 4 |
| Episcopalian, | 2 |
| Roman Catholic,..... | 3 |
| Unitarian Church, | 1 |
| Associate Reformed, | 6 |
| Associate New Light, | 2 |
| Lutheran,..... | 2 |
| Dutch, | 1 |

 34

to a population of less than 30,000 souls.

The Associate Reformed churches here are very numerous. They are chiefly composed of Scotch Irish, who are as tenacious of all their old distinctions as the Scotch themselves. The Associate Reformed party maintain the doctrine of the duty of the civil magistrate to aid religion, while the New Light or Associate have dropped this principle.

I was anxious to get a sight of an Associate Reformed Church on this side of the Atlantic; and as I had only engaged for one diet on Sabbath, I persuaded Dr Heron to take me in the afternoon, there being no service in his own church, to one of the Old Seceders. He proved to be

an old Scotchman from his brogue, as well as from the fashion and colour of his wig. He realised at once, on mounting the pulpit without gown or bands, the old Anti-Burgher minister, with some American additions. His pocket handkerchief was placed during prayer between his folded hands. He drawled out his words with ancient longitude of pronunciation, and every now and then he paused and turned about to expectorate in a very leisurely way. The audience took it equally cool, standing or sitting, or lounging in all variety of attitudes, until their minister had finished his devotional dissertation. The discourse was very substantial, indicating a firm grasp of our good old theology ; but it was also wondrous dry and *dreigh*, consisting of three heads, and under each head six particulars, and a conclusion having three applications. He turned up the Scripture passages after the Scotch fashion ; and this manual exercise seemed somewhat to revive the flagging attention of his congregation, particularly of the younger members. At the close he baptised two children, and referred in addressing the parents very fully to the Westminster Confession, and the Catechisms of the Church of Scotland. His congregation consists of Scotch and Scotch Irish, who get here the Scotch Psalms and Psalmody, in which they have been accustomed to join. The Church was thin, and the audience had a cold, careless, and secure look. The old folks that have Scotland in their hearts, and that cling with fondness even to her dry bones, will bear this sort of thing ; but to their children as they grow up, such services will prove intolerable.. Such a church cannot hope in present times to have any succession, far less to multiply itself. Their dislike of organs, and of all versions of the Psalms but the Scotch, and national recollections, seem to be the bond that at present holds them together. One of the members of the Church, an aged

Scotchwoman, told me that an Irish minister passing through Pittsburgh, lately preached on an evening for Dr Heron, and gladdened their hearts by selecting out of the Psalm Book of the General Assembly the only three *good* psalms that were in it, viz., three from the old Scottish version. I inquired whether the Associate Reformed congregations took any part in Missions? The reply was that last year they had, for the first time, made a small collection for the missions of the General Assembly. On coming out of the Secession Church I was introduced to the minister, when he exclaimed, "Are you going to take the slave money of the South?" "I don't read," was my reply, "that when Paul, in his journeys, gathered up the alms of the primitive churches for the poor saints at Jerusalem, he inquired first whether there were any slave holders amongst them."

The Associate Reformed body have recently made slavery a question of church membership, a step beyond even the Methodists, who make it only a term of *office* in the church. This appears a bold, yet, in the circumstances of this Christian body, implies no great heroism, far less any intention to become martyrs in this cause. It is just the step they, of all denominations, were in circumstances to take with impunity, for they have very few churches in the slave States, and probably as few members in any of their churches that had interest, directly or indirectly, in slave property; nor are they, like the Methodists or General Assembly Presbyterians, an aggressive body, that will thereby be arrested in their missionary efforts. In short, they have sacrificed nothing in the step they have taken—not even, like the emancipationists of Great Britain, the national money. While, therefore, they have done well, they have no cause to rejoice over either the Methodists or Presbyterians, to whom such a measure would have brought in its train consequences from

which even the Associate Reformed Churches might have shrunk. I esteem the late resolution of the Methodists, calling for the resignation of a slave-holding Bishop of the South, as an act of far higher courage and self-denial.

The Sabbath in Pittsburgh was observed with much external decorum, the stores being all shut, and the streets very quiet, without loungers or idlers. The people seem to be a moral and religious people—plainer in their manners and dress than in any city of America I have visited. The Scotch and Scotch Irish are nearly 3000 in number, and nowhere are the old Covenanters so numerous, though their churches do not, I am told, indicate that they are thriving. The congregation of Dr Heron is the oldest Presbyterian Church here. His church contributes to all missionary and benevolent objects from 3000 to 4000 dollars per annum; and not only did this congregation begin the collection for the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, but gave to the Missionary Board its first missionaries. The Sabbath-school classes have all their missionary associations, and the scholars in his first Sabbath-school contribute fifty dollars a-year. The ladies have also their work society for the same purpose, which last year yielded 300 dollars; and there are two or three individuals that give their hundred dollars a-year to each of the objects of the church.

One day Dr Heron took me to see a Pittsburgh iron foundry, where I saw the process of forging by the gigantic forehammer, which nothing but the arm of the steam-engine can wield. The vast lever of the forehammer, in a foundry I visited the previous night, had broken in two upon its anvil. The molten iron was dragged out of the furnace, after being wrought into a square mass, and was placed on the anvil and subjected for a time to the strokes of this hammer. It is thus converted into malleable iron. Before this process it

is short and brittle, now it is pliable; and being heated once more, and put under vast rollers, is flattened into plates of sheet-iron. In another department the nail-making machine, I believe originally an American invention, was plying its task. The plates of iron were cut into strips, and the edge was kept at the machine, which threw off a nail every second, giving size, form, head, and point all at one stroke. A machine for making horse-shoes with equal rapidity has also been lately invented by a Scotchman in the States.

One day Dr Heron took me three miles from town, to a villa on the banks of the Ohio, to dine with a Professor of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in this neighbourhood, which has fifty-three students. There I met a pleasant party, and learned that not more than half the Old School Presbyterian Churches have yet contributed any thing to Missions; that the Foreign Missions of the Old School Presbyterian Assembly are not yet seven years old, but during these seven years the income has risen from 10,000 dollars to 63,000. Until last year the amount rose every year, and this year sixty additional congregations have contributed. This is quite our own experience. This fountain of Christian liberality requires only to be opened and kept open, and it will yield an ever increasing return while the Christian heart continues to beat. No missionary society has yet perished from want of funds, and they who draw in a right spirit on the bank of faith in the cause of missions, never fail to find their drafts honoured: as if God would encourage our weak faith to attempt and to expect great things in the field of Christian enterprise. The late Dr Inglis, convener of the Indian Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, at the commencement of the Indian Mission, ventured to express the hope that the income of the mission might yet reach to £12,000 a-year. "Twelve thousand a

year!" exclaimed Dr Duff, "I trust £12,000 will be the minimum." The folly of the enthusiastic is wiser than the wisdom of the calculating, in Christian enterprises. Dr Inglis at one time proposed, I believe, to fund the annual contributions, and send out no more missionaries than they could sustain by the annual dividends on the funded stock. These facts indicate a stage in the enterprises of the Christian Church, in modern times, as curious to reflect on as the method of travelling sixty years ago, when we now pass along the railway with the speed of the winds. But we believe there is more than mere human wisdom in this change in the character of the enterprises and operations of the Christian Church. There is, I trust, revived faith, and love, and devotedness, that will not rest until the world be conquered to the Redeemer.

We fell into conversation, at dinner, upon the gravity and phlegm of the American character, and the absence of humour and light-heartedness. The account given was very much to this effect—"We are a busy people—have no time to converse and indulge ourselves in social pleasures. Every merchant is in earnest to get rich—the young lawyer to be future President of the United States, or the young minister to make a revival and do good. They take no interest, therefore, in any work but their own, with the exception of politics, as every man has a part in the Government, as well as a stake. This makes them grave, earnest, and thoughtful; it might have been added, somewhat selfish, as well as unsocial, in pursuit of the object on which they have set their hearts. The same difficulty that the Christian minister experiences in the cities of Scotland, in fixing the attention of the working classes upon religion, from their daily and incessant toil from morning until night for bread, the pastor here experiences from the keenness of every man, young and

old, to better his worldly circumstances and get above his neighbour. It is hard to say whether the prospects of wealth dancing before a young mind, or the harassing fears of want, and the incessant toil for mere subsistence at home, be the most unfavourable to the growth of the Christian character.

The villa at which we dined occupies six acres, and cost about £800. It lay beautifully on the banks of the Ohio, scarcely placed above its highest floods. The lady of the Professor, after we had enjoyed her good things to the full, told us the story of her cook and servant having flung up their situations, and left her to prepare the dinner herself. She said an English traveller had told her once that in America there was always at the head of the table a *roasted lady*, and she had been afraid to tell until dinner was over. We should not have discovered, but for the lady's tale, that she had been roasted on our account. Accustomed to these accidents, and expecting them from time to time, the American ladies are not so easily put about, and take very coolly what would cost some of our ladies a fit of nerves—that would have roasted also their guests, and destroyed their dinner appetite. We rewarded the good lady the best way we could, for keeping her secret until the close of the feast, by lauding her excellent cookery and the pleasant dainties, of which there was no lack.

On Monday the 10th June I left Pittsburgh behind me—a substantial looking city, very like its productions of iron and coal. The route, for some miles along the banks of the Alleghany, was covered with villas and opulent farms; but as we journeyed the ground became sterile—the woods low and scrubby oak, and the wheat and oats poor and thin.

In the stage were an Englishman, settled in Canada, who had been travelling in the States with his son, and a

young Episcopalian clergyman, from the South, strongly Puseyite, who yet professed not to know what Puseyism was. The Episcopalian clergyman entertained us with anecdotes of Methodist parsons, as he called them, belonging to the South. One Methodist minister he heard begin his sermon by relating a contest he had with the Devil, as he rode along to church. The Devil tried to persuade him that the work he was engaged in was all a delusion, and that men would be saved without so much ado, and that his preaching was not needed. But he drew the sword of the spirit and beat him off, telling him that Christ had said, "Go and preach the gospel to every creature." Satan, foiled in his attempt to awaken unbelief, changed his weapons, and told him that it was in vain for him to go a-preaching. "You cannot preach—I tell you you cannot preach. You are not qualified. You have tried it long enough, and had better give up in time; for you have done no good, and never will." "But I replied to him, in the words of the Apostle, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!' I will die rather than give up preaching; and God has intrusted his Word just to such weak vessels as myself, that the glory of converting souls might not appear to be of man, but wholly his own." I remarked that I supposed every sincere minister of the gospel must at times have had similar temptations passing through his mind, although he might not ascribe them exclusively to the Devil. Such conflicts indicated at least some sense of his own deficiencies, and his weakness as an instrument in the work of doing spiritual good. Another of his anecdotes of Methodism was more ludicrous. A Methodist minister, after going on with his discourse for some time, seemed at a loss, stammered and stuttered, and at length came to a pause, when he said, "Well, I have lost the thread of my discourse. Will any of you try to guess

what was to come next, or what I said a little while ago?" An Irish settler, from Niagara district, who had been an outside passenger at the beginning of the day, but had now joined the insides, remarked, with the humour of his nation, that he should have made the apology his countryman made for his parrot, when he could not get him to speak—"Oh! you see he will not speak; but if he could speak, I am sure he would say, 'Ye see I am a *terrible thinker*!'"

The Englishman had been visiting the States of the Far West, but did not seem much in love with the States. Out of 1000 banks that existed in 1838, he said, above 800 had failed. The United States Bank not only consumed all its original capital, but 100,000,000 of dollars besides, and is not likely to pay anything to its shareholders, though it may pay something yet to the holders of its notes. Its beautiful marble building in Washington was erected on the eve of its bankruptcy, at the cost of 100,000 dollars. The new bankrupt law, which frees the bankrupt from the claims of his creditors on taking an oath that he has delivered up all, is mercy to the honest man, but gives the dishonest opportunities of enriching themselves. In New York, there were whole streets of merchants, respectable in society, who took advantage of that act, and are now living in splendour. This is undoubtedly the foul spot on the national character of America, and no longer the sin of individuals, but of entire States. Yet, in comparing together the morality of nations, we must consider not only the national sin but the national circumstances. In Greenland, such is the respect for property, that the poor Greenlander respects the dead seal, or the drift-wood lying on the shore, on which he sees any mark of appropriation; and there the distinction between *mine* and *thine* is more strongly felt than in any other part of the world. Just in proportion to the difficulty of acquiring property is

the feeling of respect for the rights of property. In the South Sea Islands again, where subsistence is easy and the climate so genial, Captain Cook found the natives, of all ranks, perpetually thieving, and with apparently the slightest sense of wrong doing on detection. In Holland, where of all the mercantile nations of Europe fortunes are most slowly made, the son succeeding to the business of his father, and where self-made men are fewest, the feelings against the bankrupt are the strongest, excluding him from society, and from ever recovering his fallen fortunes. In Bristol, an old city of settled mercantile fortunes, this feeling is stronger than in Liverpool; and in Great Britain, an old country, it is for the same reason stronger than in the United States, where fortunes are both more easily lost and won. This I believe to be the natural account of the low moral feeling at present in the States on the subject of *mine* and *thine*, arising not from greater keenness and a more money making spirit—for that spirit is strongest in the Eastern States, where the mercantile character is highest—but from the loss of property being an injury so much more easily repaired than in older countries. The feeling of *meum* is not so strong as with us—and, therefore, neither is the respect for *tuum* so strong. A man more easily parts with, and ventures into other hands, his money in the States, and he thinks less, therefore, of taking it from others. As the States grow older, and fortunes become fixed and stable—less easily recovered—the feelings of property will acquire more of that strength and stability which they have acquired in Great Britain. The wholesome pressure of public opinion throughout Europe has already produced a reaction in some quarters of America, and will, it is hoped, through very shame, make the repudiating states return to their duty. The loose morality prevailing in the States in money transactions, is certainly a striking contrast to the

high-toned morality which prevails in intercourse between the sexes, which has excluded Dr Lardner from society since his arrival in the States, and which visits every instance of the violation of the peace and purity of domestic life with the severest reprobation.

We have now entered the land of clear running brooks and dark mossy streams. The country is hilly and sterile, like the hills of Galloway. Woodstock, Cambridge, and Waterford, are the names of the villages we pass. This country was settled about twenty or thirty years ago; but until within a few miles of Lake Erie, there is no appearance of improvement. The cleared fields are still covered with stumps, like so many church-yards with their monuments of the dead standing out of the long grass. The log houses of the first settlers are log houses still. I was struck with the multitude of trees, torn up by the roots and scattered on all sides, presenting in some places a scene of magnificent and terrible ruin. Lake Erie is subject to severe tempests, and the subsoil is so hard and impenetrable that the roots of the trees cannot descend to any depth. The torn roots themselves indicate this, being all breadth and surface, without depth. The weather is now very cold at night, and the frost of a week ago has blighted the young oaks around us. The sun is very hot and dazzling at noon. We are still in Pennsylvania, which is bounded by the Lake, that now appears in the distance, seen six miles off, through a vista of the forest.

It is 360 miles long by 60 broad, and is joined to Lake Michigan, one of the largest of the lakes to the west, by the small lake of St Clair, and to the St Lawrence by the River Niagara and Lake Ontario,—so that there is a chain of lakes from the Atlantic to the Far West, where Lake Superior washes the shores of the State of Wisconsin.

The town of Erie lies on the banks of the Lake; its har-

bour formed by an island called Presque, which lies four miles off, and within which the anchorage is safe. The town is new and thriving, laid out for future greatness, with spacious streets and squares in embryo, interspersed with the stumps of the recent forest, which so lately covered it to the water edge. Next day a steamer touched on its way from Cleveland, which is farther up the Lake, and took us down to Buffalo, distant about ninety miles. The steamer was first-rate in all its accommodations, not like the Mississippi or Ohio steamers, but adapted to the stormier navigation of these lakes. Buffalo is one of the wonders of this region, at once connecting by its canal and railway, and lake navigation, the new and old States, and the new and old world. All the emigrants that desire a cheap passage to the settlements of the Far West, come this way from the St Lawrence by water conveyance, which is at once the cheapest and best. It lies at the northern extremity of the State of New York on the outlet of Lake Erie, where it forms the Niagara River. In 1810 it had only 1508 souls, now it has 50,000 souls; is substantially built of brick and stone, a New York in miniature. This city has every prospect of being one of the great marts of American commerce. One Rathbone was the first to discern its importance and become the architect of its prosperity, devoting himself passionately to the adornment of this city, and involving himself in a system of forgeries undetected for a long series of years. The founder of Buffalo is now fulfilling his days in the Penitentiary, and obtaining that time for self reflection of which his haste to be a rich and great man deprived him for many years. The streets of Buffalo are broad and regular. Main street is two miles long and 120 feet wide, and is splendidly built, full of all manner of stores, dwellings, and magnificent hotels, not surpassed by New York. There are three spacious squares; and like the other new cities of

the Union, it contains many magnificent churches. I counted above twenty churches, and I have no doubt there are some that I did not observe. In 1814 this city, then in its infancy, was burnt to the ground by the British—all but two houses—a savage act. The British colony of Canada is separated by narrow bounds from the States. The two nations so near of kin, and yet so eager in national rivalry, are here divided only by a beautiful river, spotted with pleasant villages and settlements that overlook each other. From Buffalo there is a railway to Niagara Falls, and the village of that name on the American side. The Railway carries you along the banks of the river, a pure and beautiful stream, sky blue in its complexion, a mile broad, and sometimes expanding into two miles, interspersed with islands which have been the seats of that ignoble border warfare with which this region has been recently afflicted. “Can’t you keep regular troops on your frontiers, and put an end to those disgraceful squabbles between our colonies and your countrymen?” said an English bishop to Mr Webster when in England. “What does your Lordship think is the extent of our frontier?” was the reply. “Have you no regular army,” said the Bishop, “such outrages are a disgrace to civilized nations?” “Our frontiers,” rejoined Mr Webster, “extend over 10,000 miles, more than all Europe, what could all the British regiments of the line do to guard such a frontier?”

The British side of the Niagara looks more fertile than the American, and I believe it is so; yet the land on the British side may be had for ten to twenty dollars, while that on the American side will bring forty to fifty dollars. The American side looks more thriving, and advances, I understand, more rapidly both in wealth and population. Yet Upper Canada, in which Niagara district lies, is a fine country, and will one day be a great nation, whether as a colony,

or, as is more likely to be its fate, in union with the Eastern States and New York, when the present American Union shall be dissolved by events yet among the secrets of that higher government that rules the destinies of men.

The railway brought us to the American town of Niagara, contiguous to the fall. We listened to hear the roar as we approached, but heard nothing until we entered the Cataract Inn. In certain states of the atmosphere the sound is heard at great distances. I got quit of my companions, determined that I should see this great sight alone, and enjoy undisturbed my own feelings and reflections. The river Niagara is the only outlet of the congregated waters of the entire chain of ocean lakes—of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, Lake St Clair, and Lake Erie. Here the entire volume of these waters empty themselves by the channel of the Niagara into Lake Ontario, which again empties itself into the Atlantic by the St Lawrence. Approaching the Falls, the river Niagara presents a sheet of water about two miles in breadth, where it meets with ledges of rock, and numerous obstructions, which break up its tranquil surface into a thousand waves, which rage and foam not unlike the Atlantic in a storm. This spot is called the *Rapids*, in which no vessel can live; but the *Rapids* are only the beginning of terrors—the precursors of that dreadful energy which the river acquires as it hastens on, where an island divides its channel, and deepens the volume of its waters, confining, and restraining, and, as it were, condensing the might and majesty of the river, ere it rushes over a vast precipice into its rocky gulf and channel among the hills. The first fall I visited is called the American Fall, the rival nations having appropriated a favourite fall, and carrying their contentions to the brink of these precipices where man can do nothing but gaze in helpless wonder. As I approached the edge of

the American Fall, I could perceive, by the depth, and force, and majesty of the current, that I was drawing near the precipice. The heart is arrested by the solemn and irresistible sweep of the multitude of waters, as you draw nearer and yet nearer to the brink, until the sight bursts on you, of the vast river rolling over, forming, in its descent, ten thousand folds of snowy drapery, tinted with all the colours of the rainbow. It is fearful to look down; yet to look down into the chasm is to behold a great white cloud continually rolling over the abyss. I sat down to gaze and fill myself with the sight. It seemed the deluge in miniature, "when the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up;" nor do I ever expect to see any scene so impressed with the might and majesty of Jehovah, until the archangel's trumpet sound, and earth and ocean give up their dead. The Psalmist David, when he beheld the heavens by night, exclaimed, "What is man!" Such is the predominant sentiment in beholding Niagara. The roar of many waters—the pent up river pressing onward with a power that no arm but One can arrest—the wondrous arch of the flood as it sweeps over the precipice, attracting the eye by its many hues and folds, yet subduing the soul by its vastness—the furious dashing of the spray, and the great white cloud rolling over the face of the gulf, and sending up continually the smoke of its anger, wrapping at times in its vail alike the terrors and beauties of the scene. These are sights nowhere else to be seen, and awaken sensations nowhere else to be felt in their intensity. I felt relieved when the sun shone unclouded on the abyss, and formed a rainbow, waxing, and waning, and sometimes expanding into a full arch over the scene of terror, the emblem of that goodness and mercy by which Jehovah tempers his severity to the sons of men.

Descending slowly from the precipice to the ferry boat, where the still agitated river flows in its new channel, I attempted to approach nearer the mass of falling waters, but was speedily driven back to a distance by a tempest of wind and water. On the white cloud that continually rolled across the gulph, I gazed long in mysterious wonder. The Scriptural symbol of Deity, when he descends amongst men, is a white cloud. It was the emblem of his presence with Israel in the desert. It was the emblem of the Divinity of the Son, at his transfiguration on Mount Tabor, "A great white cloud overshadowed them ;" and when he cometh to judge the world, he will come in the clouds of heaven. Crossing the river Niagara to the British side, the three Falls are seen separated from each other by Goat Island, and by ledges of rock. The scene is perhaps grander, but the first impressions are gone, and cannot be so soon revived. We ascend the hill to Clifton, and behold a scene of picturesque beauty. The entire sheet of water, before it takes the fatal leap, appears embosomed in woods, roaring and foaming between banks, adorned with villas, and orchards, and farm-houses, forming a striking contrast with the troubled waters hastening on to the abyss. Ascending still higher, we see the river broader and more placid before it has been lashed into speed, by the approaching precipice. Thence I returned to view the British or Horse-shoe Fall, so called from its form—the most sublime of the three, in the breadth of its waters, the greatness of its descent, and the character of the surrounding scenery. At Table Cliff the whole grandeur of this Fall is concentrated. Here you again behold, in unbroken might and majesty, the many coloured arch of waters, sweeping over with terrible power, and, from the projection of the rock, forming a more complete arch, behind which you may proceed several yards. The same

white cloud rolls over the gulf, and the same rainbow appears in sunshine.

I was tempted to descend with a negro guide, dressed in oil-skin cloth, to the foot of the British Fall, penetrating the usual distance behind the arch of waters, but saw nothing to reward me for enduring a furious hurricane of wind and water, which totally blinded us from seeing beyond ourselves, and which, but for the aid of my guide, would have driven me into the abyss below. The narrow and slippery path along the edge of the precipice is formed of a soft mouldering limestone, and has already given way in many places—rendering this feat every day more fool-hardy. On getting back safe to the Cliff House, I asked my guide how many fools he had conducted on the same adventure. He answered about 8000. I hoped the ladies did not venture on such a fool's errand. "They are the greatest fools of all," was the reply. "I never can satisfy their curiosity, or persuade them that they are far enough in." Since I visited this spot, I learn that part of the soft limestone rock has fallen, and put an end to this dangerous and most useless adventure.

In the evening, with my guide, I crossed to Goat Island, and visited the centre fall and the observatory on the Terapin rock, which hangs over the steep, a dreadful place, and more dreadful at sun-down, when left alone to its terrors. Here an eccentric young Englishman of the name of Abbott, smitten with the scenery of the Falls, was wont to spend hours, hanging sometimes with his arms from a plank projecting over the precipice, or sitting with his feet hanging over at sunset, playing on the guitar. He took such a fancy to Goat Island, that he erected on it a house, called the hermitage, where he resided alone, shunning all society, and living upon a hermit's fare. The last winter of his

life his feet were injured by the frost, and his power of roaming was abridged. He still, however, indulged himself to excess, in his favourite exercise of swimming, until one day, delighting always in what was daring and desperate, he was caught in the rapids, and hurried along to the Falls, and his body was some days after found floating many miles down the Niagara. This youthful enthusiast was only twenty-eight years of age, is represented as having been an intelligent and educated gentleman, who had travelled much, but having met with early misfortunes that preyed on his spirit, he wandered to Niagara, and, enchanted with its scenery, asked and obtained leave from the proprietor of Goat Island to erect a house on it. He obtained small remittances regularly from England, which brought him once or twice a year into the village, which at all other times he shunned. The only persons he would converse with were the children he met in his rambles, amongst whom he would distribute his money, or the wild fruits he had been gathering.

The last view I had of the Falls was on the route to Lewiston. The road lay along the edge of the cliff beneath which the Niagara river flows. The river was of a deep-green colour, still streaked with foam, seeking repose, yet bearing the marks of former agitation. The river lies deep in the ravine, so deep that we only got sight of it by glimpses at turns of the road; but before taking leave of the river bank, the road took a turn that revealed in one view the three Falls in all their magnificence, their grandeur enhanced rather than diminished by distance. The river is seen rushing over three distinct yet conterminous precipices into the gulph beneath; and the white cloud ascended like the smoke of the cities of the Plain, seen by Abraham, when he rose early in the morning, "as the smoke of a furnace." The wooded banks, the villas and orchards,

on each side, and the long vista of the river, gradually sinking into comparative quiet, increase the beauty without destroying the sublimity and magnificence of this noblest of Nature's panoramas. I can quite understand the feelings of a band of American Indians, the most imaginative of savages, who some years ago passing this way, threw into the river their pipes and wampums, the ornaments of their persons, in adoration of the Great Spirit of the floods. Better instructed, I threw in no tribute, but silently adored Him "who sitteth on the floods," "who sitteth King for ever;" who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and is the same one and unchangeable Jehovah, whether he speaks in the cataracts of Niagara, or whispers in the running brook and gentle breezes of summer. How unspeakable the privilege to be able to call this God our God, our father in Christ!

I brought with me the usual tourist's memento of Niagara, a staff of maple wood cut from its banks, curiously carved by a chief of the Tuscarora Indians, who reside about fifteen miles from the Falls. It was the work of a William Chu, the chief of the tribe, once numerous, now reduced to 300, but brought under the influence of the gospel, provided with their little chapel, and betaking themselves to the exercise of regular industry, on the small allotments of land still remaining to them.

I found my guide to the Falls had been also the guide of Lord Morpeth, who had spent eight days here in the autumn of 1841. Like all truly great objects of nature and art, Niagara grew upon him the longer he lingered and studied this wondrous page of Nature's book. The following lines describe not so much the Falls as his feelings in beholding them, and the impossibility of ever describing them. I do not know that they have been printed. I found them in his

handwriting, in my Guide's Album. To their concluding prayer every Christian heart will add a hearty Amen !

There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall !
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall ;—
The thunder riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirrings of the chambers of the deep—
Earth's emerald green and many tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer, in its loftest hour,
The unresisting sweep of Roman power,
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty !

Oh may the wars that madden on these deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep,
And till the conflict of their surges cease
The nations on thy banks repose in peace !

CHAPTER XIV.

Route from Niagara Falls to Lewiston—Rival Nations—Lake Ontario—Toronto—Churches—Coloured Population—King's College—Union of Roman Catholic and Episcopal Parties—Presbyterianism—the Banner Newspaper—News from Scotland—Kingston—Sail amongst the Thousand Islands—Queen's College—Students—Brockville—Methodist Conference—the Rapids of the St Lawrence—Montreal—Cathedral—Power and Prevalence of Romanism—Quebec—Country Church—Falls of Montmorency—Return to Montreal—Departure—Reflections.

THE route to Lewiston, after losing sight of the Niagara River, is principally down hill to the vale in which it lies. The vale and village are pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, as it comes forth from amidst the hills. Opposite to Lewiston, on the British side, stands on the eminence a monument to General Brock, whose mutilated top is a relic of the brutality of the recent Canadian insurrection. Here I got on board a British steamer bearing the name of "The Queen," and sailed down the Niagara to Lake Ontario. The British side seems the most fertile, until you reach the lake, at the entrance to which the two nations have erected their forts—the American, called Niagara Fort, and the British, Niagara Town, a thriving place of several thousand souls. Both forts are sweetly situated at the mouth of this fine river, and look forth upon the blue waters of the magnificent ocean lake, in pastoral sweetness and serenity; yet have they often been the scenes of modern border warfare. Canada looks a low lying country, with no elevated points, so that the land in the distance appears only as a dark line, without any mountains to break its monotony or bring it

out on the sky. Lake Ontario is about the same length as Erie, and has its outlet into the Atlantic by the St Lawrence. The greatest depth of Ontario is said to be 100 fathoms, or 600 feet. In winter it is either wholly or partially covered with ice. On this lake there are said to be 150 British steamers, and eight or nine American ones. On Lake Erie, again, the American steamers predominate, and there are only some half-dozen British steamers. Between Niagara and Toronto there are two steamers daily. The distance is forty-eight miles, and we arrived at Toronto about one o'clock afternoon. A low flat island conceals it from view as you approach, and the entrance is by a narrow channel between the island and mainland. This city was formerly called York; but, as it received the name of *Little York* from the Americans, who contrasted it with their New York, it became a name of offence, and the more beautiful Indian name of Toronto has been resumed, and is likely to prevail. This city contains about 20,000 inhabitants. The hotel at which I landed—the inmates, servants, hours of dinner, and customs, are all British. Wine and spirits are no longer exiled to the bar, but appear boldly at table, and the travellers sit and have their after-dinner talk over their wine and toddy. The city is well built, of brick, the streets regular and spacious; and, when the drainage and paving are more complete, Toronto will be a fine city. A proof of the large fortunes acquired here was given lately, in one of the citizens offering the corporation a loan of £20,000 to prosecute the city improvements. The small number of churches in Toronto reminds you that it is not an American city. Private enterprise and liberality, as at home, has been here checked and restrained by the presence and pretence of national efforts, which have slowly followed after rather than anticipated the population; and what I believe private Chris-

tian enterprise and the rivalry of Protestant sects would have done, the present church system has left undone. The following is the number of Toronto Churches :—

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Episcopalian, | 2 |
| Established Presbyterian, | 1 |
| Associate Presbyterian, | 1 |
| Independent Presbyterian, | 1 |
| Methodist, | 2 |
| Baptist Church, | 1 |
| Coloured Baptist, | 1 |
| Independents, | 1 |
| | — |
| | 10 |

That is, one church to about 2000 souls, a remarkable contrast to St Louis, in the Far West, with its church to every 1230 of the entire population, or to every 615 of the Protestant population. Whatever question may still remain as to the *quality* of the religious instruction provided by private enterprise and Christian liberality, and the evils that have hitherto attended this mode of providing for the ministry of the gospel, no doubt remains as to the superior number of religious instructors which *cities* will provide for themselves, when the work is left entirely to private enterprise. But I speak only of those cities and districts where masses of population are accumulated, that are capable of being operated on simultaneously, and brought easily to think and feel and act together. That private enterprise will yet accomplish the same thing for the remote and thinly scattered population across a whole country, we have not yet had sufficient proof.

The coloured population of Toronto are said to be exceedingly well behaved. All occupations are open to the negro. They marry white women without offence, and there has been such a thing as a white man marrying a black woman. A black man sits every Sabbath, with his white wife and two children, in a prominent seat in the church of the Episcopal

Bishop of Toronto. This treatment puts them on their good behaviour, and gives them an interest in maintaining the good opinion of the white population; whereas in New York no situations are open to them, except keeping low taverns, white-washing, and acting as boots or city scavengers. Respectable citizens in New York have been known to inform a shopkeeper, who kept a black servant, that they would not frequent their shop unless he was removed.

In Toronto is the University of King's College, on which a large sum has been expended, without, as yet, any commensurate results. The University site is a very fine one, and pleasingly laid out, covering some hundred acres, and cost, with its improvements, above £13,000. The University buildings, in the centre of this vast park, are no larger than a private gentleman's mansion, and form a somewhat ludicrous conclusion to the long avenues that lead to it, and the spacious grounds around, laid out with so much taste and care. The income of the college is above £6000 a-year, arising from lands reserved for this purpose, and their proceeds when sold are vested in government debentures. The number of masters on the establishment is eleven. The average number of pupils for some years has been 150, of whom 100 have been day pupils, and fifty boarders, giving thirteen pupils to each master. The dues paid for tuition, on an average of four years preceding December 1842, amounted to £1131 per annum, being about £7, 10s. to each pupil. The salaries of the masters are as follow:—

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------------|------|---|---|
| Principal,..... | £666 | 0 | 0 |
| Three Classic Masters, at £333,..... | 999 | 0 | 0 |
| Mathematical Master,..... | 333 | 0 | 0 |
| French Master,..... | 222 | 0 | 0 |
| Two English Masters, at £194 and £138,..... | 322 | 0 | 0 |
| Master of Preparation School,..... | 191 | 0 | 0 |
| Matron of Board House,..... | 75 | 0 | 0 |
| Drawing Master,..... | 100 | 0 | 0 |

Dr Strachan, Bishop of Toronto, is President of this Institution. He is a Scotchman, was bred at St Andrew's College, and was a cotemporary and fellow-student of Dr Chalmers. He received license from the Scottish Church, and went to Canada a Presbyterian; but in Canada he got new light, and, by management, vigour, and perseverance, has gradually climbed to the top of the Episcopal ladder, and is now the Philpott of Canada, carrying high-churchism to its extreme theoretical claims; yet apparently knowing also, like Philpott, to retire when the storm rises, that he may live to fight another day. Hitherto he has contrived to retain this college entirely in the hands of the Episcopalians, and thus limited the usefulness of one of the best endowed universities that our Colonies ever enjoyed. Vigorous efforts have been made and sanctioned by the Governors of Canada to open this Institution, but hitherto they have been skillfully resisted and frustrated.

The Methodists of Upper Canada are the most numerous of all the denominations, having about 100 churches, acting, as in the States, the part of the pioneers of the wilderness. The Episcopalians are next in point of numbers, and certainly the wealthiest and most influential body. Their clergy, under the leadership of Bishop Strachan, have exhibited the same tendencies as at home. There is no small danger, if the good sense of the laity prevent not, of the Popish and Episcopalian parties uniting together, on the understanding that Upper Canada, and its clergy reserves, be left to the Episcopal Church, as the Established Church of the Upper Province; and that the Lower Province, with its old tithes and church lands, be left to the Roman Catholic Church—a union, from the evils of which the other denominations, by any combination on their part, could as little save themselves as the Protestant Dissenters of Ireland, including the Pres-

byterians, could save themselves from the effects of a union between the present Established Church of Ireland and the Irish Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholics can return about thirty members to the United Parliaments. The Episcopalians as many, and the other denominations not more than twenty-five. The difficulties, however, still in the way of such a union, both in the colonies and from the mother country, are neither few nor small. However inclined the high church clergy might be to such a union, and such a division of these provinces between them, it is by no means equally clear that the laity of Upper Canada belonging to the Episcopal Church, any more than the laity of England, will follow their clergy so far to Rome.

The population of both the Canadas, including New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, is about two millions. The Lower Province is the most populous; but its progress in wealth and population is much slower than Upper Canada, which in a few years will outstrip it. Toronto may now be regarded as the capital of Upper Canada, and Toronto must be one of the chief points for the operations of the Free Presbyterian Church. The Scotch population is above 3000 souls; yet the Presbyterian Church has only some 300 members. Toronto wants only ministers to rally around the Free Church the hearts of the Scottish settlers. The Presbyterian Church could hardly be in a more feeble and languishing state than it now is in Toronto; and the Disruption has come upon it at a moment of utmost need, and we trust will prove to it as life from the dead. *The Banner*, a weekly newspaper conducted by Messrs Brown and Sons, Scotchmen, with much spirit, is the organ of the Presbyterianism of Upper Canada. It has devotedly espoused the cause of the Free Church; and if the spirited conductors could infuse some cooling drops into their political zeal, involve the cause

of the Free Church less with the politics of the provinces, and use a little more of the "*suaviter in modo*" in writing of opponents who may be as honest as themselves, *The Banner* will deserve to become "The Witness" of Upper Canada, and be entitled to the support of all true Presbyterians.

In Toronto I was cheered by the sight of a file of Scotch newspapers, giving amongst other intelligence the good news that the missionary contributions of the Free Church had in this the first year of its bereavement amounted to £32,000, above £50 to each of its 600 congregations. For this let God have the glory. In the adherence of our noble missionaries to a man, and in the response of our people to the missionary appeal, the Head of the Church is plainly calling us not only to be a testifying Church, like the Old Seceders, but a missionary Church, not reposing on our Protest and Deed of Separation, by which we have declared that we will be free, but pressing forward in the enterprise of extending the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad. This goodly beginning will, I trust, decide and distinguish the character and course of the Free Church henceforth and until it shall lose its distinctive name in that one Church of many branches which Christ will yet construct out of our many divisions, knowing, like the Primitive Church, no name but that which believers first received at Antioch.

It may be supposed not the least agreeable intelligence I received from the file of Scotch newspapers, was contained in a paragraph intimating the completion of my own Free Church of St David's, Dundee, and the opening collection of my people, amounting to £213, of which a considerable part had been in silver, indicating that not the richer members only had been made willing, but that the poor out of their poverty had contributed to the erection and completion of their Church, every man according to his ability.

On the 10th June I left Toronto by steamer for Kingston. The weather feels cold, especially on the Lake. The coast of Canada appears very low, without mountains or hills of any sort. About Kingston it rises a little, and presents some undulations. Kingston is a city of 12,000 souls, and until the recent arrangements was the seat of Government. This change will for a time affect the prosperity of the city; but a prosperous commerce does more for cities than the expenditure of any government officers. There is only one Presbyterian Church here, two Episcopalian, two Methodist Churches, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic,—seven churches in all to 12,000 souls. Presbyterianism from all accounts seems to be in a very dead state. We hope the Disruption and its agitation will save it not only from extinction, but give it new life and energy. The Episcopalians are not dead. They are at present projecting two new churches. My ideas of a college were somewhat shocked to find a mean building of two stories, not superior to the residence of a decent city family, and on a line with the highway, pointed out as “Queen’s College.” It was vacation term, so that I did not see its students, who are eighteen in number, and who have no less than three Professors. The attendance at the Divinity Hall under Principal Liddel, is, I learn, only *eight*, and of these eight, Dr Burns, when here, found that seven adhered to the Free Church. I was glad to see that there was, adjoining, a preparatory School, taught by a Mr Strahan, which is well attended. These preparatory Schools are the feeders of colleges, without which in Colonies, Colleges are either useless, or must turn themselves into preparatory Schools. For want of such preparatory Schools the Episcopal College of Calcutta, costing above £6000 a year, had a few years ago only some eight students—a blunder which neither Rome nor Geneva would commit; but which

John Bull, in his love of *Alma Mater*, and his desire to propagate her image, has repeatedly fallen into. An attempt is presently making to transfer Queen's College to Toronto, and engraft its Presbyterian Chairs of Theology upon King's College. The Governor is favourable to this double faculty of Theology in King's College; but the Bishop of Toronto and his clergy will not submit to such an incorporation, and will probably succeed for some time in thwarting it.

Having heard of the hostility of the Presbyterian minister of Kingston to the Free Church, I did not call, but waited on Dr Liddel, as an old friend. He was full of the project of his being engrafted on King's College, with its endowments, and consoled himself with these prospects in the present disconsolate condition of his own institution. As to his taking part with his old friends, he had made up his mind beyond recall. They had not gone far enough for him. They should have demanded the total abolition of patronage, and then, if refused—what then? Oh! nothing in particular—only ask again—always, meanwhile, staying in. I soon saw that we were only multiplying words. I hope soon to learn of a flourishing Presbyterian church in Kingston, which would soon embrace the larger part of its Presbyterian population.

Kingston is the capital of Upper Canada, a solid-looking city, built, not of wood or brick, but of very hard, close, blue limestone, like whin, and has several expensive public buildings. The roads in its neighbourhood, and pavements, are miserable for the neighbourhood of a large city, until now the seat of Government. The river St Lawrence begins here, or rather Lake Ontario narrows into the river so called. It is about two miles broad. I crossed it to visit the Fort and Docks, and ascended the Fort Hill. The river appears studded with islands, and Kingston, with its bright tin roofs,

which this dry climate long preserves, appears glittering in the distance. The churches are beautiful and spacious looking, of a dark grey colour, as if built of granite. I left Kingston on the morning of the 12th June, sailing down the St Lawrence, by the Highlander steamer. The weather was splendid, the river broad and beautiful—the noblest sheet of running water I ever beheld. As we descended, we entered amongst the Thousand Islands, that break this noble river into so many small lakes and narrow channels. The woods have nothing of the magnificence and rich foliage of the South, and remind you rather of the forests of the Scottish Highlands, presenting many a lovely combination of wood and water for forty miles, until you come to Brockville, a considerable town, which looked so tempting that I determined to spend a day there. I was so fortunate as to find the Canadian Methodist Conference holding its sittings. This Conference consists of 120 ordained preachers, and has no bishops, the Episcopalian Methodists not being so numerous in Canada as in the States. I was introduced to one of their leading ministers, Mr William Ryerson, who was standing at the door as I sought admission, waiting the result of the deliberations of the Conference on the question whether he should be censured for his interference with politics, having lately published a political pamphlet in defence of the Government of the day. I was glad to find that he got a gentle admonition to refrain in future from intermeddling with such matters. Mr William Ryerson introduced me to the Conference, which I shortly addressed, and I was unable to resist their solicitations to preach before them in the evening. Their reception was very cordial, and characteristic of a body who, by their zeal and devotedness, have provided the gospel to localities where no other denomination has penetrated. The Methodists of Canada have

no foreign mission, but an efficient mission for the Canadian Indians, having seven stations and four preachers. One of their Indian missionary preachers, Mr Jones, was present at the Conference. Their missionary income is not less than £3000 per annum, and is the only Church in the Canadas that has yet got any missions. The provision for the sustenance of the ministry is also said to be better than that of the other denominations, the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics excepted, who form the Established Church of Upper Canada, and enjoy the clergy reserves and Church lands. The Presbyterian clergy have been hitherto miserably sustained. Their proportion of the clergy reserves does not at present amount to £30 a year to each, and their people have not yet been roused to a sense of their duty to contribute to the support of the gospel. It is no small proof of the power and energy of the Methodists in Upper Canada, that they were generally supposed to have elected, by their influence, a recent Parliament, which was called, in allusion to the Methodist preachers riding about visiting their stations on horseback, with saddle-bags dangling at their sides, "the Saddle-bag Parliament." This political intermeddling, which can only be justified in emergencies which arise to the interests of religion, education, and morals, I am glad to say the Conference is now desirous of checking. The superintendence of the Government Education Scheme is presently in the hands of a Methodist minister—a distinction which they would not have obtained, had they not first deserved it by their previous efforts for the education of the settlers.

I was surprised at the superabundant provision of churches in the beautiful town of Brockville. There are two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Independent, one Episcopalian, and one Roman Catholic; eight churches to a population of 2500 souls, besides two churches in the coun-

try parts, making one church to every 250 souls; what is the cause of this concentration of churches in this particular spot I could not learn, unless that it has a very populous and prosperous neighbourhood of settlers, is a beautiful and healthy spot, and the usual rivalry of denominations has largely operated, each emulous of having its favourite sect, church, and minister, however small and ill paid.

I found the leading Scotchmen of Brockville were resolved to adhere to the Established Church. Of the two Presbyterian ministers and churches, one will join the Free Church. The station will be important, chiefly as a point from which to operate on other settlements in the neighbourhood.

When in Brockville, I took a stroll to the wharf, where I met a blind man fishing. He was an Irishman, and had been blind twenty-one years, having caught a cold in digging the Lachine canal, at a time, he said, when he would venture any thing for money. His loss of sight had improved all his faculties—touch, hearing, and memory. He can bring up all the events and scenes of his youth, as if they had been of yesterday; and if his wife begin to read a chapter of the Bible, he can go on with the rest himself. He came to the wharf until lately of his own accord, to enjoy his favourite amusement, but having fallen and injured himself, his wife brings him and sets him down, returning for him. He puts worms on his hook to catch perch, and then perch to catch pike. When I was remonstrating against the cruelty of keeping the live fish writhing on his hook, he had a delightful nibble. "See," exclaimed he, "how they eat one another, and may we not catch them by their own greed." He was from the North of Ireland. They have multiplied sects and churches since he came to Brockville, until the ministers, he says, are brought down to nothing.

In the neighbourhood, I visited a Scotch settler, from

Glasgow, at his beautiful farm. The farm consisted of 300 acres, about two-thirds of which were cleared. The house was every way comfortable, on a rising ground on the banks of the St Lawrence. Every thing was in the best order—crops looked well, fences in good order, and stones cleared from the ground. This farm, several years ago, was purchased by its present possessor for £750. It is now worth above £3000.

After passing Brockville, the river continues to present a broad and beautiful sheet, almost two miles in breadth, with Canada on one side and the State of New York on the other, which looks, from the river, more rocky and sterile than the Canadian side. Twelve miles below Brockville, the river begins to be narrowed again by islands, and to be chafed probably by rocks and boulders, and by the declination of the channel. The majority of the passengers are Americans, who have been visiting the falls, and carry Niagara staffs as a memento of their visit. A canal has been cut to avoid the rapids that we now approach, not so much for the steamers, which can shoot most of the rapids with safety, but for the sailing vessels which are at their mercy. The peculiarity of this noble river is that, unlike all other American rivers, it never overflows its banks, never rising from summer to winter, above one or two feet. Its waters are also transparent as the waters of a fountain. The scenery loses its interest as you enter the rapids, the banks grow rough and shaggy, and the view is narrowed within its banks, but you are fully occupied in observing how the steamer shoots on amidst the boiling waves and rapid current. After passing Cornwall, the river again expands into breadth and beauty, and is studded with islands—a majestic river, far surpassing the Mississippi and Ohio, fit channel for discharging the waters of the Ocean Lakes of this vast Continent into the Atlantic.

We arrived next morning at Montreal, partly by steamer, and partly by stage, to avoid the most dangerous of the rapids. The stage route was twelve miles, along a plank road, and the rest as bad a road as I met with in the States, until within seven miles of Montreal, when the road is macadamized. The houses on the road-side, as the day dawned, appeared neither American nor British, but Canadian French, wanting the neatness and smartness of the American houses, and the substantial appearance of those of British settlers. The inhabitants are principally French, and the spoken language French. The road passes along a terrace, below which we see a fertile and pleasant vale skirting the St Lawrence. Two miles from Montreal, and behind the city, the country rises into a noble hill, with a succession of terraces, and slopes, wooded and fertile, and adorned with villas.

Montreal is a city of 40,000 souls, more than half of whom are French. It happened to be market-day, and the heart of the city was crowded with the country people—all French, who in marketing use only the French language. There was no mistaking the men or women, even by their countenances, for Scotch or English settlers. The complexion was sallow, not ruddy, like our country people. The market was well stored, but exhibited nothing of the neatness which distinguished the French market in New Orleans. The French love of flowers was still observable in the sale every where of bouquets, but without the variety a warmer region would have afforded at this season.

The French Cathedral is a magnificent building, which cost £70,000. It has two lofty towers in front, like Westminster Abbey, between which is the principal entry. The effect on entering is imposing, but without the richness, massive proportions, and storied grandeur of some of the English Cathedrals. It has but one effect, and that is

on entering from the street. One worshipper was kneeling at the door, gazing towards the image of Christ on the Cross, above the altar at the far end of the Cathedral. Others were kneeling to the pictures above the altars of the saints, of which I counted six on both sides of the Cathedral. The saints seemed to have the greatest number of worshippers, particularly the altar and picture of the Virgin. The effect of this Cathedral, in the heart of a populous city, like St Paul's in the heart of London, I felt to be solemnizing—a solitude in the midst of society, like any other great object of nature or art, arresting and awing the mind. The religion of Rome is the religion of the senses and imagination, and, by skillfully adapting herself to these, and to human weakness, she still retains her wondrous hold of mankind, overwhelming them with the magnificence of her architecture and music, the pomp of her processions, the use of an unknown tongue, and her mysterious rites and symbols. All that the arts of painting and design, of drapery and needle work, can lend of grace or attractiveness, she cunningly employs. By these she succeeds in entralling men in the new as in the old world, spending on one Cathedral Church as much as would build hundreds of convenient country churches in this part of the world, that she may strike and awe the minds of men. I too felt solemnized by this fine piece of art so rare, in America, its solemn silence, its opportunity for retirement and devotion, in the heart of a city, open to all classes and ranks, and its silent worshippers kneeling apart—until I reflected that these very saints, to whom they knelt, had withdrawn their worshippers from the King of Saints—that these very paintings, at which they gazed, were substitutes for the Word of God, still withheld from the people—and that here men were taught to worship, not the Saviour of the Bible, God blessed for ever, but a Saviour of their own imagination.

How instructive should the simple fact be, that not one of the disciples of Christ, not even the beloved disciple that leant on his bosom, has recorded any circumstance respecting the personal appearance of our Lord—neither stature, complexion, eyes, nor hair, nothing to aid the painter or sculptor's art; and the same abstinence they observe respecting the personal appearance of each other, as if they foresaw the tendency of the world to worship Christ after a carnal and corporal, and not after a spiritual manner, and to sink a spiritual in a ritual and idolatrous religion. What the Scriptures have *not* said is perhaps as wonderful an evidence of their Divinity as what they have said; and their silence on those very matters on which a sensuous and imaginative religion dotes, is the impressive rebuke of that pictorial devotion by which the simplicity and spirituality of Gospel worship is deformed and degraded.

The prospect from the top of the Cathedral is truly magnificent. On one side towers the hill of Montreal, wooded towards the summit, its terraced sides covered with pleasing villas. The city at your feet stretches along the river St Lawrence, and beyond is the vast plain of La Prairie, out of which, in the distance, spring two ranges of hills, not unlike the Pentlands in their appearance.

Adjoining the Cathedral is a building called the "The Seminary," where reside twelve priests. They have a beautiful garden and grounds, but their apartments are all furnished in the plainest style, and everything about them is formed to avoid the appearance of personal luxury and state, except in church matters, for which they reserve all their pomp. This is the more necessary, as the Roman Catholic Church of Lower Canada is richly endowed, both in church lands and by the tithes. Of the entire island of Montreal, thirty miles long, fertile and well cultivated, they are the

Seignors, and every time any property in land or houses in Montreal city or neighbourhood changes its owner, they had a legal right to a tenth part of the price, until this claim was commuted to five per cent. on the present price, by paying which proprietors are for ever quit of this burden—a commutation which still leaves them in possession of a revenue, from this source alone, of not less than £30,000 a year. One of the twelve seminary priests manages all their money matters, keeping an office for this purpose, and employing clerks and agents under him. These seminary priests are all sent out from the hospital or seminary of St Sulpice, in Paris. They are the parochial clergy of Montreal, over whom, by some special constitution, the Bishop of Montreal has no controul. They have also a nunnery in an island lying on the river, within sight of the city, but which none but the nuns and their attendants inhabit. Behind the city, under the hill of Montreal, the seminary priests have a beautiful farm and gardens, whither they retire in summer. They can afford to live like princes, and have more than the power of princes over the ignorant French Canadians; but, taught by the fate of the French clergy at the Revolution, they avoid the pomp of the princes and prelates of the Romish Church in former days. Perhaps also the Church of Rome in this part of the world may have experienced a revival of the religious spirit and zeal which, since the French Revolution, has more or less visited all Churches, and has awakened them to increasing efforts for the diffusion of their faith. From all accounts, I learned that the clergy of the Romish Church, however little they do for the instruction of their flocks, or the improvement of their minds, are a decent, moral, and respectable class of men, not living in a way to dishonour their Church and diminish her influence.

The names of the streets in Montreal declare the predominance of the Roman Catholic Church, at least in former times. Every old street bears some saint's name—St Xavier, St Joseph, St Matthew, St Mark, St Mary, &c., as decisive of Popery as the names of Needle Street, Thread Street, Gauze Street, &c., of the manufacturing character of Paisley, or as those of Edinburgh indicate loyalty—Prince's Street, King Street, Queen Street, George's Street, Hanover Street, &c. In Glasgow, again, you have a mixture of mercantile and loyal names—Queen Street, Trongate, King Street, Jamaica Street, Argyle Street, George's Street, &c.

When in Montreal I enjoyed the hospitalities of my countryman, Mr Redpath, an intelligent and prosperous merchant, and a good man, who regards the Disruption of the Church as the greatest blessing that has befallen Presbyterianism in Canada since it was first planted in the colony. He invited me to his house on the brow of the hill of Montreal. The view from his villa is very commanding. The most prominent object in the landscape is the Cathedral, a giant among dwarfs, a type of Rome's Church and Rome's pretensions. This lordly Church rivets the eye and gives a charming effect to the landscape. The river St Lawrence flows past the city, and appears sweeping round the island of Montreal, until it meets the Ottawa River. The hills in the state of New York are seen in the distance across the St Lawrence. It is amazing how Popery has fixed its mark on every thing. On most of the islands in the St Lawrence, it has named the name of some of its saints. On the distant hills across the river glitters a vast cross, erected in honour of the recent visit of the Bishop of Nantes, who lately passed across this country, preaching and reviving the spirit of the Romish Church by his eloquence, and who re-established here the order of the Jesuits, that society of whom

Boileau justly said "that they lengthened the Creed and shortened the Commandments." To this cross, consecrated by the Bishop, the votaries of Rome now make pilgrimages. I climbed the hill behind Mr Redpath's house to enjoy the distant prospect. The trees of the forest are of small size ; but the soil appears a black mould, and grows excellent crops of oats, rye, and pease. For the last ten years the wheat crop in Lower Canada has failed, being destroyed by a particular kind of fly, which seems, however, be to dying out. The grass and clover crops look very luxuriant. The chime of the Cathedral bells in passing up through the woods was enchanting, On reaching the brow of the hill, half a province burst into view. The Cathedral, man's masterpiece, now dwindled into insignificance before the magnificent arch of Heaven, and the panorama of rivers, mountains, and plains, stretched beneath.

I visited the Hotel Dieu under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and also the Foundling Hospital under the charge of an order of Black Nuns. Neither of these institutions were equal to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity in the city of St Louis, Missouri, in their arrangements. The nuns of Montreal are very numerous, so many, taking all the orders, as 200. They are generally employed in education, as in the United States, and detachments of them are sent out in all directions. The other day a detachment of four nuns was sent to form an institution on the Red River, in the ungenial region of the Hudson Bay Company. They embarked on the Ottoway in a canoe, exposed unsheltered to the storm.

It is impossible not to respect such self devotion, and not to wish it in the service of a purer church, more favourable to the best interests of our race.

I was gratified to learn of the existence and operations of a Protestant Canadian Missionary Society in Montreal, sup-

ported by various denominations, which employs among the French population twelve missionaries, catechists, and Scripture readers, at an annual expense of £700 a year. A fresh addition to this band of missionaries has just arrived from the Evangelical School of Switzerland. One of the missionaries assured me that the door was opening. The French Canadians will not yet come to hear, but receive their visits. A Canadian medical gentleman of the name of Coté, who had been engaged in the late rebellion, and a zealous Roman Catholic, having gone to his priest with a book of legends, to ask whether he was to believe such things, and getting for answer that these things were only for the unlearned, and not such as he, was roused to suspicion by the double dealing of Rome, and led to inquiries which terminated in his forsaking her communion. He has already formed about sixty of his countrymen into a Church.

The universal sentiment amongst my countrymen whom I met at Mr Redpath's was, that nothing could save the Presbyterian Church from merited extinction but some such event as the disruption. One gentleman said, "Sir, you have in times past sent us the dregs of your Scottish clergy, and, if we cling now to the Establishment, we shall get nothing but the dregs of the dregs." There is in this city the materials of a living and life-like Church—men who have long mourned over the apathy and imbecility of Scottish Presbyterianism, and have been retained in her communion only by national predilections, and the hope of some favourable event, in the providence of God, which should rekindle the embers of the Presbyterian Church. I had several opportunities of preaching the gospel here—once in Mr Esson's church, who is now transferred to Toronto, to the Theological Seminary of the Free Church, and once in the American Presbyterian Church, the most prosperous of the

Presbyterian Churches of the city. I had also the pleasure of preaching to the 93d Regiment, or Sutherland Highlanders, a regiment long distinguished in the service, not only for its fearlessness in the field of battle, but for its fear of God. They have a savings bank, a Bible society, and a prayer meeting, and receive into their reading-room the *Record*, the *Witness*, and other periodicals of the Free Church. On the disruption they raised a considerable contribution, and sent it to Dr Chalmers. They but lately came from Toronto, where they conducted themselves to admiration, no one having aught to object against them, except in the matter of the *kilt*.

On the 17th June I left Montreal, for a hasty visit to Quebec. The sail was in the evening, and until sunset was along banks crowded with farm-houses, villages, and white-washed churches, with their double spires. The banks of the Thames hardly looks more populous than the banks of the St Lawrence, both sides of which are now in Canada. The entire population of this part of Canada seems concentrated on the margin of the river, cultivation extending but a very few miles inland. The settlers are the most unenterprising of colonists, preferring to subdivide their paternal acres to pushing their way, like British settlers, into new territory. The approach to Quebec, early in the morning, was very striking. The banks are bold, high, and rugged, and the mountains appear in the distance. The vast river has a magnificent appearance, embosomed amidst its rocky barriers. The river is enlivened by a vast number of ships waiting for their lading. Every wharf and available spot is covered with vast piles of timber, so as to entitle the suburbs of the city to the name of Lumber Town. A bold cliff, crowned with the Citadel, hides the principal part of the city from view; but on turning it, you see Quebec embo-

somed amidst hills, with others still loftier rising beyond. The city has a population of 25,000 souls, and has the appearance of antiquity; but the fortifications, the heights of Abraham, where Wolfe fell, the distant mountains, forming the limits of cultivation, beyond which live only the hunter and the wild beasts of the Arctic regions, and the ample river winding into the appearance of a lake, land-locked on all sides ere it expands into the Gulf of St Lawrence, make this one of the most romantic and stirring landscapes of the New World. The city and citadel are both on the steep. Beyond them stretches a plain, terminated by a rampart of mountains, green to the top, and breaking into valleys. The plain is covered with settlements; but within it is the boundary of the cultivated and inhabited land, beyond which no man dwelleth. The number of farm-houses and villages within this band of cultivation strikes every stranger coming out of the United States. It resembles more an old than a new country. Not only the farms are small, but the fields into which the farms are subdivided are not the tenth part of the size of American fields, and not a fourth or fifth of the size of our fields, forming long, narrow stripes, as if each new generation, on succeeding to the farm, had made a new division of the paternal acres, though they might have found a richer soil and more genial climate by removing a few miles up the St Lawrence.

I drove with Dr Cook to the Falls of Montmorency, nine miles from Quebec. The prospect is striking and picturesque along the drive, but the falls themselves, after having seen Niagara, are destitute of interest—inferior to most of our Scottish falls. I was more interested by the French Canadian peasantry hastening to church with their wives and children on foot, on donkeys, and light carts, with their prayer books in their hands, dressed plainly and comfort-

ably, like our Scottish country people on Sabbath, most of them with a flower in their hand. It was the fete of some saint. There was no appearance of any class that one should term the gentry, but all appeared comfortable like our small farmers and their families. The peasantry are said to be a very quiet, simple, and courteous people. They touch their hats as we pass. Their book in hand, and their pocket handkerchief carefully folded on it, and their nosegay, carry me homeward to a Scottish Sacrament Sabbath morning. We alighted at the Parish Church, the approach to which was lined with an avenue of trees recently cut from the woods, and thrust into the ground for the occasion, like children's flowers without their roots, to look gay for the hour. The congregation was just gathering. The young folks were seating themselves on the steps outside the rail enclosing the altar, as if preparing for some ceremony, perhaps for confirmation from the Bishop, who was expected. The Church itself was very plain outside; but the interior blazed with gilding on the roof and over the altar to Christ and to some other saint, probably the parish saint. The walls were adorned with paintings, those "books of the unlearned," the only books the Church of Rome, if she had her will would suffer the unlearned to peruse. Every corner of the church was adorned with bouquets of flowers, and one of superior beauty adorned the high altar. As we could not wait the service, we retired, and on coming out met one of the priests driving along in his light cart in a loose black gown and bands, trimmed with white. The peasants doffed to him as he drove past. The Roman Catholic clergy here are said to possess the tithes only while the tithe payers remain Roman Catholics. When they choose to profess Protestantism, and join the Protestant Church, they are delivered from the charge. If this be so, it is a dangerous snare to false pro-

fession, and a tempting of them to cheat their clergy. There had been something rational had the tithe in such a case gone to the Exchequer or to their Protestant pastor. The rural Roman Catholic priests are said to live with great simplicity amongst their people, and have become more pains-taking of late years. They begin to feel the pressure of Protestantism upon their flocks, and have been especially troubled by the aggressive movements of the Canadian Missionary Society. Dr Coté's conversion, and his turning preacher, who was before a zealous Romanist and a leading rebel, has roused them.

Dr Cook of Quebec is one of the ablest men of the Presbyterian Church in the Canadas. He is also a man of great candour, and very fit to be a leader at this crisis, had he more moral earnestness. He has what no other Presbyterian minister in the Canadas has—a manse and schools, as well as a prosperous church and congregation—those things that made the disruption terrible at home, and which make it also terrible here. These things, I fear, will entangle. Mr Clugston of Quebec appears more decided—is aided by his congregation, and still more by the affection of his good lady, to the cause of the Free Church, which will sweeten the pangs of separation.

I returned to Montreal, and again met the friends of the Free Church. There is much friendly contention between Montreal and Toronto, which should be the capital and centre of the operations of the Free Church. There can be no doubt of the importance of Montreal as the centre of missionary operations in behalf of the French Canadians, and that a warm and devoted Free Church ministry might be eminently useful, not only to our countrymen, but to the Roman Catholic population. But Upper Canada is the chief resort of British emigrants, and, ere many years, will be the greater province in wealth and population, as it now is in extent

and fertility of soil, and in a favourable climate. Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and Niagara, contain the greatest mass of Scottish settlers, who, receiving the Gospel warmly for themselves, would unite heart and hand in any common system of missions in behalf of the more scattered settlers, and of the French population of Lower Canada. Both these cities ought to be well appointed, if not with fixed pastors, with what in the circumstances of a new country were better still, a succession of ministers sent out as Evangelists and visitors of the churches—itinerating in the summer months, and in winter labouring in the chief cities. This would cultivate the missionary spirit in our ministers at home, by enlarging the sphere of their Christian sympathies; and maintain the life and spirit of the Free Church in the Canadas, until it shall please God to give its Presbyterianism a native root and native branches.

I had many opportunities of witnessing the good effects of the visit of Dr Burns. The Doctor was prepared, by his former connexion with the Glasgow Colonial Society, for coming hither, and his visit was hailed by the Scottish settlers with unfeigned pleasure. The invitation since sent to him from Toronto, to be the first Free Church minister of John Knox's Church there, is an evidence of the interest his visit and labours awakened, and, along with the desire expressed by the Synod that he should take part in the work of preparing a native Canadian ministry, seems to have decided him to devote himself to this interesting field of labour.

Both in Toronto and Montreal, I had the happiness to meet men who would do honour to any church, young merchants, with whom it would be very pleasant to unite in organising a Presbyterian church to diffuse spiritual health amongst our countrymen, and take up the cause of education

and of missions, home and foreign, with energetic faith and zeal. Their earnest prayer and effort will, I trust, be, that the crisis that has occurred may prove "the day spring from on high" to the Presbyterian churches of the Canadas.

In reply to the appeal of Dr Burns, the Canadas contributed above £2000 to the Free Church—a plain indication that the heart of the people is towards us, and a beginning of that greater liberality, which will flow out in the sustenance of their own Church, should God send them a lively, energetic ministry. In Canada no settler can be called *poor*, in the sense in which we use that term. All are above want who deserve to be so, and I believe that all that is needed is men, and such aid in money as to *fang*, to use an expressive Scottish phrase, their well, and give them time to learn how to draw from their own colonial resources, both the men and money needful for planting churches and schools over these interesting colonies, and for aiding the cause of our common Christianity.

CHAPTER XV.

Leaving Montreal—Lake Champlain—Saratoga Springs—The Hudson—New York—Synod of Seceders—Schools of New York—The Abbotts—New York Friends—Boston—Schools—Lowell—Factories—Harvard College—Congregationalism—Passage by the Acadia—Halifax—Newfoundland—Voyage—Coloured Passenger—Home.

I LEFT Montreal's beautiful city not without regret. It occupies a fine position on its river of islands, and terraced hill, and distant plains and mountains, and is only surpassed in picturesque effect by Quebec. We arrived, after one hour's sail, and two hours of railroad, at St John's, and dined at a very tidy American hotel, kept by an American landlady, who did the duties of the house to all her guests, serving them herself with promptitude and courtesy. We took the steamer at St John's town on Lake Champlain. Our steamer is American, a perfect model of neatness and comfort, as fresh and fair in all her appointments as if this were her first appearance on the Lake. There is no excessive crowd of passengers, and the table is served comfortably, nothing in hurry and confusion. The Lake looks at its outset a very pleasant natural canal, not half the breadth of the St Lawrence, running through a flat country, covered with under-wood mingled with large trees. The Lake is about 150 miles long, the boundary between the United States and Great Britain being some twenty miles up the Lake. The day is bright but breezy, and the sail delightful, the Lake expanding into greater breadth as we advance, until it

becomes from eleven to fifteen miles broad, with sloping banks and hills rising in the distance, on which the clouds are gathering and threatening a storm. Several little towns we touched at on the banks—Plattsburgh and Wellington. We arrived at Whitehall at the head of Lake Champlain on the morning of Thursday the 21st June, having sailed all night up the Lake, which, after widening about the middle to almost fifteen miles, narrows again into a river, wending its way among high wooded and romantic cliffs. Whitehall is an interesting and attractive spot, having some lively Trossach scenery, with rich meadows, such as rarely occur in our Highlands. By stage I travelled to Saratoga, forty miles, preferring the stage to the canal, which was represented as very tedious. By and by a railroad will render this romantic spot more accessible. At present it is but a thoroughfare for passengers between Canada and New York. By four o'clock in the evening we reached Saratoga, the favourite watering-place not only of New York State, but of the Union. The road lay through a noble country of hill and dale, and fertile plains, which an enterprising class of settlers is rapidly covering with the signs of their presence and prosperity.

This Harrowgate of the United States is chiefly distinguished by its Mammoth hotels—one of which can lodge 500 guests. The throng of visitors had not yet come, so that I could not complain of a crowd. I visited most of the springs, and found them all lively and sparkling with carbonic acid gas, along with the ordinary ingredients of magnesia and iron. I found iodine, chlorine, and in one, sulphur. Most of them are rather grateful to the taste. The houses all look like lodging houses, got up to look smart and attract visitors, as fresh and lively as green and white can make an overgrown rural village. The advantage

of the springs of Saratoga is their variety. Each invalid drinks of the spring most propitious to his complaint, and mistakes in this sometimes prove fatal, as the medicinal effects of the springs are the reverse of each other. Sometimes they are drunk in succession, beginning with one and ending with another, by the advice of one of the numerous physicians who crowd to this resort.

Leaving Saratoga by railway, I reached Schenectady, weary with travelling and sight seeing, and longing to be at rest, yet anxious to be in New York. From Schenectady, by railway we came to Troy and Albany, a large city. From Troy the Hudson begins to be navigable. The Hudson is a noble river, rich in picturesque scenery. The last look I am to get of American rivers is the most interesting. How different from the Savannah and Alabama, or the Mississippi, the mud rivers of the South! The water is not so pure and limpid as the St Lawrence, nor yet so foul as the Ohio. The banks continually vary from mountain to valley, and the river alternately wanders through some wild mountain pass, and expands into a lake. The Catskill mountains form the highest and most striking objects in the Highland scenery of the Hudson, and give a boldness and picturesque variety to the scenery of this river on which the Americans delight to dwell. The Hudson is not inferior to the scenery of the Clyde, presenting the same succession of the wildest and sweetest scenes, of busy industry and thriving towns, with mountain seclusion and solitude.

On Friday evening I arrived in New York, and found rest and a hearty welcome once more at the house of my friend and countryman Mr S. Cochrane, giving most hearty thanks to Almighty God, who had preserved me in my wanderings and brought me thither in safety. To add to this cause of gratitude, I found others in private letters, and in my Scottish

newspapers, not less cheering. The work of rebuilding our churches, and the scheme of restoring our schools, had proved successful beyond all anticipation. The Free Church has succeeded hitherto by great ideas—attempting great things for God, and expecting great things from him. The gracious spirit of the late General Assembly is still more interesting. If the goodness of God lead us to repentance, all will be well. He will do still greater things by us and for us. I fondly trust the Free Church is not to be only another sect or denomination added to our many parties; but that we shall be a missionary people, and that He who moves in a mysterious way will make this breach the healer of many breaches—a centre of Presbyterian union in Scotland. Another such Free Church in England, Episcopal though it were, if charged with Evangelism, in opposition to a ritual religion, and Britain may witness a movement to the healing of our divisions towards the close of the century, as propitious to the interests of truth and the final triumph of the gospel as the divisions of the Reformation have been hitherto unpropitious.

When in New York, I received an invitation to meet the Associate Reformed Synod, then sitting. This Synod consists of about fifty ministers and congregations. They received me most cordially, and seemed much moved with my short address, requesting me to attend another diet, to be held specially to consider the subject of the Free Church. I did so. The moderator, an old Scotchman, in introducing the subject, alluded to the celebrated saying of Dr Finlayson, in the debate on missions in the General Assembly, “A State Church is not fitted to extend the gospel, but is chiefly intended to unite the State to the Church.” “The Church of Scotland became a Missionary Church,” said the old minister, “and the State quarrelled with it, as

the old Moderate foresaw. The infidel Hume held that the chief use of an Establishment was to keep down 'fanaticism'—that is, zeal and religion." Another minister who spoke said, with much feeling, "When Scotland comes across my mind, it is like the rod of Moses on the rock of Horeb, it makes the floods of memory and feeling to gush forth." Some old faces I met here, with whom a few years ago we warred the fruitless warfare on Establishments, and to whom the bitterness of that contest is now past. After the brethren had expressed their sentiments, and the Synod had resolved on aiding us in rebuilding our churches, I rose and took farewell, in a few words. The old men parted with me, with an unwonted tenderness and affection, that I could only ascribe to the fulness of those national recollections which, in a distant land, make a Scotchman's heart to overflow. After visiting this body, so interesting as a relic of old Scotland and her religious history, I could not help asking a very shrewd clergyman of New York, what could be the purpose of Providence in preserving, on this side of the Atlantic, such divisions? He replied, "It was the ministers from that very Synod who joined our Assembly before its division, who kept us sound in doctrine, when we contended with the views then favoured by the new school Presbyterians. They do little to extend the gospel, but they have been eminently conservative of the integrity of Divine truth, and, when they are no longer needed for this purpose, I believe they will pass away."

I spent some time on my return to New York in visiting its common schools. The accommodation is excellent. The buildings consisting of three stories, a separate school occupying each storey, one for the infant school, another for girls, and the third for boys. They were without any ground for recreation, but were well aired for the heart

of a great city. I saw no pictures of objects, or museums of objects in any of the schools. The attendance at each school was from 200 to 300. The absenteeism out of that number was not more than thirty, a small number, when we consider that there is no fee payable, or school wages running on to secure regularity. The fact of the absenteeism of a child is communicated daily to the parent by an officer, and when not attended to, the parent is sent for and the child is dismissed. Two out of the three schools in each building are taught by females, who teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, without any branches of female industry, which are not taught at all in the common schools. It seems as yet impossible in the States to procure a sufficient number of male teachers at the present salaries. The present salaries would require to be doubled in order to secure for male teachers a remuneration proportionate to the remuneration in the States to other professions. Not a few of the friends of education make a merit of the present necessity, and seem indisposed to a higher style of remuneration, maintaining strongly the superiority of female services in education.

The inscriptions on the walls of the New York schools I visited arrested my attention. A few of them I took down, which are as follows:—"HEAR REASON'S VOICE!" "HEAR SOUND ARGUMENT!" "EMULATION IS LAUDABLE!" "NATURE TEACHES WISDOM!" "CELEBRATE VIRTUOUS ACTIONS!" "LIBERTY IS VALUABLE!" "MAINTAIN MORAL HABITS!" and such other vapid and empty nothings from the School of the apes of Epictetus and not of Christ. How different from the Scripture sentiments which adorn the new schools lately erected in Scotland! "Thou God seest me!" "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked!" "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool!" "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom!" "Search the Scriptures!"

The New York inscriptions declare in a way not to be mistaken that the spirit that presided over the formation of the school system of the city was not the spirit of the gospel. Men of any decision and energy of Christian principle would have at once felt the ungodly and unchristian character of such sentiments, and tossed into the flames the whole budget. After reading them, one can hardly conceive how anything manly in morals or in conduct, could be learned from men, who could cover the walls of the national schools, or suffer them to continue covered, with a mawkish and puling sentimentality that would make a school-boy on this side of the water only stare and laugh. To complete the Christless character of the common schools of New York, it is only needful to add, that there is no prayer in them, no psalm nor hymn, no devotional exercise of any kind, or recognition of the authority of God and his Word, save in the reading of a few verses every morning at the opening of the school, of which no explanations are permitted. I do not wonder at the Roman Catholic Bishop being desirous of overthrowing such a blank and godless system of national instruction root and branch, and substituting one in which the young shall be religiously taught and trained. A mind of any strength of religious feeling could not tolerate such a vacuum of all that is fitted to imbue the national youth with religious principle and feeling. It is but too certain the majority of these children have little or no religious education at home. The Sabbath-school is their only resource, and the irregular and fitful attendance of a Sabbath-scholar on his inexperienced teacher all his Sabbath-school days, is not equal in value to the religious training and teaching he might receive at a *daily* school in *three months*. Such a beginning as this is a bad beginning of national training. What the school leaves undone the world does not. While the school sows nothing, the world is

busy sowing its errors and nourishing its vicious habits and inclinations. The most superficial knowledge of Scripture history and doctrine is afterwards obtained at Sabbath-schools, at church, or at home, by these children, and they go forth into the world with the slenderest preparation for resisting those tides of alternate infidelity, Socinianism, and fanaticism, which are ever rising and falling in such a country as the United States. To *daily* schools the Christians of the States have almost ceased to look for any aid to the cause of truth and righteousness, or console themselves with the fact that the Scriptures are not yet in *every* case banished, and that Sabbath-schools are still reserved for religious instruction. It is as if the factories of Lowell were to burn their beautiful machinery, and substitute the distaff for the spinning of cotton, or the husbandman were to cast away the modern plough and harrow for the ancient implements of agriculture. When will we learn that, in persuading us to this exchange of *six days'* religious education for *one* day, the world has outwitted the Church, and driven us into a more witless bargain than Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, who exchanged the family horse, the servant of all and every day work, for the gross of green spectacles.

Before leaving New York I had the pleasure of visiting the Educational establishment of the Abbotts, the oldest of whom, Jacob Abbott, the author of several works well known in this country, has lately come here from New England with his brothers. His institution is a day boarding-school for young ladies, and seems designed for the families of the wealthier classes in the city. I was much gratified by the style of instruction; nor have I ever witnessed anything superior either in manner or matter. The manner was calm, gentle, and firm. Everything had its time and place—every young lady had her own desk and pursued her own studies

apart at one time, and at another was exercised by the master in class. Their success in English composition, several of which I looked over, would have done honour to riper years, and were evidently from their subjects and style the result of their own efforts. I have seen nothing in Scotland to surpass this seminary of the Abbots, who have evidently a genius for education. I regret that a man so formed as Jacob Abbott should be compelled to support himself by a female boarding-school, whose proper place were the head of a normal seminary for training the future teachers of the State of New York. I was amused to find that he had brought down upon himself the wrath of the lady teachers of New York, by his daring intrusion into what they deem in America the exclusive province of females, forgetting that in the States the ladies have not only got female education under their charge, but, if I am not mistaken, four-fifths of the boys also, and that Jacob Abbott was not the first to trespass. Let there be a fair field and no favour.

The weather became intolerably hot, which, added to my fatigue, made me anxious to leave New York, and take the first steamer homewards. From Dr M'Elroy, the minister of one of the principal Presbyterian churches of the Old School Assembly, I experienced much kindness, and was pressed to prolong my stay, and which, had I been good for any thing but lying on a sofa, I should have gladly done. With the Doctor and his intelligent elder, Mr A. Mitchell, son of the late Dr Mitchell of Glasgow, I had very pleasant intercourse and discussion on men and things, speculating much on the prospects of the Christian church, in the new and old world, and wondering to what all these changes of our times are to grow. Into the seeds of time, to see which seed would grow and which would not, we found ourselves unable to penetrate; but ever came back to the strong-

hold that the Word of God standeth sure, is yea and amen for ever, and He who has suffered the Church of the Reformation to be broken into so many fragments will, when he has need of them, again cause bone to come to bone, and sinew to sinew, until the church of believers, like the believer himself, at his resurrection morning—is again one and indivisible. Delightful, indeed, will it be, if the Free Church become not another fragment ; but a point of union for many churches—the rendezvous and rallying point in Scotland for the friends of a pure and undefiled faith and worship. What the Principal of St Andrew's College said of young Andrew Melville, when he took him between his knees and blessed him, I have often applied to our Free Church since her memorable birth-day, “ My sillie, fatherless, and motherless bairn, it's ill to wit what God may mak of thee yet.” Very pleasant to me was my sojourn in New York, and the little company of friends and countrymen there, and interesting will be the recollection of an intercourse which, I trust, if God will, to renew on this side of the Atlantic.

I reached Boston on the 29th June, and taking my passage in the Acadia steamer for the 1st July, spent the interval in Boston and neighbourhood. Boston is the city of old families and old wealth, above all the cities of the Union. I was struck with the contrast between the names of the streets in Boston, and those of the old towns of Lower Canada. Popery has fixed its mark on every thing in that colony. But in Boston you have the following names of old streets, Nassau Street, Hanover Street, Bedford Street, names that recall the Reformation and Revolution ; and in more modern streets, Grove Street, Vine Street, Pine Street, Oak Street, Garden Street. The surrounding country is barren and rocky. Wheat does not prosper—rye and Indian corn are the prevailing crops. The trees are small and stunted.

Necessity has been the mother of New England inventions, and the indomitable spirit and energy of these descendants of the Puritans have alone made their country what it is. The rocks are all granite, which is generally accompanied with sterility, and for many miles around Boston they are continually peering above the soil—an image of the hardy settlers that first set their foot in the wilderness and endured intolerable hardships.

I visited some of the public schools of Boston. The boys and girls are always separated, not only for their peculiar branches, but for all branches of education, never mingling together except in the infant school. The architectural style of the schools is good, the rooms large and commodious, but I missed the convenient side-rooms with which the New York common schools were all provided, for accommodating single classes apart. In a public school, connected with the grammar school, I was struck with the expense laid out in providing every scholar with a distinct desk and seat of his own. This individualising of each scholar, while it must nourish that early self-importance and independence so observable in American youth, must also inspire early that feeling of individual responsibility which begets forethought and prudence, and forms the character. Every scholar is responsible for his own desk, keeps its key, and attends to his own matters. Two of the teachers of this public school are paid 1500 dollars a-piece—the largest school salary I heard of in the States. The village schoolmasters are under 250 dollars, or £50 a-year. There are no fees exacted in these common schools. The absentees are estimated at about 20 per cent., and the average attendance of the scholars is three years. I heard an examination, but it was unsuccessful. There is little or no emulation allowed in the school, and you are surprised at the want of animation, as they are surprised at the extraordinary anima-

tion and excitement in our schools. There were no pictures or museums of objects in the Boston schools, maps there were, but I saw nothing of natural history. The monitorial system does not appear to be used to any extent. There is no religious instruction allowed, no prayer, and a few verses of Scripture read at the opening of the school, is the only recognition of God and his Word. The quality of education did not seem to me high; but probably it does not sink so low as in many of our private schools for the poor. The quantity, that is, the proportion of the population at school in New England, is greater than in any other part of the world. It has yet to accomplish the more difficult duty of raising the general character and qualifications of the schoolmasters, and through them of education, and this is only to be attained by raising the remuneration of the profession above that of the mere mechanics and artisans of the State, providing the schoolmasters with a professional training and status in seminaries erected for this end, and a professional ladder by which they may be detained in and devoted to their profession, and aspire to its highest honours and emoluments. This New England, with all its plenitude of provision for education, by which it has so much honoured itself among the States, and raised the character of its population, has not even attempted. It has been urged, however, on public attention, and will, ere long, I have no doubt, be engrafted on the New England school system.

I devoted a day to visit Lowell. Niagara and Lowell are the two objects which I will longest remember in my American journey—the one the glory of American scenery, and the other of American industry. Manufactures are here robbed of their evils, and made consistent with the best interests of humanity. The female operatives of Lowell are about 6000, and earn about three dollars a-week. They are

all from the country, and reside in Lowell, not with their parents, but in boarding-houses, kept by matrons selected by the Company. They come, on an average, seventy miles, and remain from three to four years, when they return to their parents, having saved 200 to 300 dollars, with which they marry, or teach schools, or take up some business in their native villages. The Savings Bank of Lowell, of whose report I received a copy, contains 500,000 dollars of deposits, of which above one-half is deposited by the mill girls. The superintendent of one of the largest mills stated that he had only known of three cases of illegitimate births in Lowell out of the 6000 workers. Last year there was one case of an Irish girl. Such is the strong feeling of self-respect, that repeatedly the girls themselves have united in expelling from amongst them persons of bad character, and compelled their employers to discard them. I stood in the counting-house of one of the factories, opposite the entrance, when the workers were coming out to dinner. No contrast could be greater than between the appearance and behaviour of the Lowell operatives, and those of our own factories. Every operative had her little bonnet and shawl, some with green veils, and all with stockings and shoes, looking clean and tidy. No levity or rudeness, no pushing or loud talking. Every one looked sedate, and intent upon her own errand, as one accustomed to respect herself, and to look for respectable conduct from others. These operatives have a literary society amongst themselves, which meets weekly, at which they read essays and converse on some subject of literary interest. This society led to a periodical called "the Lowell Offering," of which already four volumes have appeared. I have read or looked into the volumes, and was much pleased with the good taste and general good sense which distinguishes its papers; and as I could not

help comparing it with the Students' Albums and College periodicals of my day, I felt that the operatives of Lowell must bear the palm for simplicity, good sense and good taste, over the youths of my college days, who were ambitious of early fame. I do not mention these literary effusions of the operatives of Lowell for the imitation of my countrywomen ; but as a striking evidence of the universality of female education in New England. I looked over the wages book of one of the factories having 800 workers, and, with the exception of one or two Irish girls, and one English girl, not one operative used a mark. They all signed their names in a full, clear, legible hand. What is more interesting still is, that the contributions to the four volumes of "the Lowell Offering" are not from the pens of the two editresses, or a few of the more educated and talented, but from *seventy* different factory girls. Are there *seventy* female factory operatives to be found out of any 6000 in any of the factory towns of Great Britain that could have furnished so many contributions to a literary periodical ? This is a most decisive practical proof of the high state of education prevailing amongst the general population of New England, where the girls of the poorest families receive as complete an education as the boys, learn not only to write like our Scotch girls, with much labour and difficulty, but with care and grace, and are often to be seen keeping the books of their parents or husbands, or actively and skilfully driving a thriving business of their own. Nowhere are women so valuable, so independent, and so respected—the natural fruit of their superior education, and the elevation of character it awakens.

Lowell is one of the sweetest of manufacturing towns. Its factories lie along the banks of the Merrimac, adorned with shrubbery and pleasant walks, and enjoying unbounded water-power from the falls of the river. Deanston, near

Doune, planned by Mr Smith, are the only factories that can compare with Lowell, in style of management. The flats in the factories are kept in the highest state of cleanliness, and each flat has a retiring room, where the operatives change their dress on entering and coming out. "Unless we make the factories attractive," said one of the superintendents, "we shan't get workers,"—a happy necessity, which arises from that scarcity of labour peculiar to a new country. Will this state of things be permanent, or is this only the bud in the first spring of the American factory system? The first state of the British factory system has been the worst, and every new effort has forced some new improvement. Is the first state of the New England factory system to be the best—only a lovely spring? In America, human labour is dear—in England, it is cheap. In America, the manufacturers find it their interest to attract the best of the rural population, and the factories are preferred to domestic service—in Britain, domestic service is preferred, yet such is the abundance of human labour, that any and every kind of work will find hands, and the workman has to court, and not be courted into employment. In New England, the operatives spend only a few years at the factory, in preparation for settling in life—in Old England, they drag out their lives at the mill. In New England, the operatives come not until sixteen or eighteen years of age, and withdraw at twenty-two or twenty-three—in Old England, they enter the mills at nine, ten, and eleven years of age, and remain until decay or old age, or, if they marry, bring up their children to the same miserable occupation. Profits are large in New England, dividing, to the joint-stock proprietors of these mills, 12, 15, and sometimes 20 per cent. on their invested capital. In Old England they are small; yet, small as they are, or are said to

be, nothing is so amazing as the vast fortunes made and continually making, and the ever-increasing amount of factories, amidst the cry of diminishing profits—a proof that, if the British Legislature had long since acted more boldly in behalf of the interests of the factory operatives of Britain, a system of shorter hours might have been long since attained, infant labour long since prevented, and the evils of our factory system checked in the bud; and yet our manufacturing industry attained its present magnitude, without its present melancholy attendant of an ill-conditioned and neglected population.

The rise of Lowell has been amazingly rapid. The first mill was begun in 1822, by an Englishman. The workmen now are almost all New Englanders. The capital invested in the Lowell factories is about 11,000,000 of dollars. Besides the cotton factories, there is a woollen factory, where the finest black cloth is prepared. I saw also a factory for weaving carpets by a steam-loom, as yet unknown in England—an American invention.

When in Boston, I visited Harvard College, one of the most ancient and best endowed of the American colleges, unhappily in the hands of the Socinians, though instituted by the Pilgrim Fathers. This college has about 240 students, but only twenty-four in theology. There are thirty-seven professors and tutors. The entire available property of the college is estimated at 680,000 dollars. The village and college grounds have an academic air and pleasant situation. The library is a handsome building, and has one of the best collections of books in the States, about 40,000 volumes. In theology it seems to be very meagre. It is richest in the classical and historical departments. Few of the Puritanical divines whose spirit was possessed by its founders, are at present to be seen in the library. Here I

saw the first book printed in the United States, by the Pilgrims of New England, about twenty-four years after their landing. It was the Psalms of David, a still older version than our Scottish one, "faithfully done into English." Here also is preserved the first Bible printed in America—a striking proof of the missionary zeal of the first settlers—Elliot's Indian Bible. Notwithstanding the decidedly Socinian character of Harvard College, I was surprised to find that clergymen most opposed to Socinian views did not hesitate to send thither their sons for education; nor did they seem to feel, when the matter was suggested to them, that they were exposing their children to spiritual danger. This is the result of the ascendancy Socinianism obtained, both in talent, wealth, and influence, in New England, during the end of last century and the beginning of the present—an ascendancy, the effects of which, in modifying the sentiments, weakening the decision, and oppressing the energies of evangelical religion, are still but too discernible. In Great Britain, we no longer hesitate in refusing the name of Christian to a Socinian, or the name of Christian church to a Socinian place of worship. There is but one sentiment in the British Churches, and that is, that on every Socinian meeting-house should be inscribed, "Christianity without Christ," and that Socinianism is but a flimsy, disingenuous disguise for infidelity, which it were but honesty in unbelievers at once to throw aside. Discussing these matters with one of the Congregational ministers of New England, I found him quite unprepared for this tone of decision respecting Socinianism, and that in this he uttered the sentiments of his class, indicating a stage in the revival of religion in New England, which happily the British Churches have now passed—and that the evangelical party in Boston are still under the influence and force of sentiments and circumstances, which cannot

but enfeeble the character of New England Evangelism, and render it timid and compromising.*

Congregationalism does not seem a very bold or successful combatant of Socinianism. It wants decision, union and energy. The Episcopalian Church has gained more of late from its ranks, the educated classes of Boston being repulsed by the democratic character of a church government, in which a man, as Jay of Bath once said, is judged, not by his peers, but by his inferiors. They probably also find more of that decorum and faultless propriety in the services and sermons of the Episcopalian ministers, which offends not too severely that taste for the calm and unimpassioned, which Socinianism has succeeded in making the prevailing fashion of New England. With the exception of a Mr Kirk, at present the most popular preacher in Boston, the New England Congregationalists are, I understand, characterised by a calm, cold style of pulpit address. Dr Codman acknowledges this in a volume with which he kindly presented me, and calls it the more decorous way, but unfortunately thinks it also the more excellent way, to make a permanent impression. The English dissenting style he terms vociferous, and vehement, and violent, which may be true, where matter and manner harmonize not. The Scottish style of preaching would in Boston be termed "fanatical." The only subject in which warmth and energy is tolerated is the temperance cause. But new life and energy must enter the Evangelism of New England, ere it thoroughly break up and dissolve the frozen zone of Socinianism, and restore in Boston the tone of the pilgrim fathers.

* All Americans are not so. It is told of the celebrated wit, John Randolph, that, taking up a Socinian Bible in a book-store in Baltimore, with an indescribable look of contempt, and that penetrating shrillness which made his sarcasms more memorable, 'What a *Christless* religion is this! Christianity without a

It is curious to find the Socinians of New England boasting loudly of the superior practical morality which their system produced during their ascendancy; and the corruption of morals which has been coterminous with the revival of Evangelical doctrine in modern times. Fortunately for the confutation of the connexion between Socinian doctrine and purity of morals, the fact is too certain that that high standard of morals has descended from the times called Evangelical, and is obviously only another proof, such as we had in Scotland in the times of Moderatism and infidelity in the Church, that good habits may survive the good principles on which they were first formed, and from which they first sprung. Bible reading and family worship, and family order, may outlive for a season Bible faith and family religion. We see this every day in individual cases. The last generation in Scotland exhibited it upon a large scale; and in Boston thirty-six years ago, when the Westminster Catechism was no longer believed in by the ministers of Boston, it was yet taught the young in Boston schools. It is so far well that men are the creatures of habit, and that these habits are sometimes conservative of what is good and true, and facilitate their return and revival in happier times.

It is also forgotten by the Socinians, that for a long time in New England the Socinian clergy, as in Scotland, disguised their real sentiments, lived on the reputation of orthodoxy, while their people still lingered after, loved, preferred, and cherished the truth.

I passed my last Sabbath in the States, in Dorchester, near Boston, at the residence of Dr Codman, in a picturesque country. The Doctor is a Congregational minister, and an

Divine Saviour! It is like the famous play bill in England, in which the play of Hamlet was announced, *with the part of Hamlet left out!*"

old friend and college companion of the late Dr Dickson of Edinburgh, and loves to talk of old Scotland. Of this land of hills and valleys, Dr Codman possesses one of the most fertile and pleasant portions. His mansion house, farm steading, fences and fields, are all in the best old country order, denoting the wealthy country gentleman. As the worthy Doctor took me round his smiling estate, and pointed out its beauties and advantages, and extensive prospects, I could not help remembering the exclamation of a clerical brother, "What! all this and Heaven too?"—a happier memento than Dr Johnston's, on being shown through the villa grounds of Garrick—"It is these things, George, that make death terrible!"

Dr Codman very freely admitted the perilous consequences of admitting the parish, as it is called, or mere pew-holders, not members, to elect the pastor, as is the practice here. In New England, the Church was generally sounder in the faith than the parish, but has been often overborne by the pew-holders, who perpetrated the worst kind of intrusion. He had himself a brave struggle on entering on his present charge in 1808 with his pew-holders, sustained by his Church members. He triumphed at last only by buying off the enemy out of his own pocket,—in other words, buying the chapel. The Congregationalists of New England, like those of Scotland, though their theory of government is the sufficiency of each congregation to guide its own affairs, yet have recourse to something of Presbyterial order in judging of charges against a pastor. If a congregation has aught to complain of, it applies for the appointment of a council of twelve ministers, six to be named by their pastor, and six by his accusers, to hear the congregation and accused party, by whose decision both parties must abide. By this judgment of his peers, Dr Codman, in his manly struggle against his Socinian

pew-holders, was repeatedly sustained and protected, while pure Congregationalism would have left him at the mercy of the party that sought to expel him because he would not exchange pulpits with Socinian ministers.

I was much amused with Dr Codman's account of the examination to which my colleague Dr Burns subjected one of the Indian teachers, paid by the Scottish Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. This Society, many years ago, received a legacy, amounting to about 600 dollars a-year, which is disbursed at the instance of American trustees, of its appointment, of which Dr Codman is one. Desirous of beginning at the beginning, and ascertaining the Indian teacher's elementary knowledge, the Doctor asked gravely, "Who was Nicodemus?" The Indian, thinking he was in jest, answered, with Indian gravity, "A great warrior." Yet to the no small surprise of the Doctor, he seemed afterwards perfectly to understand the distinction of President Edwards between moral and physical inability.

On the 1st July I embarked in the Acadia steamer for Liverpool, to cross once more the great waters. With much regret I bade adieu to America, which, next to the British isles, is most largely imbued with the spirit of the gospel, and affords the choicest specimens of Christianized and educated man. Unlike the covenanting packman, who returned to Scotland from his exile, declaring that he had found the good of Scotland nowhere and the evils of Scotland everywhere, I found the traces of the good of Scotland wherever I travelled as well as its evils; something also from which old Scotland might learn to mend her ways, and be wise. In America, the energies of Britain's sons find full scope; and that restlessness which, in an old country, and under a popular government, would have long since precipitated the nation into anarchy, and ultimately into a military despotism, has

found unbounded scope and vent in private enterprises and personal aggrandisement. With much that is precarious and uncertain in the state of American society, there are materials for wonder, gratitude, and praise. The States are Great Britain let loose on a continent, freed from the trammels and shackles which, in an old country, fetter youthful enterprise, and dash young spirits in their first attempts to act their part in life. As might be expected, where there is so much scope for youthful enterprise, there is little time for matured thought and study. Everything has a superficial air, more of style than stability, requiring some day to be again rebuilt with more solid and enduring materials. Not only their dwellings, but church system, religion and letters, newspapers and periodical literature, all partake of the character of the superficial—the best attainable rather than the best desirable. Every thing bears the aspect of haste. To be rich, or to obtain office and public honours, seems in every one's power; and to be a successful merchant, lawyer, or legislator, takes early possession of the heart, and makes all impatient to engage in the race of life,—peculiarities inseparable from the circumstances of a new country. Let a large addition be made to the soil of Great Britain, by some new island rising out of the ocean, or let the new discoveries in agricultural chemistry suddenly develope national resources equivalent to such an addition, and we shall be involved in the same dangers of impetuous youth, breaking forth, prematurely and presumptuously, carried off their feet by dreams of wealth and self-importance, and as arrogant and, dogmatic in their religious speculations as rash and heedless in their worldly pursuits.

On the 3d, we touched at Halifax for two hours, where I learned with joy the enthusiastic reception Dr Burns had received in Nova Scotia, and the good service he had accom-

plished ; and found Mr Robb in high hopes of a prosperous advent to the New Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia. On the 5th, we saw the coast of Newfoundland, and sailed for several hours along its iron bound and blackened shores. Three large whales sporting themselves, formed an object of intense interest in the blank book of the ocean. Each alternate day was clear and foggy. The fogs of Newfoundland persecute you a long way out to sea, not clearing off even under a noon day July sun. On the 9th, we had the wind in our favour all day, and scudded gaily before it. I remained on deck some hours after sunset, enjoying the spectacle of our flight through the ocean. Though the wind and swell was considerable, yet from the rapidity with which the vessel moved through the waters, the ship was steadily moving faster then the waves. We are 600 miles from the nearest British land, to the east. To the right lies the South Atlantic ocean, and to the north Iceland and the North Pole. The ship, though surrounded by a dense fog, through which neither sun, moon, nor stars, appeared, yet rushed through the profound darkness as fearlessly as if in the blaze of noon-day. No discernible path lies before us, either on the sky or ocean ; yet, in a few days we shall arrive, by the good Providence of God, at our harbour. There is no greater wonder than the course of a ship in the pathless deep, to which the darkness and light are both alike. Such is the vast expanse of the ocean tract, that the Atlantic steamers have only once or twice got sight of each other in their voyages ; and during the outward voyage we did not cross the path of a single ship, though hundreds must have been tossing about seeking the shores of Britain or America.

The only disagreeable circumstance that occurred in the home-ward voyage was the exclusion of a young gentleman, a passenger from Hayti, who had paid a cabin passage, and yet

was not permitted to enter the saloon and dine at the common table. About one-third of the passengers joined in a request to the captain that he should be invited to join us in the saloon. The remonstrance was unheeded. The Captain at one moment saying that it was contrary to orders, and at another time declaring that he had no authority on the subject, but that the American passengers would not tolerate it. Finding no redress from Captain Judkins, we drew up a remonstrance to the owners at Glasgow and Liverpool, against this ungenerous outrage on the feelings of a coloured gentleman in a British vessel carrying her Majesty's mail. Most of the British and colonial passengers, and several of the New Englanders, signed the remonstrance; but the Southerners contemptuously refused, and one young Southern, from New Orleans, who spent most of the voyage at the card-table, got up a counter petition that the cow should be admitted to the saloon. The jest only showed the breeding of the slaveholder, and was not relished by the passengers. The remonstrance was presented at home, and afterwards published. I hope it will not be without effect. The young gentleman who was the occasion of it, was evidently a well educated man, the son of a Hayti coloured gentleman of considerable property. I was delighted, in the midst of the discussions this matter occasioned, to find the passengers from our West India Islands took his part. One gladdened us with the intelligence that one of the best speakers at this moment at the Jamaica bar, was a black man, and that they were admitted to society, and sat at table upon the footing of equality with all classes of the white population.

On the 12th, about midnight, we first saw the light-house on Cape Clear. Next morning we entered St George's Channel, and beheld the shores of Old England. The opportunities of usefulness were fewer in returning than in

the outward voyage, and of these few, I am sorry to say, I had little spirit or inclination to avail myself. One service on Sabbath we had on board, and the captain would permit no more.

On the morning of the 13th, I landed at Liverpool, thankful to my Almighty Preserver, for his protection throughout my journeys and voyages, for the measure of success he had afforded, and the pleasure of again setting foot on my native land.

CHAPTER XVI.

First Impressions—Advantages and disadvantages—Political state of United States—Doctrines of Equality—Popular Caprice—Treatment of Public Men—the Union—its Extension—its Danger of Dissolution—Religious Condition of the States—Multitude of Sects—the Clergy—their Incomes—Dependence—Sufficiency and Insufficiency of Private Enterprise in Religion—Experiment Unfinished—Missions—Revivals—Education—Diffusiveness in New England—Defects—Unchristian Character—Slavery—Progress of Abolition Views in the States—in the Churches—Sentiments of the Presbyterian Church on Slavery—Temperance Reform—America the Land for the Labouring Man.

IN so brief and hasty a visit, extending over so wide a field, first impressions may not, like first thoughts of duty, be always the best. Customs and manners, differing from our own, offend for no other reason but because they so differ; and the impressions they make are more a matter of feeling than of reasoning. Yet first impressions have this in their favour, that they are apt to be more natural and genuine than second thoughts. Those reflections that bring needful correctives, bring also new causes of error; and what we proudly ascribe to reason and deeper consideration, may be only gaining time to abate a just and natural dislike and condemnation, and to turn us into advocates of things as they are.

The ardent American exclaims, "You must live amongst us to understand and appreciate our institutions"—that is, you must become a party and wear off all your first impressions before you are qualified as a witness. What length of stay will qualify the witness without turning him into a party,

it is hard to say. I cannot pretend to have tried the experiment. My stay will probably be held too short even to qualify me as a witness, and, therefore, I have not ventured to call my notes more than *impressions*—*first impressions*—yet made in circumstances that naturally predispose men to look on the bright side of the land of their sojourn. I had no natural disposition for small criticism on those external inconveniences by which English travellers amuse their readers and gratify their nationality. I found much to admire and praise, as well as somewhat to blame, and have always felt, when I have heard the States spoken of unworthily—to what country, after his own, can an Englishman go where he will meet more that is elevated in human character and lofty in Christian principle? The faults of America are the faults of Britons. America is Britain let loose upon a continent of boundless resources, freed from all the restraints of an old, and inspired with all the ardour, and enterprise, and presumption of a new world. Their faults are those which continually tend to develope themselves in our own cities, at every new revival of trade and new developement of our national resources, and would exhibit themselves in all their American magnitude, were the prospects of the new Agricultural Chemistry to be fully realised, and a rapidly enlarging Agriculture opened up to British enterprise.

It is hard, indeed, for an educated Englishman, that has passed thirty years of age, to take pleasure in the political aspect of the United States. There, every man is a politician, and that political meddling, which at home we esteem a vice, in the poorest American is esteemed public spirit and patriotism. Even the ministers of religion are politicians, and the pulpit has a license for political discussion, which it has happily not yet obtained in Britain. That confidence, which thousands in Great Britain place in their go-

vernors, and slowly withdraw, is here withheld. The people elect their rulers, but have no confidence in the idols they have elevated into place, pay them miserably, and act towards them capriciously; the effect not, I believe, of any thing different in the national character from our own, but of letting loose, into the field of politics, a multitude without property, principle, or education. Exposed to receive annually into its bosom, not only the ardent and enterprising spirits of the old world, but its very offscourings, America has cast its political franchise at their feet, to be trodden in the mire; and the wise and good mourn in vain over elections, swayed by the votes of united and priest-ridden Irishmen. The best qualified are repelled from taking part in the political strife, or, if dragged into the vortex by circumstances which they cannot control, are schooled out of all the feelings and sensibilities of honourable natures, by the arts that are necessary to rise to popular power. By stinting the salaries of public men, they have imagined to diminish temptations to corruption; yet, by placing at the disposal of the President every office in the State, down to its village postmasters, they have converted the election of the President into one great and universal scramble for office and emolument, every four years. By leaving the judges of the several States, all but those of the Supreme Court, dependent on political agitation, they have put to fearful hazard the great ends of justice. In no country are independent judges more needed than in a democracy, and in no country would such a body, in every State, appointed for life, and decently maintained, prove a stronger break-water, along with the ministers of religion, against popular floods.

The political dogma prevailing in America, and which knows no exception but that of negro blood, is that "all

men are equal." That which is false morally, intellectually, and physically, is held to be true politically—that "all are equal," and entitled to an equal share of the power of disposing, by their voices, of the rights and privileges and property of others. The democratic idea, so admirable in its proportion, in the social machine, and so full of energy and enterprise, is in the States run down to its dregs. The multiplication of the governing numbers is the grand specific hitherto for the multiplication of the governing wisdom; and while the Tories of Great Britain contend for a property, and the Whigs for an educational qualification, modified by property, neither the possession of the one nor of the other is demanded of the Irish emigrant, who, after a brief residence, with no more of property than the coat on his back, and no more intelligence on national affairs than his priest puts into him, has a voice potential as a Clay or a Quincy Adams. With such a rabble constituency, it is not wonderful that the Congress should fall in public estimation, and the Senate alone, not so chosen, be looked up to with respect.

That in such circumstances the American confederacy should have been preserved hitherto from dissolution, is due, I believe, under God, first, to the noble efforts all the older States have made in behalf of popular education; to the revival, through Divine grace, in these latter days, of the old religious spirit, after a period of decline; and last, not least, to the surpassing advantages which, as a new country, America enjoys for giving occupation, mental and bodily, to her fiery spirits, in building up their own private fortunes. Yet, amidst these advantages, this vast democratic experiment works on, all uncertain of to-morrow, its ambition for more territory increasing with its acquisitions, pushing its way into South America, as if impelled by an irresistible destiny to extend its dominions

until it dissolve by its own weight. As the republic pushes southward her acquisitions, the interests and feelings of the South and North become more and more alien, and the foundations of separation at one end of the Union are laid by the acquisitions at another. No reflecting man can regard the American democracy as aught but an experiment, or the United States, politically considered, as anything but a vessel on the potter's wheel, whose form no one can predict ere many years have gone by. We have certainly not fallen in love with the democratic idea since visiting the States. It is the misfortune of America to have but one element in her government—an element full of energy, yet full of all danger. Assuredly Great Britain, whatever she may learn from her in other things, has nought to learn from the present state of the American democracy, except to bless God for the more compact and secure fabric of British freedom, in which are combined both the elements of progress and of permanence, so far as anything human can be so.

The right of private judgment, which, in breaking the yoke of Popery, broke loose also in Europe from all respect for authority, even the authority of God's own Word, has in America run into still greater excesses, and presents a greater variety of sects and schisms. A recent volume, entitled "History of all the Religious Denominations in the United States," published in 1844, to which each sect contributes its own account, contains not less than forty-three denominations, besides others that may not have thought it worth while to send their contributions. Men seem to indulge their personal caprice and self-importance, under the name of independence, with even less of restraint than in Britain. Happily the leading Protestant divisions in the New World respect not the internal, but the external things of the Christian Church; and a harmony of Protestant Confessions

may be produced, in reply to Popery's external unity, as triumphant as in Europe. The adoption and circulation of Dr Hodge's "Way of Life," by all the leading evangelical denominations, is the practical proof that they have substantially but one and the same answer to give to the inquirer after eternal life. Still there is sin in these divisions, wherever it lies, and where there is sin there is also weakness and suffering to the cause of Christ—separation of interests, and feelings, and councils, where the cause is one; and, as Protestantism in Great Britain seems yet destined to feel the consequences of its religious quarrels and divisions, in the assaults of its great adversary, so the Protestantism of the States already experiences, and is not unlikely to experience, still more, that though religious rivalry has stimulated religious enterprise, and worked the good of the present, another day it may leave the Church weak and powerless before its enemies. Religious denominations may be seen opposing each other almost as much as they do the unbelieving and profane world. Good is apt to be done from strife rather than charity to souls—churches to be put down, not where most needed, but that other denominations may not occupy the field. One denomination sows, and another reaps; and those wells that Isaac's servants dug, the herdmen of Gerar strive for; and, though there is room enough for all in that boundless land, they might, like Isaac, call their wells *Esek* and *Sitnah*—*contention* and *hatred*—as well as *Rehoboth*. The natural consequence of this is, that politicians play off one denomination in the political game against another, and, through mutual jealousies and recriminations in the Christian camp, as in the camp of the old Covenanters before Bothwell Bridge, the battle of principle is ill fought, and the voice of truth disregarded.

There is no denying that the ministers of religion, in

the present Church system of America, can feel little of real independence in their pecuniary concerns, and must in no small degree be cumbered and secularised by their mode of worldly support. That support is in many cases wholly inadequate, without a worldly calling. What is worse, it is precarious. The people of one of the out parishes in Virginia wrote to Dr Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate *talents*, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who could *write* well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could *visit* a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring it up. They wanted a man of very *gentlemanly deportment*, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on, describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was—they gave their last minister 350 dollars; but, if the Doctor would send them such a man as they had described, they would raise another fifty dollars, making it 400 dollars. The Doctor sat down and wrote a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr Dwight, in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description. And, as Dr Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly might live on 400 dollars!

Church, like State authority in America, wants bands, and church government, tends to dissolve into its congregational elements. The recent struggle between the Old and New School Presbyterians, whilst partly a question of doctrine, was, I believe, much more a matter of church government—whether the Church was to be ruled by its rulers or

by its members, and every several congregation was to be left to do what was right in its own eyes.

As in the rest of the Christian world, Socinianism, and the other make-belief denominations, have no aggressive power, and hardly maintain their old acquisitions. It is the evangelical denominations and Popery that alone advance. Popery, with its visible unity, its bodily services, and all its outward glories maintains its power; yea, marches onward to new acquisitions. But, blessed be God, evangelism in America is as living and life-like as Popery. The Methodists and Baptists are the religious pioneers of the New World, entering the wilderness in search of its early settlers and accomplishing much by the heart and downright earnestness they infuse into their ministry. They go-a-head in religion, even as the New Englander in commercial enterprise. They awaken the moral faculties and feelings, that were before in a state of utter torpidity, set men a thinking and feeling as they thought not and felt not before; and, though they often impart more heat than light, yet, by gathering the settlers into churches, bringing them to their Bibles, placing the young under Sabbath-school instruction, cultivating diligently sacred music in their congregations, and giving to every gift and grace they find in their churches some work of well-doing, as deacons or class leaders, or Sabbath-school teachers, or collectors of the gifts of the congregation—maintain an amazing activity, both in the internal and about the external things of the gospel. The Methodists and Baptists thus rally round them great multitudes of the poor and uneducated classes, and to the coloured population they have been benefactors above all the other denominations. Presbyterianism enters into new enterprises more cautiously, true to its parentage, slow but sure, less forward, but not less steady and persevering

in what it has begun. The *tenax propositi* is much more marked in the Presbyterianism of the States than the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*,* and to the highest efficiency of Presbyterianism there seems still wanting the heart of Methodism. Something of the chill and indecision of the last century seems still to hang over both the Presbyterianism and Congregationalism of the States. The spirit of compromise with Socinianism and infidelity has not thoroughly exhausted itself, and by reaction, awakened the certain sound which the trumpet gives when it calls to battle. Episcopacy in the States has revived not less in proportion to its numbers, diminished during the war of independence, than any other party, attracting a large portion of the wealthy and educated in the States and in New England, and receiving numerous accessions from the Socinian ranks. The same parties have arisen in the Episcopal Church of the States as in England, and that conflict is waging, which must end in the separation of the light from the darkness, and in Rome getting back her own.

It is curious to observe society in the States arranging itself around these denominations in much the same classifications as at home. "The carriage seldom lingers at the door of the Methodist or Baptist Church two generations," is a well known saying. Presbyterianism is surrounded chiefly by the middle classes, as in Scotland. Episcopacy attracts the fashionable. The Roman Catholic Church alone combines all ranks in its bosom, because it has made provision alike for

* The *tenax propositi* is in no branch of the Presbyterian Church so strikingly displayed as in the Associate Seceders, who still exist apart, distinguished, like their fathers, by soundness in the faith, their full doctrinal theology, and their sharp discernment of errors at their points of departure from the truth, when they appear so small and subtle, and so like to truth itself. They know full well that it is with these departures, like the instrument for measuring the stars, called a graphometer, in which, by a mistake of the minutest angle imaginable, at one end, the error at the extremity of the visual rays, becomes absolutely incommensurable.

the tastes and fancies, and feelings of all. The tendency of American Episcopacy to attract only the rich, is observed by Mr Godley, a zealous Episcopalian, in his recent visit. "It is remarkable," he says, "and well worth our serious attention, however the fact may be accounted for, that the American, as well as the English Church, seems to exhibit a tendency to become *the Church of the rich*. It would seem as though the uncultivated mind requires more animal excitement (I do not use the word in a bad sense), than our sober and simple ritual affords,—an excitement which the Roman Church administers by means of gorgeous ceremonies; and Protestant sects generally, by long and vehement discourses, extempore prayer, and the promotion of that active individualism which pervades their whole economy."* This tendency I observed, or thought I observed, in the Presbyterian Church, to which it is more unnatural. The manner of preaching, and the mode of conducting the services of devotion, particularly the Psalmody, and their plans of usefulness, seemed more for the rich than the poor; and of the coloured population, Presbyterianism has attracted comparatively few. This I believe to be but temporary, perhaps only local. The Church that lays not its plans of usefulness for doing good to all, but especially to the poor, will deservedly be left to the unenviable portion of Scottish Episcopacy—to be rich in rich members, and yet the poorest of poor churches, poor in the affections of its people, the provision for its ministry, and in its enterprises for spreading the gospel.

As to the light I have received on the subject of national efforts in behalf of religion, considered as a practical question, I cannot speak with decision. The question remains to be

* Letters from America by John Robert Godley, 1844, 2 vols, p. 228, v. 2.

solved by experiments, both in the New and Old World, not yet completed. The provision which private enterprise has made for religious instruction in the States far exceeds, in proportion to the population, any that was made in Colonial times by the mother country, or aught that has yet been made in the Canadas in connexion with either of the two Established Churches; and what private enterprise has done for the remote *cities* of the Union is worthy of all admiration. Whatever may be the duty of a government, I doubt whether any government we have yet seen, had the matter been wholly in its hands, would have done for religious instruction in the States, one-half of what the various denominations in their zeal and rivalry have accomplished. Still the field is *not* occupied and provision adequate to the exigencies of the population is *not yet made*, and voluntary liberality cannot be held to have proved its *sufficiency*. That a national provision *could* have done more is certain, for a national provision has filled New England to the brim with national schools and schoolmasters, the country as well as the towns. That a national provision ought to attempt filling up or supplementing the existing deficiency, no man, I suppose, in the present divisions of the Christian Church in America, would advocate.

But I have seen enough in America to be convinced that it is not the mere statistics of churches, or of ministerial labourers, that is practically to decide the sufficiency of private enterprise for the religious instruction of a nation. Churches are easily erected in the States, and as easily alienated to other purposes. The provision made for the maintenance of its religious instructors—the certainty and fixedness of that provision—the position and influence of the ministers of religion—the education they receive in early life—the class of society which principally sends its sons to the ministry—

and the amount of learning, talent, and piety, in a church, are elements vastly more important than the mere muster-roll of churches and ministers. Private enterprise has undoubtedly done great things in the States; but yet greater things it must do, ere it can be held up as an example of the sufficiency of private enterprise to the Christian instruction of a nation. The self-sustained churches of America, whether from the imperfect cultivation of the grace of Christian liberality, or from the want of a proper organization and common system of self-support, have notoriously made no adequate provision for the sustenance of the ministry. I presume no man thinks the Established Clergy of Scotland enjoyed more than a decent maintenance, or that their £250 or £300 a-year was more than sufficient, or did more than *prevent* parents in easy circumstances from throwing discouragements in the way of their sons, when they spontaneously chose to enter on a course of education for the ministry. Yet this decent sufficiency not one twentieth part of the Presbyterian ministry of America have attained. One half have not an income of £80 a-year, many of them less, and eke out their subsistence by teaching or farming. It were worse than folly to talk of this state of things, as affording a demonstration of the sufficiency of the self-sustained Church system. We may moralize as we like about what should be or may be, in some other state of the Church than the present; but assuredly there is, in all past experience, a connexion between the learning and talent, and refinement, that is to be found in the ministry of a Church, and the style in which its ministers are sustained. The average income of the people-sustained clergy of the States is probably not £80 to £100 a-year. The American churches are, therefore, much more distinguished by the high talents, and learning, and energy of a few leaders, than by the *average* talent of the whole

body. These few occupy the towns which can command their services; and the country is left with the younger men, the novices of the profession, or an inferior ministry. The vulgar circumstance of income, which every one must think about, and yet every minister is so shy to talk about, is just the circumstance that, in all ordinary times, determines the important question of a learned or unlearned, a talented and vigorous, or a feeble, vulgar, and uninfluential ministry, and has greater effect in deciding the quality and style of its piety and good-doing than most good men will allow. Fifty pounds a-year is as great a bribe to one class of men as £300 to another; nor do I suppose that my fathers and brethren in the late Disruption were less able to do their duty in the day of trial, and to act a disinterested part, by being accustomed to the more liberal maintenance of an Established clergy, than if they had been in the receipt of a precarious income of £80 or £100 a-year. The self-sustained Dissenting churches of Scotland have never given a decent income to their ministers in the country, and we justly refused therefore their example as any demonstration of the sufficiency of spontaneous liberality. In America, half the ministry are paid less than its decent mechanics; and that in a country where everything is dear, save the first necessities of life. The poorest estate of freedom in any church is indeed more to be desired than the largest provision without it; but this affects not the fact that America as yet, not only presents no example of a provision for the support of its entire ministry equal to the average income of the Established clergy of Scotland, £250, but none equal to the minimum exchequer income of £150 a-year, which the British Legislature designed no Scottish clergyman should sink beneath.

The experiment, therefore, of a self-sustained church sys-

tem that shall not crowd the cities and neglect the country, present plenty at one end and poverty at another, but shall secure the sanctified talents and learning of the nation for the ministry, and distribute them, as in a national church, over the length and breadth of a country, has yet to be made. Whether, under a different organization and a common system of self-support, the churches of the States may yet exhibit this nobler achievement, remains to be seen. The experiment is now making in Scotland in favourable circumstances, and, if the Free Church of Scotland succeed in providing for all its people-chosen clergy and schoolmasters, a people endowment equal to that of the Established Church, and diffuse its ministers as equally over all the land, it will do more to settle the question of the necessity of legislative aid to religion than aught that has yet been effected either in the Old or New World.

Of American revivals I have spoken with some distrust. There has been, beyond all question, a great revival, within the present century, of religion in the States, but not greater than in Scotland, where it came with less observation. In the States, every one lives and moves in public, and revivals have partaken of their publicity. That notoriety which a Scotchman would shun to the utmost, when his heart is solemnised by a sense of sin, or melted by the love of Christ, is not so abhorrent to American customs and tastes. In America every thing connected with a congregation is reported through the religious press, and that depth of feeling, or tenderness of spirit, or increasing affection to the cause and work of Christ, which a Scottish minister would be rejoiced quietly to observe and talk of to his elders and members, appears in the religious newspaper as a congregational revival. Why, in Scotland such an announcement would be enough to put down a revival, and annoy all

concerned, as much as the premature announcement of a marriage or courtship would annoy the interested parties. This publicity of every thing in America leads, by consequence, to the getting up of revivals where they do not arise naturally, and to those paroxysms in churches, which, by a sure law of our nature, produce a reaction unfavourable to religion. The more judicious ministers are conscious of these things, discourage them, and long to see congregations solidly instructed, by lecturing on Scripture, and by the more careful training of the young in doctrinal Christianity; by a warmer and more affectionate manner in preaching the gospel over the year, and by drawing out all the individual talent and graces of congregations into some good work in their own church or city. Got up revivals are but the animalism of religion—a gush and all is over—floods in the desert—a succession of warm and cold fits that end in fanaticism or infidelity.

The missionary contributions of the Churches of America, though their members have been longer trained to Christian liberality, do not appear in proportion greater than our own. The Old School Presbyterian Assembly reports 2100 congregations or churches. Hundreds of these, as yet, do nothing for missions, or as little as the churches of the Moderate clergy of Scotland, before the disruption. The entire gatherings for foreign missions, domestic missions, and board of education, do not exceed £30,000 a year, or £14 a year, on an average, to each congregation, and that in congregations long habituated to support their own ministers, which contain the middling classes of the States, and where no one can be said to be poor. In the Established Church of Scotland, prior to the disruption, about the same sum was raised annually from 1200 congregations, or £25 a year, and from the 600 congregations of the Free Church

the same sum has been raised, or an average of £50 to each congregation. This difference is the greater that the Church of Scotland before the disruption, although she numbered many of the aristocracy of Scotland in her communion, received very few of their gifts; and the Free Church, it is well known, neither receives their names nor their gifts. These things prove that something else is needed to awaken the Christian liberalities of a Church than simply to loosen it from its State moorings, and that, established or disestablished, a Church may be alike liberal, if the Spirit of God be there in light and love. There is still too much room for the saying, "that the charities of England lay in a swoon from the days of the dissolution of the Abbeyes." Protestantism could draw her sword, but, until of late years, had not learned to draw her purse for Christ. The Reformation awakened the love of receiving and taking rather than the love of giving, and Protestantism, until these days, has been stinted and starved in its enterprises and sacrifices, compared to Popery. When in New York, I read a discourse of its Roman Catholic Bishop, in which he attacks the Protestant doctrine of justification by faith, Luther's article of a standing or a falling Church, and with elaborate artifice endeavours to show that to this doctrine is due the present condition of the working classes of England amidst its increasing wealth. The channels of charity were destroyed, as well as its springs dried up, by this doctrine of the Reformation; and the Reformers were so afraid of teaching the people to trust in their good works, that they left them no works of charity in which to trust. It is a pity that this satire should have even the shadow of truth about it; and we fondly hope that, as the conflict of principle advances, and Rome and Geneva again meet, it will be found that, while our trust is only in the merits of the Lord that redeemed us, we come

not behind any church or age, in service and sacrifices in behalf of "Jehovah our Righteousness."

In their efforts for the universal education of the people, several States of the Union present a lofty contrast to the tardy movements of the British Government. The farewell advice of Washington was—"Promote, as objects of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge." Nobly have the States of New England and the central States acted up to the advice of the greatest and best of American statesmen.

By the last, the seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education for Massachusetts, the number of the population between four and sixteen years of age, in 1842-3, was 184,896, out of 737,699 of total population, or about a *fourth*. Of this *fourth* part, 133,448 are attending the public schools, besides those attending the academies and private schools, not dependent on the State, who are returned as 12,000 more, making in all 147,448, under education, or about a *fifth* part of the population. This is a result on which the New Englanders may justly congratulate themselves, exceeding any thing to be found, not only in Old England, which is behind most European nations, but in Old Scotland, which can only produce a favoured parish here and there with so large a school attendance; and which, as a whole, never has had more than a *tenth* of her population at school—that is, one half of the New England attendance. The school system of Massachusetts is admirable for its diffusiveness. It has penetrated to every recess of the State, and searched with infinite diligence every district, leaving no blank and uneducated spots. Its efforts have not been in favoured tracts of country like those of private enterprise, but partaken of all the characteristics of a comprehensive national enterprise, commensurate with the wants of the entire population.

The difficulty of obtaining teachers has been the natural difficulty of a new country; and if they have not met this difficulty as they ought, by raising the mercantile remuneration of the schoolmaster, they have erred, in common with Scotland, whose parochial schoolmasters are still left by her heritors to a maximum salary of £34.* This result has not been attained but by great national efforts and sacrifices, if sacrifice that can be called which a nation spends on its own children. They have expended on the erection of new school-houses within the last five years, a sum of 634,326 dollars, or about £126,865. In addition to these grants for school fabrics, a public school fund, united with a local assessment on each district, supplies a larger motive power to this school system than exists in any nation in Europe, of the same population, amounting to the large sum of a dollar per head to every man, woman, and child in Massachussetts, or £147,519, per annum, for salaries—no fees being exacted at any of the schools. But while these efforts do infinite honour to New England, it is due to the cause of education to state, that this large fund, which is intended to supersede all fees, does not give the schoolmasters of New England an income equal to its mechanics, or £50 a-year; and that, to improve the *quality* as they have done the *amount* of education, the school-master must be rated higher and rewarded better. The want of normal seminaries, and professional training, and a professional ladder of promotion, remains yet to be supplied, to give as much intellectual elevation as extension to the New England system of schools.

A greater evil, and one more difficult of remedy, remains behind. The common school system of the Union has been

* The average salary of Scottish parochial schoolmasters is not at present believed to be much above £22—the minimum.

reared upon a compromise and sacrifice of the Christianity of the schools; and the spirit of the world, not of the gospel, has presided over their formation. The school system of the States sprung up, and has been almost completed in New England, before the religious spirit, energy, and decision of its Puritan forefathers had well revived; and as their spirit prevails, the common school system, so much their pride, must either admit religion in earnest into its lessons, or be broken to pieces, that each denomination may do its duty, and labour through its day-schools as well as through its Sabbath-schools, to diffuse the truth as it is in Jesus.

There was a time when the New England schoolmaster was set apart to his office with religious ceremonies, and when the worship of God, the reading of the Scriptures, and habitual reference to them, were a prominent part of the daily order and discipline of its schools. The Shorter Catechism was taught in Boston's public schools within the last thirty years. Every vestige of these things has been swept away. The Christian religion has not only ceased to be the basis of public instruction, but religious teaching is entirely excluded. The Secretary of the Board proposes to introduce "The sublime truths of ethics and natural religion," as a sort of "poisoning power between bigotry and profligacy." He tells us, with sorrow, that this poisoning power is only as yet to be found in *six* out of nearly 3000 schools. This poisoning power is to be the substitute for the Bible. The Pilgrim Fathers, speaking in their Colonial Legislature, said, "It was the chief project of Satan to keep man from the knowledge of the Scriptures." To baffle him in his crafty schemes, they established common schools, where all the children might be taught to read and write; and the provision for popular education throughout these New England States had the same origin as the provision made by the Scottish Reformers, a desire

to qualify their children to read the Word of God. But Satan has gone another way to work in New England. Unable to repress the thirst for education, he has dissociated it from the Gospel. In this state of things the majority of Christians in New England and over America, still acquiesce, and only here and there venture to speak out. No effectual efforts are made to Christianize this vast school system. They have left this powerful instrument in the hands of men without religion, or at least without religious decision. But good it is that the channels are prepared, that the world has erected the school fabric in every corner and nook of the land. It remains for the energy of a revived faith and love to the truth to turn the schools of New England and of all the States into schools of Christ.

Slavery is the foul spot in the condition of the United States, as the depressed condition of our working classes is the foul spot in Old England. When we speak of Negro slavery, the American speaks of English slavery in our factories and mines; and if this retaliation stimulate us to do more for elevating the condition of the British workman, and the Americans to press forward more eagerly to negro emancipation, it will serve a good purpose that the two nations remember each other's faults when reminded of their own. Yet the Americans themselves being judges, there is some difference between holding fellow beings in bondage, and dealing with them wholesale as goods and chattels, and those distresses which the circumstances of an old and overpeopled country have gradually brought on our labouring population. Mr Lowrie, the intelligent Secretary of the General Assembly's Foreign Missions, was lately in China, and tells us, in his last Missionary Report, that "the great mass of the Chinese are poor in the strictest sense of the term. It cannot but be so. Where a country is so crowded

with inhabitants, that there is sometimes hardly room to bury their dead out of their sight, the great majority of the people must be poor. You see it in the coarse clothing they wear, the food they eat, the houses they inhabit, the furniture they use, and the wages they receive. You see it in the fact that their only coined money is so small that it requires 1200 to make a dollar, and happy is he who receives 200 of them for his day's labour." Surely there is some difference between national evils like these which kings and governments have not caused and cannot cure, and the evils of negro slavery, which governments have caused and can cure.

Although I believe negro slavery in the States to exist in a more mitigated form than it did in our West India Islands, and that domestic slaves enjoy much of the kindness and confidence of their masters, and are physically well cared for, yet slavery in the States is like slavery every where else, a great moral evil, and the cause of many more. I rejoice, therefore, to believe that, in spite of all the bitterness, and wrath, and malice, which the discussion engenders, great indeed, yet not greater than was elicited in the progress of British agitation for the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, the cause of emancipation is progressing. There is a strong and powerful party of abolitionists in the North, who, in their impatience to carry their object, sometimes take means to retard their progress to it. Such is the improved state of feeling in Boston towards the negro, that a meeting was lately held there with impunity, by the free blacks of the city, to demand that their children should be admitted to the common schools with the children of the whites. They pleaded that they were now admitted in Massachussetts to the State franchise, and, therefore, their children should also be admitted to the State schools, and not restricted to State schools of their own. The slave land-

ing in New England from the South, with his master, is free.* Kentucky was within one vote in its House of Representatives of demanding a convention for altering the constitution of that State to put an end to slavery. Virginia was nearly gaining the same triumph over itself, when the movements of the abolitionists of the North alarmed the fears of slaveholders, and gave them a temporary triumph that has apparently rivetted the chains of the negro. Several of the slave States have been oscillating between laws for and against slavery. The agitation that appears to retard the cause is really working deeper and deeper those moral sentiments that will ultimately overthrow slavery; and, after each reaction, at the next flood the moral sentiments of the nation rise higher and higher, until, after probably some deeds of slaveholding violence, the result of slaveholding jealousy and fears, the flood will rise, like the waters of the Mississippi, and bear all before it, or break the American union in pieces.

Mr Adams has once more succeeded in opening the table of Congress to anti-slave petitions, and the slaveholder's gag is again taken off the mouth of the nation, by which it was sought to silence the voice of humanity, and extinguish the progress of public sentiment through its natural channels.

The churches of America are also progressing. The Associate Reformed Synod have pronounced slaveholding a sin, and made freedom from this sin a condition of church membership. The Methodist body, one of the largest in the States, whose labours have been most abundant amongst the slave population, have called on a slaveholding bishop in the South to resign, thus making it a condition not of membership, but of *office*—a step that unequivocally declares their sentiments, and is putting to hazard the unity

* A coloured man was lately admitted to the Bar at Boston.

of their hitherto unbroken Christian society. I have not been able to learn that the Episcopalians have done any thing, as a church, in this cause, or that they have directed much attention towards the improvement of the slave, even in his estate of slavery.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church some years ago voted slavery to be "a great moral evil;" but no practical step has yet been taken by it, as a Church, towards its extinction, although many such lie open before it. If unprepared for the step of the Associate Reformed Synod, or even of the Methodist body, there lies at the door, crying for redress, not only the sin of slavery itself, but the fruits of the sin of slavery—in the separation of husband from wife, still legal—of parents from children—the legal nullity of the marriage relation—and the abominable legal prohibition, in many States, to teach the negro to read or write. All these things lie unprotested against by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, though this last is a plain violation of its freedom as a Church. On these subjects they have never once approached the Legislature,* or sought to rouse the moral sentiments of their congregations. In these things, we say it with solemn regret, our Presbyterian brethren in the States have come short of their duty. They dread to approach the subject, or they touch on it in that language of apology and mitigation which becomes not a Christian Church that has declared it "a great moral evil," and that should be

* The alleged ground of non-interference is, that it is "no part of the vocation of a church, as such, to interfere with civil laws." *Princeton Review*, October 1844. According to this reasoning, if these slave States should proceed next to prohibit the slaves from assembling for the worship of God, and any white man from preaching to them, it would be the duty of the Church to sit silent, on the ground "that it was no part of the vocation of a church to interfere with civil laws." The State may make any thing civil, and put an end, on this pretext, to every shadow of religious liberty, and the Church is not to remonstrate, because it is civil. This reminds us of the jargon we lately heard from the defenders of the omnipotence of the civil courts in Scotland.

pressing forward to its abolition. Even the sentiments of the best men in the Presbyterian Church—of the Princeton Reviewers—are unworthy of the high place its conductors justly hold in the estimation of the Christian world. Though slavery has been declared by the Assembly “a great moral evil,” they are not yet prepared to call slaveholding a *sin*, nay, to pronounce slaveholding a crime they declare to be “foolish and wicked.” Now all this were most natural, if our Presbyterian fathers and brethren in Princeton had been born and bred to the evil; but it is melancholy to find the guides and leaders of moral and religious feeling, living in free States, such dark enlighteners of the public mind, and giving forth so uncertain a sound. It is not, I believe, that they do not at times see and feel that a “great moral evil” must be a sin in those that commit it, and that slavery is really and truly sin in itself, and the parent of innumerable sins in the actual state of American society. But I verily believe that they never think of its being a sin, but instantly the consequence starts up to them that all their Southern brethren have been, and now are, living in sin; and that all the patriarchs in whose days slavery existed, and the primitive churches, must have been living also in sin; and is not this the truth? The Church, in all ages, has been living in this and in other sins, to which God has been gradually opening her eyes, rendering her sin more and more inexcusable, and deepening her guilt in continuing in them. It is beyond a doubt, that while the law of God, as given from Sinai, contained the germ of all our duties, even as the ordinances of the patriarchal and Jewish Churches contained the germ of all salvation truth, it pleased God to shed from age to age, and era to era of his Church, a clearer and yet a clearer light upon the duties as well as the hopes of his people. Polygamy, which is the slavery

and degradation of women, was a great moral evil, and a sin in every polygamist, from Lamech downwards to the day of Christ; yet, "because of the hardness of their hearts," God permitted this sin among his chosen people, and though the sin was lessened by the moral darkness of the time, it was still a violation of the creation law of marriage, of natural justice, of the principle of doing unto others as we would be done by, for which they will be judged according to their light. When Christ gave forth anew the creation law of his Father, polygamy did not then for the first time become sin; but it became a greater and more aggravated sin, a presumptuous sin, of a high magnitude, and deserving severer chastisements. In the practical enforcements on the Eastern Churches of the creation law, we see the wisdom of God and the goodness of God. While undoubtedly it was the duty of every Christian polygamist, on learning his Saviour's command, instantly to act on it, and in doing so he would have shown a stern and lofty virtue, we do not find in any of the Epistles of the Apostles a command to exclude from the privileges of the Church the polygamist, and to make his sin an object of discipline, sin though it was. There is the strongest reason to believe that respect was had, for a time, to birth, education, and formed connexions, and it was left to the strengthening of the moral and religious sentiments of believers to cast off this great evil without making it, in the first instance, a term of Church membership. What strikingly confirms this view is the fact, that we find the Apostle Paul declaring monogamy a term of *office* in the Church. A bishop must be "the husband of one wife." So must "the deacons be the husbands of one wife."* The same Divine procedure was evidently observed in introdu-

* 1 Tim. iii. 2; and 1 Tim. iii. 11.

cing into the Gentile world the Christian, and weaning the Jewish converts from their attachment to the Jewish Sabbath. No violence was used—regard was had also to the dependent condition of multitudes of the early converts; and we know from Church history that it was not until the days of Constantine that any legislative protection of the Sabbath could be obtained, by which the Christians on that day could secure an unbroken day of rest, and sacred observance. To what purpose do we state these things? Simply to reiterate the truism, that violation of natural justice and God's law, whether in polygamy or slavery, was sin in all ages and circumstances; but that the aggravations thereof are very different at different times. We should have no difficulty now in excluding a polygamist from the Church of God, though we should have hesitated in the days of Paul or of John, in the Churches of Antioch or of Damascus; so we would not hesitate a moment in breaking Christian fellowship with a Church that, after having had its conscience enlightened as to the sin of slavery, should yet return again to the wicked thing which it had abandoned. We have no hesitation in pronouncing slaveholding a sin, and calling on all slaveholders to abandon it; we have as little in pronouncing those men foolish and unwise who would proscribe and cast out of the Church those who, like Abraham, have been born and bred to the evil, have seen it practised by the best as well as the worst men from their youth up, have been visited as yet only by scattered rays of that light which has fallen in all its fullness on British Christians, the result of twenty years' moral agitation against the trade, and twenty years more against slavery itself. Men coming out of moral evil are to be dealt with very differently from men returning to it, even as men coming out of doctrinal error are in a different moral position from men falling into it. We are wont to make this distinc-

tion, having regard to men's imperfect light ; and assuredly, if we desire to do men good, and lead them by the hand out of sin and darkness of any kind, it is by dealing with them as we would desire to be dealt with in like circumstances ; remembering the slowness of our own moral perceptions, whilst we grieve at their tardy convictions of rectitude and justice. But, while urging these views, which, I think, must commend themselves to every man's conscience, I am compelled to express my regret at the uncertain sound yet uttered by the Presbyterian Churches of America, and at their extreme timidity and slowness in taking any part in this great question, even that part to which they are called in vindication of the violated privileges of their own Church.

In the general temperance of its population, America is transcendently our superior, not from that poverty and destitution which in this country is alternately the only restraint and the chief provocative to intemperance, because strong drink is the cheapest of cheap things, but by an exercise of self-control, that does honour to the national character, and which has hitherto wrought miracles. Whether the same degree of reformation is to be obtained by the same methods in this country, I have expressed my doubts. Every nation has its own characteristics, both in the coming in and going out of national evils. What came in by degrees in social customs, and by one class of society copying the example of another, may go out in the same way ; and the example of sobriety now given by the upper ranks of Britain, which is descending into the middle classes, will, I trust, descend into the mass of society, and, aided by their own efforts to throw off this dreadful incubus on their energies, effect in a few years a decided improvement in the habits of Scottish workmen. Should these hopes turn out fallacious, it may become the duty of all good men to unite in a great effort to break this

horrid yoke, and, by a general league of abstinence, for a time, from strong drink of every kind, restore our country to temperance and sobriety, and form new habits of self-control in the rising generation.

America is unquestionably the land for the working man and his family, when he feels straitened by the low price of labour, or want of demand for employment in the old world. Man, as man, is something in America; but man in Great Britain is cheap, without capital or skill beyond his fellows. No man should remain to starve with his family in the old, who in three weeks may transport himself and children to a land where he may attain comfort, if not comparative affluence. I did not meet a single beggar from end to end of the Union, nor saw rags, unless on an Irishman newly come over. No man that has seen the States can fail to have been struck with the aspect of comfort that sits on the entire population. The class of my countrymen that I find chiefly emigrate, are those that have done well at home and saved enough to carry them out, who begin to experience a change of circumstances, or long to try themselves in a new country. The indolent and profligate have neither spirit nor capital to emigrate. Not only the farmer, but the mechanical employments of the wright, smith, mason, engineer, gardener, and labourer, all find a higher wage and steadier occupation than at home. The manufacturing labourer is least in demand, and except in New England cannot easily find employment. Female labour also, which in this country bears so low a price, is almost equal in value to a man's labour in Great Britain, and great multitudes are employed in teaching, and carry on thriving trades as shop-keepers. Most of my countrymen that I met in the cities of the Union were mechanics or merchants, and seemed thriving. Many of them living in houses of their own, who went out penniless,

and seemed adding to their dwellings those little comforts and elegancies that indicated they were rising in their ideas of comfort and respectability. No man in the States appears to fear want, if he retain his health. If one thing fails, the American is not cast down, but sets about some other occupation, to which he accommodates himself with wonderful adroitness ; and where we should think a man ruined for life, he re-appears in another profession, as enterprising, active, and sanguine as ever. The spring of a new country and its inhabitants is not so easily broken as in an old ; yea, nothing but a calamity that should sweep away the American soil can destroy the source of its perpetual renovation after every new disaster.

Emigrants would do well to bear with them, across the Atlantic, certificates of character and church membership. The most careless and ungodly men are not averse to see evidences of religion in those they employ, and especially that they have enjoyed a Christian education, and been in connection with a Christian Church. The same virtues which cause a man to thrive at home bring prosperity in the States, and the same vices bring, sooner or later, ruin in their train. It is well, however, that those that have fallen in the old world should have a new opportunity of trying themselves in a new scene of men and things ; and many that in this country, under a sense of shame, would have sunk into despair, have found a new spring and a new character in the United States and Canadas. It is good that the children of misfortune especially should have a new opportunity of repairing their fortunes—the poor a land where their only property—labour—is dear, and where they can sell it at a price that will procure a larger share of the gifts of Providence for themselves and their rising families ; and such a land is AMERICA.

APPENDIX.

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POLITICAL FRANCHISE.

THE following quotations show the extent to which the States are exposed to be inundated with paupers, and even criminals, from other countries, and how the political franchise, by being so easily attained by foreigners, as well as by born Americans, has been trodden in the mire :—

We find in the daily papers the following extract from a letter by F. List, Esq., American Consul at Leipsic, in reply to a Circular issued by the State Department :

“I have made inquiries with respect to the transportation of paupers from this country to the United States ; but state affairs being in this country not so openly conducted as might be desired, I have not been successful until of late, when, by confidential communications, *I have learned things which would require energetic measures on the part of the United States to be counteracted. Not only paupers, but criminals, are transported from the interior of this country, in order to be embarked for the United States !*

“A Mr De Stein, formerly an officer in the service of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, has lately made propositions to the smaller States of Saxony, FOR TRANSPORTING THEIR CRIMINALS to the port of Bremen, and EMBARKING THEM THERE FOR THE UNITED STATES, AT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER HEAD ! *which offer was accepted by several of them. The first transport of criminals, who for the greater part have been condemned to hard labour for life, (among them two NOTORIOUS ROBBERS, Pfeiffer and Albrecht), will leave Gotha on the 16th of this month ; and it is intended by and bye, to empty all the work-houses and jails of that country, in this manner !! There is little doubt that several other States will imitate the nefarious practice !! In order to stop it, I have sent an article to the General Gazette of Augsburg, wherein I have attempted to demonstrate that this behaviour was contrary to all the laws*

of nations, and that it was shameful behaviour towards the country which offers the best inducement to German manufactures."

"It has of late also become a general practice in the towns and boroughs of Germany, to get rid of their paupers and vicious members, by collecting the means for effectuating their passage to the United States, among the inhabitants, and by supplying them from the public funds!"

In corroboration of the truth of the above statement of our Consul, we annex the following from an exchange paper:

"It is stated that the Mayor of Baltimore, in a letter to the President, said that *fourteen convicts from Bremen had been landed in that city. They were shipped in irons*, and these marks of crime and degradation were kept on until the vessel was near the port."

The *New York Ensign* gives the following almshouse statistics, which present startling facts:

"During the week ending the 26th of October, there were admitted into the Alms House ninety persons—sixty-three of whom were foreigners, twenty-seven natives.

"During the week ending November 2d, ninety-eight—sixty-eight foreigners, thirty natives.

"During the week ending November 9th, ninety-five—sixty-nine foreigners, twenty-six natives.

"During the week ending November 16th, one hundred and eighteen—seventy-seven foreigners, forty-one natives.

"During the week ending November 23d, one hundred and eight—seventy foreigners, thirty-eight natives.

The same paper also says—"It has repeatedly occurred that passengers have been sent up *from the ship that brought them* to the Alms House. There were at one time no less than sixteen patients in the Hospital at Bellevue, all of whom came in *one ship*."

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#### EDUCATION.

The following quotations from the Seventh Annual Report of Mr Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education for Massachusetts, who has been lately on an educational visit to Europe, will be interesting to many of my readers, particularly the remarks on our Scotch schools:

"Generally speaking, the *infant schools* of England and

Scotland are admirably supplied with abundant and appropriate apparatus. The school rooms are literally lined with cards from which to teach the Alphabet, with short sentences in English, and a few texts of Scripture or moral maxims, —delineations of various plants, trees, animals, beasts, birds, fishes,—of different races of men, with their varieties of physiognomy and costume—of portraits of kings, queens, and distinguished personages, a compass, a clock-face, &c. &c., are profusely provided.

"In Holland, I saw what I have never seen elsewhere, but that which ought to be in every school, the actual weights and measures of the country. These were used not only as a means of conveying useful knowledge, but of mental exercise and cultivation.

"There were seven different liquid measures, graduated according to the standard measures of the kingdom. The teacher took one in his hand, held it up before the class, and displayed it in all its dimensions. Sometimes he would allow it to be passed along, by the members of the class, that each one might have an opportunity to handle it and to form an idea of its capacity."

"Dr Howe, of the Blind Institution at South Boston, says, he considers 'a peck of beans or corn an indispensable part of the apparatus of his school.' If a boy says he has seen ten thousand horses, make him count ten thousand kernels of corn, and he never will see so many horses again.

"In the public schools of Holland, too, large sheets or cards were hung upon the walls of the room, containing *fac similes* of the inscription and relief—face and reverse—of all the current coins of the kingdom. The representations of the gold coins were yellow, of the silver white, and of the copper, copper-colour.

"In the schools both of Holland and Germany, I occasionally saw printed sheets suspended from the walls of the school-room, containing practical advice and directions respecting important emergencies or duties of life,—such as the best mode of proceeding to resuscitate a drowned person, of curing a burn, of staunching a ruptured blood-vessel," &c., &c.

"There are some points in which the schools of Scotland are very remarkable. In the thoroughness with which they teach the *intellectual* part of reading, they furnish a model worthy of being copied by the world. Not only is the meaning of all the important words in the lesson clearly brought out,

but the whole class or family of words, to which the principal word belongs, are introduced, and their signification given. The pupil not only gains a knowledge of the meaning of all the leading words contained in his exercise, but also of their roots, derivatives, and compounds; and thus is prepared to make the proper discriminations between analogous words whenever he may hear or read them on future occasions. For instance, suppose the word '*circumscribe*' occurs in the lesson, the teacher asks from what Latin words it is derived, and being answered, he then asks what other English words are formed by the help of the Latin preposition '*circum*.' This leads to an explanation of such words as *circumspect*, *circumvent*, *circumjacent*, *circumambient*, *circumference*, *circumflex*, *circumfusion*, *circumnavigate*, *circumstance*, *circumlocution*," &c.

"The Scotch teachers, the great body of whom are graduates of colleges, or have attended the university before beginning to keep school, are perfectly competent to instruct in this thorough manner. I think it obvious, however, that this mode of teaching may be carried too far, as many of our words, though wholly or in part of Latin or Greek derivation, have lost their etymological signification, and assumed a conventional one.

"But all this, admirable in its way, was hardly worthy to be mentioned in comparison with another characteristic of the Scottish schools,—viz. the mental activity with which the exercises were conducted, both on the part of teacher and pupils. I entirely despair of exciting in any other person, by a description, the vivid impression of mental activity or celerity which the daily operations of these schools produced in my own mind. Actual observation alone can give anything approaching to the true idea. I do not exaggerate when I say that the most active and lively schools I have ever seen in the United States, must be regarded almost as dormitories, if compared with the fervid life of the Scotch schools; and, by the side of theirs, our pupils would seem to be hybernating animals just emerging from their torpid state, and as yet but half-conscious of the possession of life and faculties."

"I have said that questions were put by the teacher with a rapidity almost incredible. When once put, however, if not answered, they are rarely stated again in words. If the first pupil cannot answer, the teacher seldom stops to say '*Next*,' but, every pupil having his eye on the teacher, and being alive

in every sense and faculty, and the teacher walking up and down before the class, and gesticulating vehemently, with his arm extended, and accompanying each motion with his eye, he points to the next and the next, until perhaps, if the question is difficult, he may have indicated each one in a section, but obtained an answer from none; then he throws his arm and eye around towards one side of the room, inviting a reply from any one, and, if still unsuccessful, he sweeps them across the other side, and all this will take but half a minute. Words being too slow and cumbrous, the language of signs prevails; and the parties being all eye and ear, the interchange of ideas has an electric rapidity. While the teacher turns his face and points his finger towards a dozen pupils consecutively, inviting a reply, perhaps a dozen arms will be extended towards him from other sections or divisions of the class, giving notice that they are ready to respond; and in this way a question will be put to a class of fifty, sixty, or eighty pupils, in half a minute of time.

“Nor is this all. The teacher does not stand immoveably fixed to one spot (I never saw a teacher in Scotland sitting in a school room), nor are the bodies of the pupils mere blocks, resting motionless in their seats, or lolling from side to side as though life were deserting them.

“The mental labour performed in a given period in these schools, by children under the age of twelve or fourteen years, is certainly many times greater than I have ever seen in any schools of our own, composed of children as young. With us, the lower classes do not ordinarily work more than half the time while they are in the school room. Even many members of the reciting classes are drowsy, and listless, and evidently following some train of thought—if they are thinking at all—whose scene lies beyond the walls of the school-house, rather than applying their minds to the subject-matter of the lesson, or listening to those who are reciting, or feigning to recite it. But in the mode above described, there is no sleepiness, no droning, no inattention. The moment an eye wanders, or a countenance becomes listless, it is roused by a special appeal; and the contagion of the excitement is so great as to operate upon every mind and frame that is not an absolute non-conductor to life.

“One sees at a glance how familiar the teacher who teaches in this way, must be with the whole subject, in order to command the attention of a class at all.

"I was told by the Queen's Inspector of the schools in Scotland, that the first test of a teacher's qualification is, his power to excite and to sustain the attention of his class. If a teacher cannot do this, he is pronounced, without farther inquiry, incompetent to teach."

"The highest tension of authority which I anywhere witnessed, was in the Scotch schools. There, as a general rule, the criminal code seemed to include mistakes in recitation as well as delinquencies in conduct; and, where these were committed, nothing of the 'law's delay' intervened between offence and punishment. If a spectator were not vigilant, there might be an erroneous answer by a pupil, and a retributive blow on his head by the teacher's fist, so instantaneous and so nearly simultaneous, as to elude observation. Still, the bond of attachment between teacher and pupils seemed very strong. It was, however, a bond founded quite as much on awe as on simple affection. The general character of the nation was distinctly visible in the schools. Could the Scotch teacher add something more of gentleness to his prodigious energy and vivacity, and were the general influences which he imparts to his pupils modified in one or two particulars, he would become a model teacher for the world."

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#### PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS.

The following remarks upon the Prussian method of teaching reading, without teaching the names of the letters, as practised in Scotland, are worthy of attention :—

"When I first began to visit the Prussian schools, I uniformly inquired of the teachers, whether, in teaching children to read, they began with the 'Names of the Letters,' as given in the alphabet. Being delighted with the prompt negative which I invariably received, I persevered in making the inquiry, until I began to perceive a look and tone on their part not very flattering to my intelligence, in considering a point so clear and so well settled as this, to be any longer a subject for discussion or doubt. The uniform statement was, that the alphabet, as such, had ceased to be taught *as an exercise preliminary to reading*, for the last fifteen or twenty years, by every teacher in the kingdom. Whoever will compare the German language with the English, will see that the reasons



for a change are much stronger in regard to our own, than in regard to the foreign tongue.

"The practice of beginning with the 'Names of Letters,' is founded upon the idea that it facilitates the combination of them into words. On the other hand, I believe that if two children, of equal quickness and capacity, are taken, one of whom can name every letter of the alphabet, at sight, and the other does not know them from Chinese characters, the latter can be most easily taught to read,—in other words, that learning the letters first is an absolute hindrance.

"The advocate for teaching the letters asks, if the elements of an art or science should not be first taught. To this I would reply, that the 'Names of the Letters' are not elements in the sounds of words; or are so only in a comparatively small number of cases. To the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, the child is taught to give twenty-six sounds, and no more. According to Worcester, however—who may be considered one of the best authorities on this subject—the six vowels only have, collectively, thirty-three different sounds. In addition to these, there are the sounds of twenty consonants, of diphthongs and triphthongs. The consonants also vary in sound, according to the word in which they are used, as the hard and soft sound of *c*, and of *g*; the soft and the hissing sound of *s*; the soft or flat sound of *x*, like *gz*; the soft and sharp sound of *th*, as in *this* and *thin*; the different sounds of the same letters, as in *chaise*, *church*; and the same sounds of different letters, as in *tion*, *sion*; in *cial*, *tial*, *sial*; *cious*, *ceous*, *tious*; *geous*, *gious*, &c. &c. It would be difficult, and would not compensate the trouble, to compute the number of sounds differing from the alphabetic, which a good speaker gives to the different letters and combinations of letters in our language—not including the changes of rhetorical emphasis, cadence, and intonation. But if analyzed, they would be found to amount to hundreds. Now, how can twenty-six sounds be the elements of hundreds of sounds as elementary as themselves? Generally speaking, too, before a child begins to learn his letters, he is already acquainted with the majority of elementary sounds in the language, and is in the daily habit of using them in conversation. Learning his letters, therefore, gives him no new sound; it even restricts his attention to a small part of those which he already knows. So far, then, the learning of his letters contracts his practice; and were it not for keeping up his former habits of speaking, at home and in the play-

ground, the teacher, during the six months or year in which he confines him to the twenty-six sounds of the alphabet, would pretty nearly deprive him of the faculty of speech.

“ But there is another effect of learning the names of the letters first, still more untoward than this. The letter *a*, says Worcester, has seven sounds, as in *fate, fat, fare, far, fast, fall, liar*. In the alphabet, and as a name, it has but one,—the long sound. Now, suppose the words of our language in which this letter occurs, to be equally divided among these seven classes ; the consequence must be, that as soon as the child begins to read, he will find one word in which the letter *a* has the sound he has been taught to give it, and six words in which it has a different sound. If, then, he follows the instruction he has received, he goes wrong six times to going right once. Indeed, in running over a score of his most familiar words,—such as *father, papa, mama, apple, hat, cat, rat, ball, fall, call, warm, swarm, man, can, pan, ran, brass, glass, water, star, &c.*, he does not find, in a single instance, that sound of *a* which he has been taught to give it in the alphabet. In an edition of Worcester’s Dictionary before me, I find more than three thousand words whose initial letter is *a* ; and yet amongst all these there are not a hundred words in which this initial letter has the long or alphabetical sound ;—that is, the cases are more than thirty, where the young reader would be wrong if he followed the instruction given him, to one where he would be right. This, surely, is a most disastrous application of the principle, that the elements of a science must be first taught.

“ Did the vowels adhere to their own sounds, the difficulty would be greatly diminished. But, not only do the same vowels appear in different dresses, like masqueraders, but, like harlequins, they exchange garbs with each other. How often does *e* take the sound of *a*, as in *there, where, &c.* ; and *i*, the sound of *e* ; and *o*, the sound of *u* ; and *u*, the sound of *o* ; and *y*, the sound of *i*.

“ In one important particular, the consonants are more perplexing than the vowels. The very definition of a consonant, as given in the spelling-books, is, “ a letter which has no sound, or only an imperfect one, without the help of a vowel.” And yet the definers themselves, and the teachers who follow them, proceed immediately to give a perfect sound to all the consonants. If a consonant has “ only an imperfect sound,” why, in teaching children to read, should not this imperfect sound be taught them ?

"I believe it is within bounds to say, that we do not sound the letters in reading once in a hundred times, as we were taught to sound them when learning the alphabet. Indeed, were we to do so in one tenth part of the instances, we should be understood by nobody. What analogy can be pointed out between the rough breathing of the letter *h*, in the words, *when*, *where*, *how*, &c., and the 'name-sound,' (aytch, aitch, or aych, as it is given by different spelling-book compilers,) of that letter, as it is taught from the alphabet ?

"This subject might be further illustrated by reference to other languages,—the Greek, for instance. Will the names of the letters, *kappa*, *omicron*, *sigma*, *mu*, *omicron*, *sigma*, make the word *kosmos* ? And yet these letters come as near making that word, as those given by the Rev. Mr Ottiwell Wood, at a late trial in Lancashire, England, did to the sound of his own name. On Mr Wood's giving his name to the court, the judge said, 'Pray, Mr Wood, how do you spell your name ?' to which the witness replied, 'O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O, D.' In the anecdote it is added, that the learned judge at first laid down his pen in astonishment ; and then, after making two or three unsuccessful attempts, declared he was unable to record it. Mr Palmer, from whose Prize Essay this anecdote is taken, gives the following account of the manner in which children were taught to read the first sentence in Webster's old spelling-book :—*En-o*, no, *emm-ai-en*, man ; *emm-ai-uy*, may ; *pee-you-tee*, put ; *o-double-eff*, off ; *tee-aitch-ee*, the ; *ell-ai-double-you*, law ; *o-eff*, of ; *gee-o-dee*, God.

"There is one fact, probably within every teacher's own observation, which should be decisive on this subject. In learning the alphabet, children pronounce the consonants as though they were either preceded or followed by one of the vowels ;—that is, they sound *b* as though it were written *be*, and *f*, as though written *ef*. But when they have advanced ever so little way in reading, do they not enunciate words where the letter *b* is followed by one of the *other* vowels, or where it is *preceded* by a vowel, as well as words into which their own familiar sound *be*, enters ? For example, though they have called *b* a thousand times as if it were written *be*, do they not enunciate the words *ball*, *bind*, *box*, *bug*, &c., as well as they do the words *besom*, *beatific*, &c. ? They do not say *be-all*, *be-ind*, *be-ox*, *be-ug*, &c. Do they not articulate the words *ebb*, *web*, &c., where the vowel comes first ; or the

words *bet*, *bell*, *beyond*, &c., where the vowel is short, or obscure, as well as they do those words which have their old accustomed sound of *b*, with the long sound of *e*? So of the letter *f*, which they have been accustomed to sound as though written *ef*. Do they not articulate the word *fig*, as well as they do the first syllable of the word *effigy*? Nay, except they are very apt, and remember in a remarkable manner the nonsense that has been taught them, do they ever call *fig*, *ef-ig*, or *father*, *ef-ather*? Happy incapacity of a bright nature to be turned into a dunce!

"The teachers in Prussia and Saxony invariably practise what is called by them the *lautir* (pronounced *lauteer*) method. In Holland the same method is universally adopted. With us, it is known by the name of *phonic*. It consists in giving each letter, when taken by itself, the sound which it has when found in combination—so that the sound of a regular word of four letters is divided into four parts; and a recombination of the sounds of the letters makes the sound of the word.

"There are two reasons why this *lautir* or *phonic* method is less adapted to the English language than to the German;—first, because our vowels have more sounds than theirs, and secondly, because we have more silent letters than they. This is an argument, not against their method of teaching, but in favour of our commencing to teach by giving words before letters. And I despair of any effective improvement in teaching young children to read, until the teachers of our primary schools shall qualify themselves to teach in this manner;—I say, until they shall *qualify* themselves, for they may attempt it in such a rude and awkward way as will infallibly incur a failure. As an accompaniment to this, they should also be able to give instruction according to the *lautir* or *phonic* method. It is only in this way that the present stupifying and repulsive process of learning to read can be changed into one full of interest, animation, and instructiveness, and a toilsome work of months be reduced to a pleasant one of weeks."